FILM Pictorial ANNUAL 1937



Claudette Colbert

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The Film Pictorial Annual for 1937

Edited by CLARENCE WINCHESTER

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Ginger Rogers Writes the Introduction



I AM especially glad to write the introduction to the FILM PICTORIAL ANNUAL for 1937. And this is not only because I know it to be one of the most interesting volumes of the year for every film enthusiast. It is also because I am given a chance to send a message direct to the British cinema-goers. It is a message of thanks for the welcome and support you have given me in the past few years while I have been climbing those slippery steps to stardom.

The fight for fame is a lonely business at times. There are moments when the battle seems hardly worth while; and it is then that your friendly letters of warmth and encouragement are of such great and enduring value. That is my experience, and that is why I am so glad to have the chance of expressing my thanks.

It is a film-star's duty to entertain those loyal thousands; and in that we resemble the producers of this book, who are providing such a fine feast of pictures and information for film enthusiasts. FILM PICTORIAL ANNUAL for 1937 will, I am sure, meet with a ready welcome. Here's luck to it—and to its readers.

Ginger Rogers

The GALLANT LIFE of



Smart, brilliant artiste of the most sophisticated rôles—Norma Shearer is unique among the stars because she retains the warm affection of all who know her, whether in person or as a screen actress. There is something in her very human womanhood which overshadows even the glitter of the successful star.

Norma Shearer

Here, in simple, telling words, is set down the full Life-Story of a star who is one of the best-loved figures in filmland. Norma Shearer has reached fame and riches to-day; it was not always so. She knew poverty and struggle; she has always had to fight. That, more than all else, is what makes her so lovable to-day.

By JOHN K. NEWNHAM

NORMA SHEARER is a modern miracle—a glamorous, exciting, beautiful person who has combined the two careers of wife and film star successfully. She has retained her popularity in silent films and talkies and through two temporary retirements while bringing into the world two babies, a boy and a girl ; through all the changes in film fashions.

Hollywood abounds with romantic stories. None could be more romantic than the story of Norma Shearer. To-day, she has everything—wealth, social position, fame, happy marriage, children. Yet, comparatively a few years ago, she was a struggling extra girl living in cheap diggings, rationing herself on almost starvation lines.

Her rise in the world has left her unaffected. She is poised and smart ; but she is also friendly with everyone. Norma has no airs and graces ; nor has she ever been known to take advantage of the position she holds in the world of films.

She is sincere, earnest and just a tiny bit afraid that people might think she owes something to influence. She doesn't. She has had a hard fight for success and has earned her reward. The entire Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio loves her and would do anything for her. And, in Hollywood especially, no one will stand for people who owe success to influence.

Norma is even lovelier off the screen than on. She has a provoking dimple in her right cheek, which, for some extraordinary reason, does not photograph. Her complexion is clear ; her blue eyes bright. Her hair is brown, a wonderful golden tint which reminds you of russet-coloured trees in the autumn sun.

Let me go back to the very beginning—to those days when Norma was a young girl. Knowledge of her early life will help you to understand her.

It seems to be a wide belief that every Hollywood star can look back upon an early life of hardship and unhappiness, of poverty and even starvation, of bad luck and often ill-treatment.

In fact, the recipe for screen success is often held to be based upon the maxim: "Thou shalt have LIVED," and living, as expressed by this, means a rough, unkind existence full of jolts and blows, bruising body as well as soul.

THERE are exceptions. Norma Shearer is one. She has no recollection of a hectic early life and her childhood days were much the same as those of anyone who is born of humble parents, respectable and kind.

She was born on August 10th, 1904, in the town of Westmount, a small suburb between two portions of the city of Montreal, Canada. She was reared there and educated in Dominion public schools.

Her family was not wealthy. They had comfort and lived in moderate circumstances. Their house at 507, Grosvenor Avenue was a two-storey building of stone, the type of house which you might find anywhere in England or America, in London, Manchester, New York . . . any town or city you like to mention.

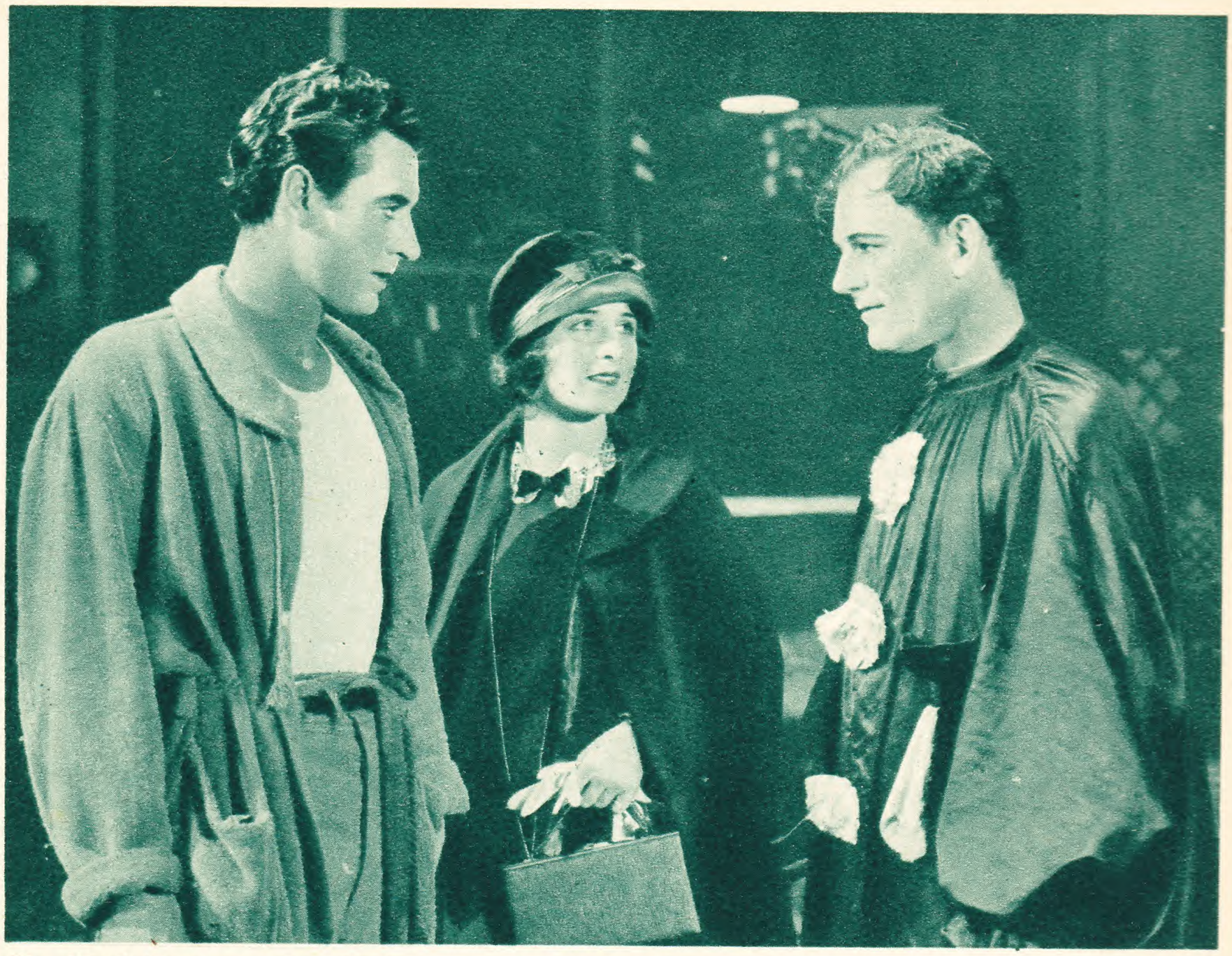
Norma was one of two daughters and she had one brother, Douglas (now chief recording engineer at the M.-G.-M. studio, a job which came to him with the birth of talkies, for he was an electrical engineer), and one sister, Athole.

Among those people who knew Norma as a child, you will find plenty who will assure you that she was a flirt.

Perhaps she was. She found unembarrassed pleasure in the comradeship of boys of her own age and she always boasted that she was their equal in all things. She shared honours in snowball fights—there is plenty of snow in Montreal—and the number of times they risked their lives skating when the ice was really too thin makes her shudder now!

But she was never serious with the boys. She preferred them to the companionship of girls, with the single exception of her sister, Athole. They were sports, and Norma prided herself that she was one ; but she was not a hoydenish tomboy. She was all girl and, at home, she loved playing with dolls.

When she grew to the age when friendship with boys became a more serious affair, she was no longer so



One of Norma's earliest Hollywood films was the silent picture *He Who Gets Slapped.* With her in this scene are those two great favourites who have since died — John Gilbert (left) and Lon Chaney.

chummy with them. She liked them as pals. But she never fell seriously in love. Her first real love was her only one ; and she is now married to that one man. But I will tell you about that later.

The only thing about which she ever felt squeamish was cruelty to animals. I suppose, with a lot of boys, you can't help coming across those who find a keen delight in torturing helpless animals. This was the only direction in which Norma ever found herself preferring the company of girls to boys.

She will tell you of one occasion.

Some of the boys had cornered a noisy squirrel in a maple tree on the Humber river bank. They were keeping the little animal in a rage of torment. They finally snared it with a rope and began to drag it along the road.

Norma had been watching them, feeling a little sick. As they pulled it along the dusty street, she felt her blood boil. She no longer felt sick, but could see red.

She dashed after them and ordered them to let the squirrel go. They laughed. Norma clenched her slender fists. Almost without realizing what she was doing, she struck blow after blow at them with arms going in windmill fashion.

The boys were so taken aback that they let the frightened animal go. Incidentally, Norma became quite friendly with that little gang. She had won their admiration.

I was reminded of that street fight when Norma was making the talkie of *Private Lives,* with Robert Montgomery. There were, as you probably know, a lot of fighting scenes in this. Two-thirds of the picture were taken up with a scrap of one sort or another between Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer.

In one scene, Norma let out a blow which took Bob by surprise. She was simply unable to control the swing of her left arm. It hit Bob with a heavy thud and he collapsed—more in surprise than pain—and lay there gasping like a fish.

Norma stared at him in horror. I think she hurt her hand more than she hurt Bob.

The cameras were in motion all the time. That scene was so good that it remained in the finished film. It was, not unnaturally, a very vivid sequence.

Somebody told Bob Montgomery about the time Norma had fought with the boys who had been torturing the squirrel. He grunted.

"They have my sympathy!" he exclaimed.

FILMS, of course, were in their infancy in her childhood. Hollywood was practically unknown, and such films as were made were mostly produced in New York. Hollywood was to spring into fame before many years.

Norma is not quite sure exactly when her ambition to become a movie star was born. She first of all wanted to be an athlete ; an athlete of a spectacular description—a sensational long-distance swimmer, or something like that. But these aspirations passed away.

Acting became her next love. She had a natural gift for dancing and mimicry and, from her earliest years, she entertained guests in this manner. She also went in for amateur theatricals at school.



Would you recognize Norma in the above scene from *His Secretary*? Always a grand "trouper," Norma has never hesitated to sacrifice appearances when her parts demanded it . . . unlike many Hollywood "lovelies." With her in this scene is the late Lew Cody.

At the age of fourteen, she found herself so keenly interested in these theatricals that her ambitions became more definite. She wanted to be an actress.

Her family life had been a happy one but, as she grew older, she became determined to carve a career for herself. She would never be content with a humdrum suburban existence. I ask you, could you imagine the *svelte* Norma as a typist? I'm afraid there wouldn't be much work done by the males in *that* office.

Norma became aware of a vague feeling of discontent with the moderate circumstances under which she was living. She wanted to get out and do things, to make a name for herself. Her parents at first thought it only a passing phase ; but it was not. Her desire, far from disappearing, increased day by day.

Motion pictures were becoming more and more popular and Hollywood was growing. A great new vista opened up before her eyes and she saw beyond the footlights of the stage. She was conscious of a blind faith in the future of films and she determined to forget about a stage career. She would stake her future on this new and wonderful thing which brought moving pictures, living figures, into cinemas hundreds and thousands of miles away from the place in which the films were made.

That was in 1920.

"Mother," she exclaimed, one day, "I'm going to New York!"

Her mother sighed.

"Don't be silly, dear. You don't know anybody there. You haven't any experience."

But Norma refused to listen to her. She argued and pleaded and then, when she was beginning to win her mother over, her father came into the discussion.

For a little while it looked as if Norma were going to lose her battle. It was two to one and, eloquent pleader though Norma was, she seemed to make little headway. It looked as if she would either have to remain in Montreal or run away from home. She didn't want to *run away* any more than she wanted to remain there.

So she renewed her efforts and at last, seeing that she was really sincere and that she had resolutely made up her mind, her mother and father gave way. They agreed that she should go to New York to try to make good in movies.

She was to be given a modest budget for expenses, enough to last for four or five months, and both Athole and she were to embark on the same career.

"But on one condition," maintained her mother. "I am going to New York with you. I refuse to let you go alone."

Norma agreed on this point and her father handed over the money.

"That's every cent," he warned them. "If you get through that and are still not earning enough money to live on, then you must return to Montreal. You'll have to admit that you've failed. It's up to you."

That was fair enough. Norma was confident that, not only would they earn enough to live on, but that they should be able to return the money to Mr. Shearer well within the four or five months.

In any case, she had secretly made up her mind that, whatever happened, she would never admit herself a failure.

So, full of hope, Norma, Athole and Mrs. Shearer left Montreal for New York. They had only determination and blind faith as introductions to the studios.

Norma little guessed that, for the first time in her life, she would know what hardship meant. I often wonder whether, had she known, she would ever have left the comfort and security of that two-storey stone house in Montreal to meet a world of which she knew nothing. For she was to face months and months of disappointment and heartbreak and even hunger. New York knows how to be unkind to strangers in its midst.

She was only sixteen when she arrived in New York in search of film fame. Soon she was glad that her mother and her sister Athole had accompanied her.

She knew no one at all there. She hadn't the faintest idea how to get into the studios and she had a vague sort of notion that agents were all double-dyed villains, and that once you got into their hands you were in much the same predicament as a person in the power of an unscrupulous moneylender. Needless to say, she afterwards found her fears to be totally unfounded and she gained a very great admiration for those men who control the destinies of stars and would-be stars.

"How do we set about things?" asked Athole, the moment they arrived there.

"First of all," said Norma crisply, "we'll look for somewhere to stay."

It was curious how she took control. There seemed to be no question about her being the leader of the little party.

So they looked around for lodgings and were lucky enough to find a passably comfortable little place, one rather small room, and a kindly landlady. It was anything but luxurious. But, on adventure bent, what did they care? They were in fairyland—and this was a fairy castle.

BUT the fairyland soon transformed itself into a city of grim reality. No golden portals opened as they strolled, in open-mouthed wonderment, down glittering Broadway, just as bright in those days as it is to-day.

The telephone book was their only guide to filmland. Norma knew off by heart the names of most of the companies. One by one, she looked them up in the book and took a note of the addresses and 'phone numbers.

She was in exactly the same position as thousands of other people who, to-day, try to break their way into filmland.

She was turned away time and time again, but she did not give up. She was still wildly enthusiastic. She went to the cinema whenever she could and, returning to that little apartment, she would spend the whole evening before a mirror imitating the stars she had seen.



Norma has never enjoyed the more hectic side of Hollywood; and most of her leisure hours have been spent basking in the sun at her beach home at Malibu, fifteen miles from Hollywood.

She copied Priscilla Dean, pretty little Mary Miles Minter, lovely Anita Stewart, and that gallant Swedish actress, Anna Q. Nilsson, sweet Mae Marsh, those two great serial queens, Pearl White and Ruth Roland, and, of course, lovable Mary Pickford.

Oh yes, films may still have been young, but they had already produced some great names.

To-day, Norma still loves to go to the theatre and watch stage stars ; then, on returning home, to imitate them before her big mirror. She gets a lot of enjoyment out of this. She lets her imagination run riot and she declares that this "over-time" acting has helped her an enormous lot in her screen work.

But—to return to those New York days—this was the only acting she had a chance to do. None of the studios seemed at all keen to give her a chance to prove her worth. For a whole six months, she pestered the casting directors in vain. Even the great D. W. Griffith turned her down, saying she did not possess film features.

Time flew.

Six months passed swiftly by and she was still without a single film appearance to justify the journey she had taken from Montreal.

Their money—enough to last them in moderate comfort for the first four or five months—had dwindled. After the first three months they cut down expenses to the lowest possible cent.

The situation became desperate.

THE day came when the money was so low that they could only pay the fares home. After they had been living on almost starvation diet for several weeks, Mrs. Shearer asked Norma to admit that she had failed in her quest.

"I think we ought to go home, dear," she said gently.

Norma bit her finger—a habit of which she is still a little guilty, though it is only her little finger that she nibbles now.

"I think we should, too," said Athole.

Again, a two-to-one battle!

"Well, I'm not going to—yet," said Norma.

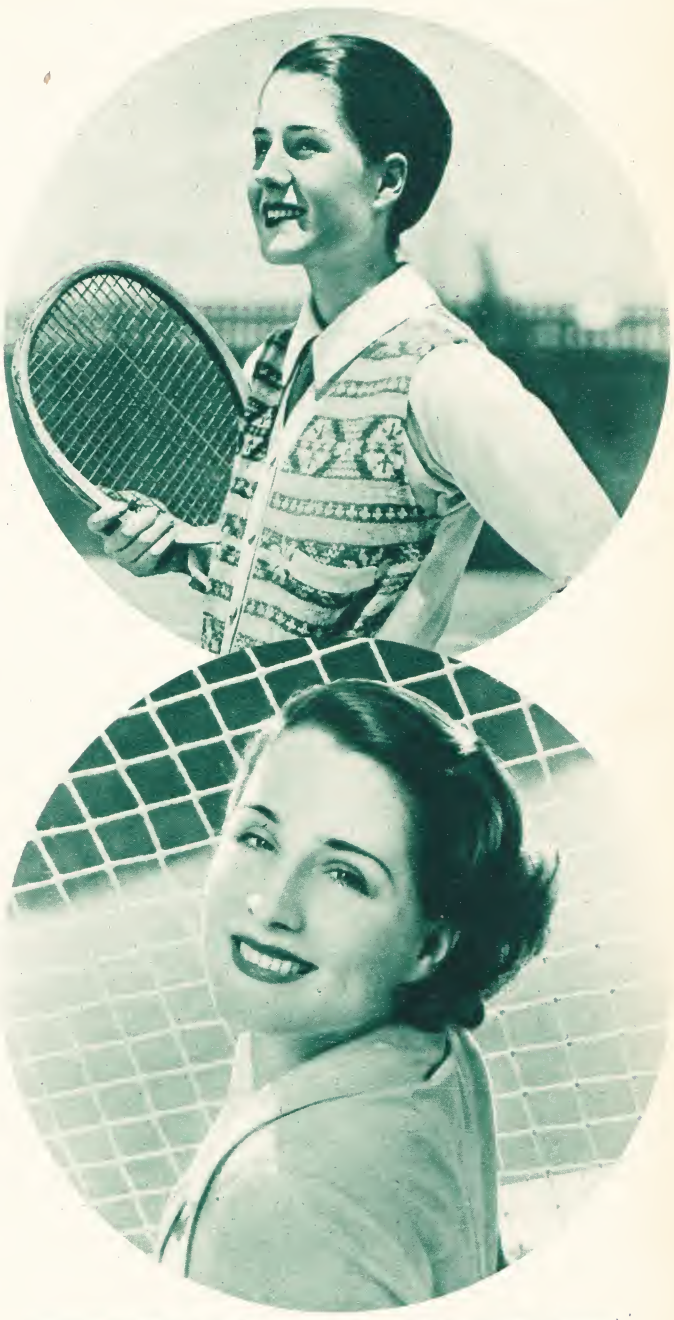
And she remained adamant.

"I'd rather starve in New York than go back to Montreal a failure," she exclaimed. "It can't be long now before I get a chance. Just wait a little longer. Please."

Mrs. Shearer sighed and made the best of it. She had learned, just as many other people have since discovered, that it is no good trying to argue with Norma.

So, day in and day out, Athole and Norma continued to tramp from studio to studio hoping for a chance to get a day's work. Sometimes it rained, pelted down or drizzled, and dark clouds bathed New York in deep gloom. But, depressed though she felt at heart, Norma refused to let anyone see it. She smiled and kept on smiling.

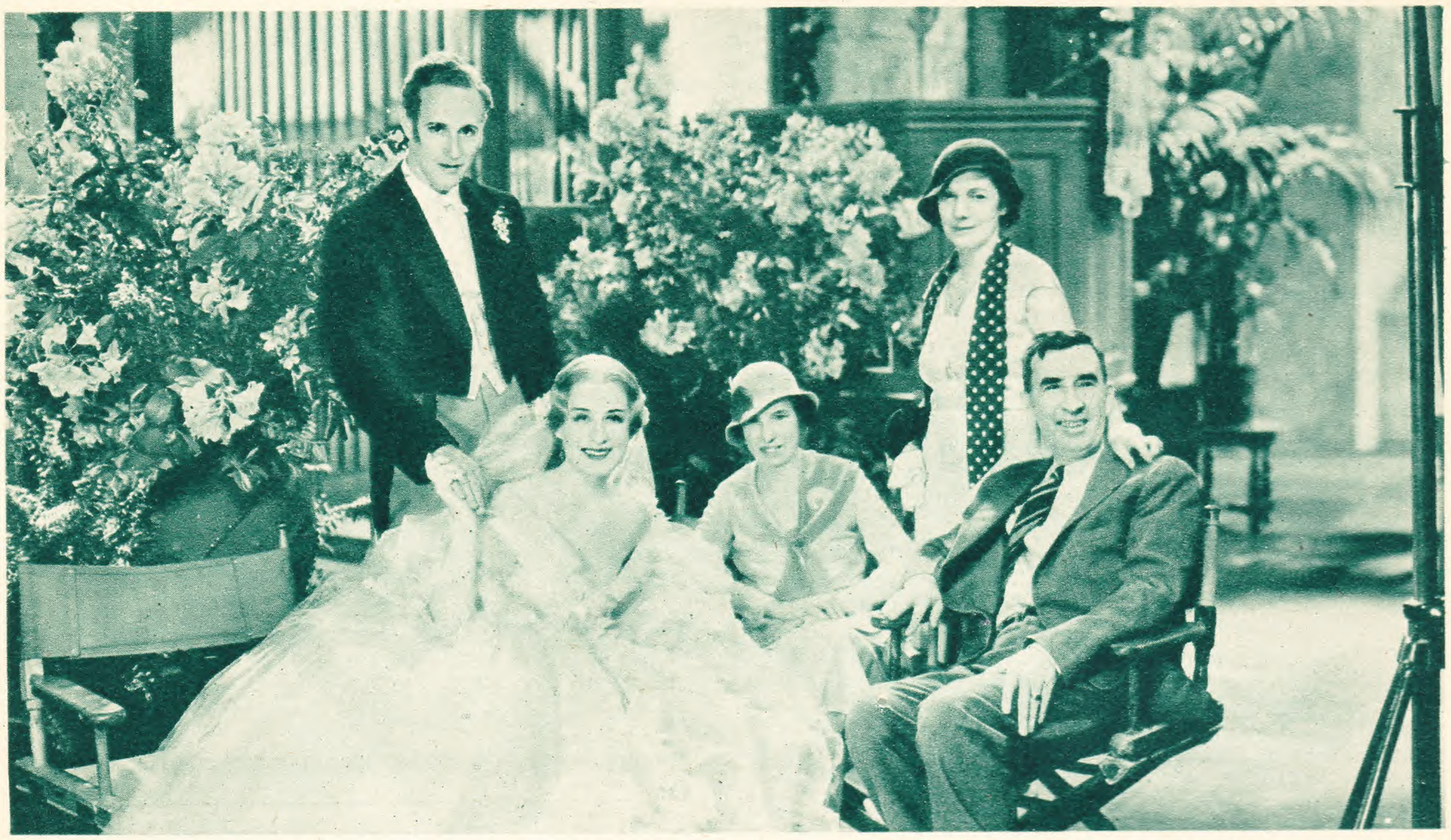
Her optimism was justified. Everything comes to those who wait. The day came when Athole and she were ushered along with a score of other aspirants for screen fame into the august presence of the assistant-director of a comedy company which was launching a college picture.



Norma's love of the outdoors and exercise have always persisted, as these two pictures show. The upper one shows the " shingled " Norma of her earlier Hollywood times ; the lower was taken on her own tennis court recently.

Twelve girls were needed. Sixty of them surged round that assistant-director. Athole and Norma were jammed behind the others and Norma knew the assistant couldn't even see them. She fought to try to get a look-in, but she was too far behind.

The man slowly picked out the lucky girls. One . . .



Norma's best-beloved rôle was in *Smilin' Through*, during the filming of which this photo was taken. Norma and Leslie Howard, who played lead in the film, are seen with Norma's mother and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Percival, an uncle and aunt of hers who had all made the trip from Canada to pay her a brief visit.

two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight. . . .

Norma began to despair.

Nine . . . ten. . . .

Two more. Norma was almost frantic. She had been so sure of being chosen, too. She could have screamed.

Eleven. . . .

One more! It was hopeless. Norma was still right at the back and her face was only just visible.

In desperation she coughed loudly—so loudly that it hurt her throat. The assistant's attention was turned in her direction. She smiled in her best apologetic manner—as per, if she had got it right, Mary Pickford—and the assistant nodded his head.

"You'll do," he said ; and Norma almost screamed with joy.

THAT was the lot. The twelve had been chosen. Norma had been one of the lucky dozen ; but Athole had been left out.

"Keep with me," Norma whispered to Athole, and they waited until the other girls were gone. Then Norma cornered the assistant and, in her most persuasive manner, she tried to convince him that he really needed thirteen girls.

She was, of course, victorious. He had no more luck than Norma's father had had when he tried to dissuade her from coming to New York. The assistant didn't argue for long. He was a young man with curly hair and rather nice-looking. Instead of kicking her out of the studio, he agreed that he really did need an extra girl. So Athole and Norma both had their first job.

And how they needed it! The week lasted for three days. They got about twenty-two dollars between them for that picture and that sum saved the situation.

Things looked up for a while after that and Norma began to feel that she had the world at her dainty feet. Within a matter of days she had landed another job. This time it was a leading rôle in a Western picture made by Fox.

"We'll pay you a hundred dollars a week," said the director. That was well over twenty pounds.

Norma prayed that that film would take a few months to produce. Unfortunately, it didn't. It took exactly one week!

Still, she got paid all right for that one week's work. She felt herself an established film player.

Alas for her hopes! Jobs were still hard to find. Hollywood was more and more replacing New York as a film-producing centre.

Norma did, however, succeed in getting extra rôles here and there ; and now and then she managed small parts. At one period she posed for advertisement illustrations, though she soon gave this up. Films or nothing!

She discovered that an agent was worth his ten per cent. It is always better to give away a tenth of your salary than have no earnings to share with anybody.

Anyway, she was making enough money to keep three of them going. That was the great thing. The risk of

coming to New York had, to a certain extent, been justified.

Norma climbed the ladder fairly rapidly after this. She managed to get some good feminine leads with established companies. They moved into a bigger apartment and Norma began to acquire a thorough grounding in the art of film-making.

Two of her first pictures were *The Stealers,* produced by Robertson-Cole, and *Channing of the North-West,* filmed by Selznick.

These two pictures were probably the most important she has ever made. They were responsible for changing her whole life, professionally and privately.

It was because of them that she found her way to Hollywood. And it was because of them that she found her way to love.

You see, they brought her to the attention of Irving G. Thalberg, now her husband. She had, to tell you the truth, never heard of him. At that time he was general manager of the Universal studios out in Hollywood.

As I have said, Hollywood was rapidly replacing New York. Norma was aware of this ; but she was also aware that, in New York, she was rapidly gaining a reputation for herself and was finding film engagements easier and easier to obtain. If she went to Hollywood she would be unknown.

This was the cause of one of the most gorgeous comedies you can imagine. Norma has laughed about it a thousand times since and Irving has laughed with her.

Norma did not run after Hollywood. Hollywood, however, ran after her. Having made her way in New York, Norma was content, for the time being, to remain there. Hollywood would tempt her only if she thought she would be better off financially.

Nevertheless, she was thrilled beyond words when she was notified by an agent in New York that he had received a wire from Universal in Hollywood referring to the possibility of signing her on contract. She was told that a Mr. Thalberg, as general manager of Universal out there, had instructed his New York office to locate her.

So she went along to Universal's New York office. She felt very confident and buoyant—but she wanted more money than they were willing to pay.

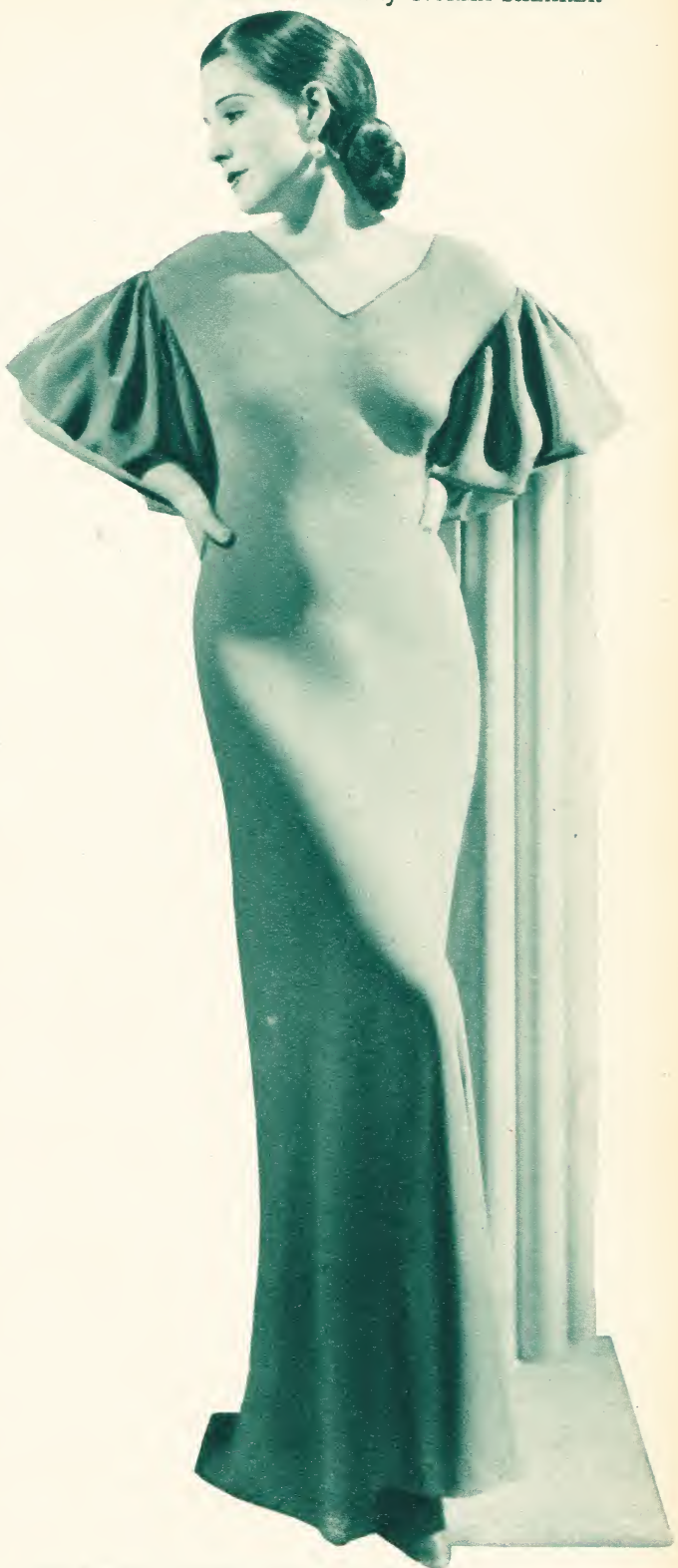
They were just unable to come to an agreement on terms. Norma had struggled so hard that she didn't want to sign herself for a long time without getting what she wanted.

She had been reading publicity stories of motion-picture salaries. Norma wasn't going to be put off with a small sum.

The negotiations failed after several discussions. Universal simply made an offer and stuck to it. There wasn't any argument about it. Norma could take it or leave it.

She left it.

But she felt so badly about it that she wrote to Mr. Thalberg, thanking him for the offer and expressing



The Norma of *Smilin' Through* (opposite) played a sentimental, lovable rôle ; in a little while she had gone, brilliantly, into highly sophisticated parts like that in *Strange Interval* — in which this portrait was taken.



Side by side at the M.-G.-M. Studios Norma works as a star, while her talented brother, Douglas Shearer, who has specialized as a sound engineer, is chief of this department in the studio.

the hope that at some future time they might come to a satisfactory agreement.

After this, she continued to dash from casting office to casting office in New York, getting fairly good jobs here and there, one minute regretting her refusal to go to Hollywood, the next moment being glad of the fact.

She still made no effort to go over to the Pacific coast. You can imagine her delighted surprise, therefore, when she received another offer from a Hollywood company. And, of course, she decided not to let this one pass.

After all you can't keep turning down heaven-sent opportunities! Besides, she had realized now that the opportunities for advancement in Hollywood were far greater than in New York. Film production at the capital was dwindling almost day by day. Future jobs looked as if they might be difficult to obtain.

CERTAINLY, the studios were becoming fewer and fewer. Everyone of any importance was gradually quitting New York and making pictures in Hollywood.

So Norma whispered a little prayer of thanks for this second offer. She was about to accept it when another miracle occurred.

She received yet a third offer! This one came through from a new company, the Louis B. Mayer organization on the West Coast (which afterwards became part of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer).

She was somewhat dazed by the sudden attention producers were giving her.

Norma clinched with the third offer and signed a contract for the Mayer Company. She preferred this one for two reasons. One reason was some instinct which prompted her the moment she received the offer. The other reason was because she preferred the terms.

THE contract did not contain a long-term clause. She was an "option," which meant that if she were good, she might stay. If she failed, she merely got six months' salary—and not a very outstanding one either.

The studio did, however, pay the travelling expenses for her mother and herself—her sister followed along later—across the continent. Which was rather lucky for Norma. If they hadn't, she might never have been famous, for, although she was getting plenty of engagements, she still hadn't enough money even to pay her own fares.

So—off to Hollywood! It was another big step in her career ; but a big gamble, nevertheless.

Norma Shearer's first visit to Hollywood was a bitterly disappointing one. She had heard a lot about the big receptions new film people were accorded when they landed in Hollywood and she was up early the last morning of the trip from New York, fussing about with her clothes and combing her hair so she should look her best.

The big train rolled into the station at Los Angeles—Hollywood itself has no railroad station—and Norma looked anxiously out of the window.

There were the usual crowds. But no flowers. No bands. No cameras. No excitement.

Her arrival, I am afraid, meant very little to Los Angeles that particular morning. There wasn't even a representative of the company present, so far as Norma could see. She and her mother had to pilot themselves to their hotel.

Norma felt like crying, but soon had to pull herself together. There were bags and things to be taken care of. So she called a porter and put her mother and herself in his charge, and they wound up at a little family hotel where they put up for the night.

Norma was up very early the next morning and out looking for the Mayer studios. She found they were

some distance from where she was stopping, but what did that matter? The warm Californian air had an exhilarating effect. The golden sun was glowing in a cloudless blue sky. The streets were neat and clean. Even the green trees seemed to wave their graceful leaves in welcome.

She reached the studios safely and was taken into the reception-room. Here, she met a good-looking young man with curly brown hair and just the nicest eyes in the world. She jumped to the conclusion that he was the office boy; and she addressed him as such.

"I am Miss Norma Shearer," she told him. "I have an appointment with—with——" Heavens, she didn't know the general manager's name! The negotiations had been carried on with various people and all she had been told was to ask for the general manager. So—— "Oh, the general manager," she finished off lamely. "Will you tell him I'm here?"

"Certainly, Miss Shearer," he said gravely and he led her into a sumptuous office.

He closed the door behind him and she noticed a mischievous twinkle in those eyes. She wondered what trick he was playing, then gasped in dismay when he strolled over to a massive desk and sat down, cocking his feet nonchalantly on top.



The Norma of earlier pictures was not the finished, polished lady of to-day. Yet she won, then, the firm and undying support of millions of "fans." She is seen here with Conrad Nagel in *The Snob*.

Imagine her embarrassment when she discovered him to be the general manager himself.

He mentioned that his name was Thalberg. It was only vaguely familiar to her. She thought, maybe, that the name had been mentioned during the preliminary negotiations. She didn't think about it any more.

It was not until later that she had reason to remember that she *had* heard of it before, though not in connection with the Mayer negotiations.

SHE had been working for some time and the question of renewing her contract cropped up. So she went into Mr. Thalberg's office and they thrashed the matter out. There was some disagreement about stories to be dealt with first (I'll tell you about some of these disagreements later!) and she couldn't get him to see her way.

For the first time in her life she lost an argument for the time being—though she took it up again afterwards.

"I want you to know that I didn't have to take your offer in the first place," she snapped. "I had two other offers before I accepted yours!"

Thalberg threw a hand over his face to hide a broad and uncontrollable grin. She gazed at him in astonishment. Was he just trying to annoy her or was he really amused about something?

Then, in some inexplicable manner, a ray of enlightenment glimmered, and the truth flashed across her brain. Thalberg! Now she knew why it had been familiar. Thalberg was the name of the general manager of Universal, the man whose offer to come to Hollywood she had refused to accept.

"Are you the Mr. Thalberg who made the Universal offer?" she gasped.

He nodded.

"And the other two also," he replied quietly. "I've changed studios twice and I've asked you each time."

"So you're the only man who has wanted me out here; not three as I thought," she muttered, subdued.

Once again he nodded. At the same time, he pushed a new five-year contract towards her.

"Here are the papers we have been discussing, Miss Shearer. Will you please sign?"

She might have rebelled. Her pride had suffered such a blow. With any other man she would probably have picked up that contract, torn it into small pieces and flung it into his face.

But this was Irving Thalberg. She meekly signed the contract.

It was not until years afterwards, by the way, that she discovered that it was Thalberg's habit to carry with him a tiny notebook, in which he jotted down names of obscure players in whom he saw possibilities. He made every effort to obtain any man or woman named in that book, however much trouble he went to.

Norma's name was in one of the old notebooks. It had two pictures listed: *The Stealers* and *Channing of the North-West.*

So you see, it was in purely a commercial light that Irving Thalberg first saw her. She was but one of the several unknown players whom he had seen and whom he was determined to bring into whichever studio he worked for, simply because he thought they were people worth trying out.

But Norma differed from the rest.

When she went to Hollywood, she went to romance—romance in the shape of this good-looking young man whom she first took to be an office boy.

Cupid behaved in a leisurely fashion. Her courtship was far different from the usual rapid and hectic affair so often connected with Hollywood.

Norma really fell in love with Irving Thalberg the first time she saw him, even before she knew that he was the general manager of the Mayer studio. For she was certainly attracted by the young man she met in the reception-room that day.

But it was some time before she recognized the symptoms. When she did, she was filled with despair. What hopes had she, a struggling actress, of ever winning the heart of the chief of the studio? It was all so impossible.

Impossible? But it had seemed impossible that she was now on contract in Hollywood and working her way to stardom, though she was only in her very early twenties.

Yes, she knew that romance had knocked at the door. But if Irving Thalberg knew it, he betrayed no signs whatever. He was always so business-like; and, though she saw him a lot during working-hours, he was never anything but formal.

What quarrels they had! She used to go to him with pleas for rôles she wanted, and on these occasions many stormy moments developed.

She used tears, woman's most powerful weapon. But they proved of no avail in dealing with this youthful but unruffled captain of the studio ship.

She had at last met her match. Here was one person whom she could not win over in an argument. I believe she liked him for it even more than she would have had she won every argument they had.

She thought sometimes that other girls were getting rôles that she deserved and she was not afraid to say so. She fought for them, and cried for them, but Thalberg yielded no ground. More tears. Thalberg remained adamant. He was the boss and his word was law. There was no court of appeal.

Norma was probably often quite right, but it is probable that Thalberg was afraid to give her those parts because he, too, knew that romance was beckoning. He was afraid that afterwards, if ever they did break that thick ice, he might be accused of using his influence to push her on.

So, far from gaining his help, Norma had an additional barrier to overcome.

The months passed rapidly. Two years! By this time she was beginning to rise in the film world. She had worked hard and had risen to important rôles in such pictures as *Broadway After Dark, Pleasure Mad, Broken Barriers, Excuse Me, The Snob,* and *He Who Gets Slapped.*

At nights, she would climb the stairs to her dressing-room after long days before the camera, many times thoroughly tired. She would glance over to the executive building and look for the light in the general manager's office. It would cheer her up to know that he was working late and putting in long hours, too. He seemed always to be working and she often pitied him, wishing she could go in there and help him.

She worked almost till midnight one Christmas Eve. It was a beastly evening. She was weary and worn, heartsick and lonesome, and terribly miserable. She reached the dressing-room and sat down, too tired and too depressed to change.

Suddenly the telephone bell rang. She jumped up



Fine dramatic actress, tender in romantic scenes, Norma also has a splendid gift for comedy, as this picture and the one on the opposite page can show. Above, with Oscar Shaw in one of her first pictures, *The Mask of Comedy.*

with something of a start, as if awakened from a deep sleep. She answered the 'phone.

"A Merry Christmas, Miss Shearer," said a formal voice.

It was Thalberg. Norma hung up the receiver and cried. It was the first time he had spoken to her outside of business hours.

It was about this time that the late John Gilbert and she were great friends. There was nothing romantic about it. He was a man pal, just as those boys had been her friends during her childhood days. Never once was there any suggestion that they were in love or anything like that ; but I can't tell you how grateful she was to him for his friendship.

She played opposite him in *The Snob* and *He Who Gets Slapped*. It was this latter picture which really sealed her success.

John Gilbert and she frequently attended social functions together. Irving Thalberg was often at the same affairs, but always unattached femininely. You can imagine how glad Norma was of this.

When they met, it was always very formal. She just couldn't seem to get over the "Mister and Miss" stage, and sometimes it almost drove Norma frantic. Thalberg was a business lion, but a social lamb.



Another of Norma's famous comedy scenes from *Private Lives*. The writer tells an amusing story of this rough-and-tumble with Robert Montgomery—in which Bob took the tumble.

But the ice was broken at last, and in a strange manner. It was three whole years after she first came to Hollywood. She had almost given up hope that the business-like formality between them would ever be changed.

It was after she had been promoted to stardom.

The telephone bell rang one day. When she answered it, she heard Mr. Thalberg's secretary on the line.

"Mr. Thalberg," she said in casual tones, not even realizing that she was acting as Cupid's deputy, "Mr. Thalberg has asked me to ask you if you would care to attend the opening of a picture with him to-morrow evening."

She mentioned the name of the picture and the name of the place, but Norma didn't hear it. Her ears were burning. Then she swallowed her dignity.

"Please tell Mr. Thalberg that I shall be delighted," she said curtly, and rang off.

Thus she went to the theatre with him. She sat next to him, glancing covertly at him now and then, but pretending to be engrossed in the screen play whenever she felt that he was going to look round at her.

He remained very quiet. She could sense that he was feeling awkward and she did everything in her feminine power to put him at his ease.

Even so, it was not until after several other meetings that he at last thawed. Their friendship progressed on deep and affectionate lines and they were married on September 29, 1927.

It was not until then, however, that she realized that Irving's slowness in cultivating her friendship was not entirely due to shyness. He *was* shy, but there was something else that was holding him back. It was that fear of "Influence!" He felt that, while he could be friendly once she was a star, he would only be hindering her career were he to be anything but business-like before she had achieved that honour.

Let us return to her pictures. She had, during those years, slowly changed from rather demure rôles to those of a more sophisticated type ; and she had gained a poise which she had never before mastered.

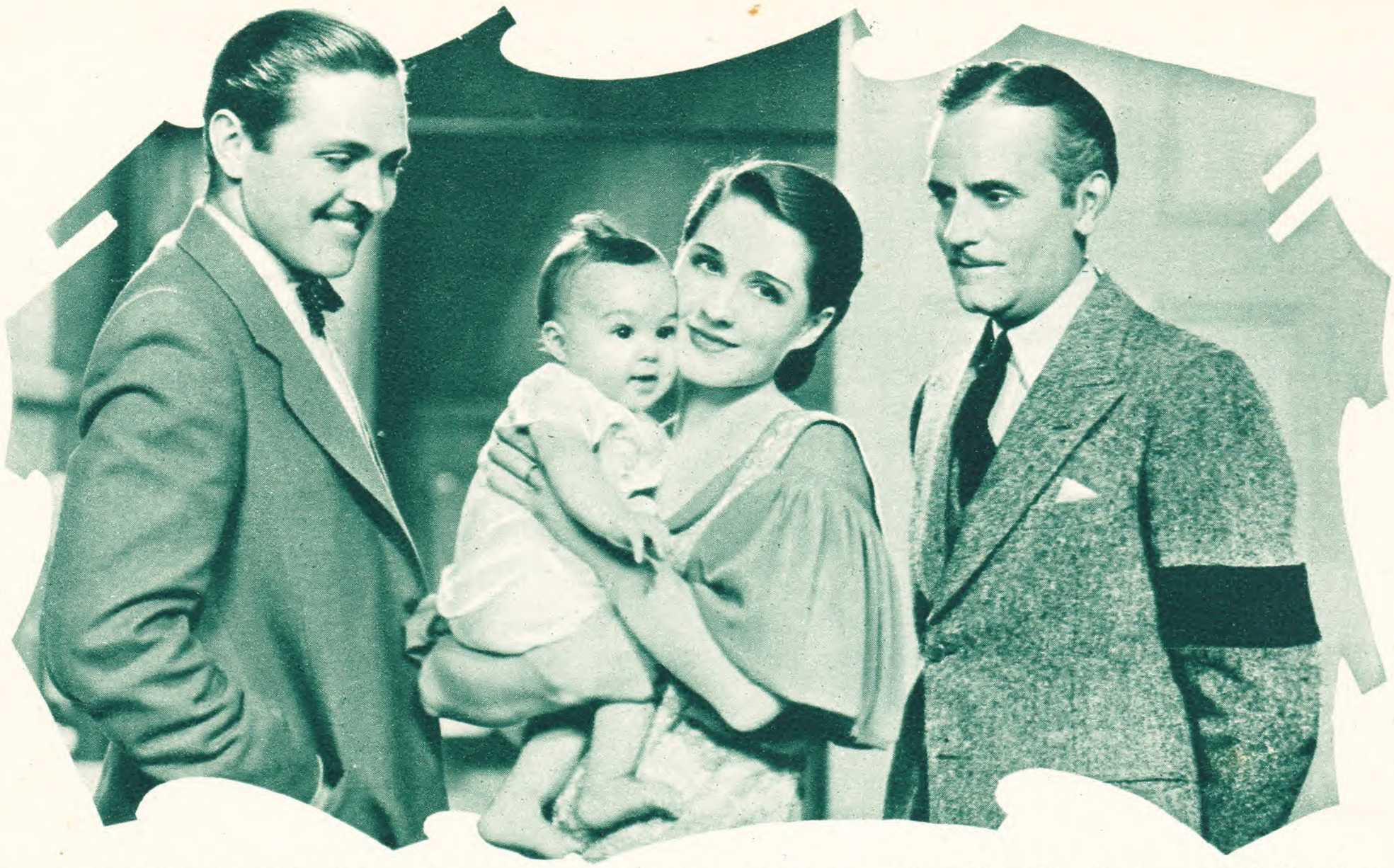
She paid a lot of attention to herself and she experimented with different ways of doing her hair. Hair makes all the difference between sophistication and simplicity.

She played in a wide range of pictures: *Lady of the Night, A Slave of Fashion, The Tower of Lies, His Secretary, Old Heidelberg, The Devil's Circus, The Waning Sex, Upstage, The Demi-Bride, The Student Prince, After Midnight, The Actress* and *Lady of Chance*. I think you will find rôles of all descriptions among that list, from the most sophisticated to the most simple ; and she played opposite some of the most famous stars of the silent era.

Then one day her husband faced her seriously.

"Norma," he said, "silent films are dead."

She knew from his tone that he was not joking. Already talkies had loomed on the horizon. It was no longer news that Al Jolson's picture, *The Jazz Singer*, was ready for immediate release.



Norma's "fans" have hailed her even more fondly since she became a mother (though other stars had feared to let the public know of their motherhood). Her love of children is well illustrated by this scene from *Strange Interval*—that odd experiment in filmcraft in which the characters spoke their thoughts aloud. At her left is Alexander Kirkland, and at her right Ralph Morgan.

Within a few weeks that talkie had leapt its way across America like a prairie fire. There was no stopping it. It was a sensation. Al Jolson's second talkie, *The Singing Fool,* was following along just behind it—and, indeed, raced it to England.

Hollywood stood still for a moment, as if struck by a gigantic blow. Silent films were to stop.

Norma took an inventory of herself and her talents. She had had no stage experience except for those amateur theatricals in her schooldays ; whereas most of the other stars had come to Hollywood via the footlights. Already urgent cables were being sent to New York for Broadway players to cross the continent.

It looked for a moment as if success were suddenly to be grasped right out of her hands.

She went down to the University of Southern California for a vocal analysis. The day she went the machine was out of order!

It was a day or so after this that Bayard Veiller, dickering with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer about the talkie version of his play *The Trial of Mary Dugan,* suggested that she should take the part of Mary Dugan.

Everyone gasped. Even Irving Thalberg.

"But it's not her type of part," Irving pointed out. "She has been playing tender rôles."

"What I have been playing and what I am going to play are two different things," she retaliated swiftly.

Veiller maintained that he thought she was just right for the part ; but at that time she had not even had a talkie test, and there was no knowing how her voice would record.

Veiller came to her alone one evening.

"Are you keen on the part?" he asked directly.

"I am."

"Good!" he exclaimed crisply. "Now, I want you to rehearse one of the scenes. Raymond Hackett has been chosen for a rôle and I want you two to rehearse the dramatic cross-examination scene. Willing?"

She said she was. They gathered in secret conclave and rehearsed that scene—cuss words and all. Veiller watched her critically. He directed her critically and gave her a lot of invaluable advice.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"Thought what?" she asked.

"That you would be able to take the part all right," he replied. "Now all we've got to do is to persuade the executives. How are we going to do that?"

The three of them—Raymond Hackett, Veiller and Norma—sat down and thought the matter over. In the end they hit upon the very idea which would decide not only whether she could play the part in the film, but whether her voice was suitable for recording or not.

It was a plan that had a spark of adventure in it. Like children the three of them laid their plans. They made one of the most romantic talkie tests ever recorded.

The test was made in secret. They rounded up a gang of electricians after shooting had finished one day. The boys were willing to do anything for Norma and didn't breathe a word of what was happening.

When the set should have been silent and dark the arc lights blazed again, and that early talkie apparatus made a record of Norma's voice for the first time.

Then came the task of showing the test to the executives. Thalberg was approached and he consented to go into one of the private theatres at the M.-G.-M. studios. He went along with one or two other important people.

They sat there in silence, watching Norma doing her stuff. Then the lights were up. There was a buzz of excited conversation. Everyone shook hands with Norma. There was no doubt about it—she was suitable for the talking screen ; and suitable for *The Trial of Mary Dugan.*

Norma found herself playing a new type of talkie rôle. She was now the screen's finest exponent of sophisticated woman-of-the-world parts.

She liked these characterizations. They appealed to her as an exciting change from her old rôles, and she shone in all those glamorous pictures like *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, Their Own Desire, Private Lives,* and others of this description.

Then came two crises in her life.

The first was a private one ; the second, purely business.

She was going to have a baby ; and people were beginning to tire of her in these sophisticated parts. Her fans were demanding another change. Very well, she could step out in some other direction.

Meanwhile, there was the coming baby to be considered.

She faced the situation squarely. Other stars were mothers ; but they made every effort to keep the fact a secret. Norma told herself she would never do this. If people liked her as an actress, would her popularity really be affected by a happening of this description in her private life?

She heard people talking about the possible effect on her career and she stuck her chin out. She had always been very contrary. The moment she heard her "fate," she decided that she had nothing to fear.

And so, on August 24th, 1930, Irving Junior came into the world. There was no secrecy. Norma was proud of him and saw no reason for keeping him a secret. Now, other stars have followed suit. But Norma was one of the first big stars to have the courage.

The baby didn't affect her career in the least. Her popularity continued to go up by leaps and bounds, particularly when she changed her type of rôles.

She left sophistication behind her and became a dramatic actress. Pictures like *Strange Interval, Smilin' Through* and *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* made her "the first lady of the screen."

She was popular in all parts of the world. She had, after the birth of Irving Junior, visited England and gained many new friends over here. She was still climbing.

Then Norma knew that she was going to have another baby. She welcomed it. It would mean a companion for little Irving. She wasn't afraid of her career. She was too well endeared in the public's hearts to be affected. She knew, in fact, that her followers would share her own happiness.

The one drawback was that she would have to be away from the screen for another period.

Katherine came into the world. That was last year. Norma will be seen on the screen again this year in *Romeo and Juliet.*

Now your information about her life is up to date. Is there anything else that remains to be told? This is not by any means the end of her life story. That is to be continued. There are some wonderful, greater, chapters ahead of her. But this is the end so far as to-day is concerned.

The story I have written is just the story of a film "fan" who set out to become a star. She has been lucky enough to realize her ambitions—lucky, but also very talented.



Happy family ! Irving Thalberg, Irving, Jnr., and Norma photographed aboard ship the day they left Southampton after their last visit to England. Since then young Irving has a little sister—Katherine.

These Parts Made Them Stars

Do You Remember How and When the Kings and Queens of Filmland Won Their Fame?





Which film really made a world star of Greta Garbo? When did Ronald Colman rise to fame? How did Anna Neagle win her way from small parts to stardom? Here, in pictures, you can recall the films that have been most significant in the careers of the great ones of filmland.

1. It was as "Anne Boleyn" in *The Private Life of Henry VIII* that Merle Oberon drew the notice of the film world. Her brief appearance in that picture was so telling that she was shortly afterwards given a joint Hollywood-and-London starring contract.

2. Clark Gable's stardom came overnight, the result of an insistent demand from the "fans" themselves. It was just then that he was appearing in *The Rise of Helga* with Greta Garbo. That film established him for good.

3. The name of George Arliss is imperishably allied in memory with the film *Disraeli*, in the silent version of which he won his lasting fame and favour with the fans. First made in 1921, he remade it as a talkie in 1929. This picture shows him with Ivan Simpson in the latter version.

4. *She Done Him Wrong* first starred Mae West before a gasping public, which has still not ceased to discuss her particular brand of sex-appeal "plus." Mae is seen in this scene with Noah Beery.

5. Jack Hulbert was a famous stage artiste before the movies "got him," but the picture that sealed his future as a film star was the screen version of the stage success, *The Ghost Train*. In fact, this film made stars both of Jack and Mrs. Hulbert—Cicely Courtneidge to you. In the scene shown, Jack is with Ann Todd.

6. Famed in Hollywood itself as the city's leading "whoopee girl," Joan Crawford became a star with the series of "whoopee" pictures of which *Our Dancing Daughters* was the first. She was a very different Joan then, as is seen in this picture with Johnny Mack Brown.











1

1. Do you remember Eddie Cantor's picture *Whoopee* ? Although he had made several pictures earlier than that, it was not until Goldwyn produced his picture and surrounded him with those famous, glorified girls that he made his big hit. Seen here with Ethel Shutta.

2. *Seventh Heaven* raised Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell from obscurity to joint stardom overnight. Sentimental, joyous—there has been no other team in film history to compare with these two.

3. Jack Buchanan remained primarily a stage star until his visit to Hollywood, when he made *Monte Carlo* with Jeanette MacDonald of the glorious voice. Hollywood production discovered for the screen that charm which had made Jack a West End theatre favourite for many seasons.

4. It was when Jimmy Cagney made *Larceny Lane* that he first won his studio's official starring classification. Coming from the New York stage, he had made a succession of pictures, prominent among them *The Crowd Roars*, until the public insisted on stardom for this toughest of the screen's tough guys.



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4









1. Sir Guy Standing (right) attained his great success only in 1935, when *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer* reached the screen. With him, in this scene from the picture, is C. Aubrey Smith.

2. Elisabeth Bergner was a great star on the Continent until changed conditions abroad compelled her to seek a fresh career in the shelter of our shores. Her first British picture, *Catherine the Great*, created much discussion, but it was not until she appeared in *Escape Me Never* (with Hugh Sinclair) that the public really took her to their hearts.

3. Robert Montgomery, like Clark Gable, was also helped up to prominence and success by appearing as leading man opposite Greta Garbo. In his case the picture was *Inspiration*, from which this is one of the love scenes.

4. There is no doubt that his appearance opposite the glamorous Marlene Dietrich in *Morocco* had a very deep effect on Gary Cooper's career. Till then he had been accepted as a nice-looking boy who did quite well in " westerns " ; after *Morocco* he was known as a real dramatic actor.



1. Fred Astaire, seen here with Ginger Rogers in *Flying Down to Rio*, won stardom in this, his first big film rôle. Ginger's stardom came a little later.

2. Charles Laughton won world renown in *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*

3. Wallace Beery in *Min and Bill*, with beloved Marie Dressler. In that picture he won the hearts of the fans.

4. Both Kay Francis and William Powell were acknowledged front rankers when they appeared together in *One Way Passage.*



2



4



3

1. Shirley Temple was hailed by the fans in *Stand Up and Cheer*, in which she is seen here with Jimmy Dunn.

2. Claudette Colbert, as Nero's wife in *The Sign of the Cross*, proved herself a brilliant actress. Fredric March shares this scene.

3. *Hell's Angels* made a sensation of its heroine—platinum blonde Jean Harlow, seen here with Ben Lyon.

4. The silent film, *Beau Geste*, gave Ronald Colman his great opportunity. With him in this scene is Neil Hamilton.











1. Real success came to Ginger Rogers in her second screen partnership with Fred Astaire, when they danced "The Continental" together in *The Gay Divorce*.

2. Sir Cedric Hardwicke (right), famed as a stage actor, won immediate popularity with his first film rôle in the British film of *Dreyfus*, in which he played the title rôle.

3. W. C. Fields was regarded as a very funny comedian before he appeared as Mr. Micawber in *David Copperfield*, but it was in that rôle that the "fans" accorded him the fullest recognition. He is seen above with little Freddie Bartholomew.



1. Jessie Matthews had made one false start in films, followed by a more successful effort. But it was when she played "Susie Dean" in *The Good Companions* that she won her way to the front rank.

2. Katharine Hepburn arrived in Hollywood, made *A Bill of Divorcement*—and was at once hailed as the screen's most sensational actress. She is seen in the picture with John Barrymore.

3. Lovely Loretta Young had played many successful rôles before she appeared with Ed. G. Robinson in *The Honourable Mr. Wong*, when she created wonder by the elaborate make-up which successfully changed her from an American to an Oriental beauty.









1, The *Thin Man* partnership between William Powell and Myrna Loy set a new film fashion. It also made a star of Myrna, after several years of featured rôles.

2, Greta Garbo won her fame in the days of silent pictures; and it was her partnership with John Gilbert in *Flesh and the Devil* which set the seal on a career that has been unparalleled in pictures.

3. Gracie Fields, beloved of variety audiences all over Britain, had only to appear on the screen to be an instantaneous success. Her first film, seen here, was *Sally in Our Alley*. Like all her subsequent screen work it endeared her to her fans because of its vivacious happiness.

2

3

1. Maureen O'Sullivan's partnership with Johnny Weissmuller in the Tarzan pictures has done more than anything else to bring her the acclaim which she undoubtedly deserves.

2. Boris Karloff, sterling character actor, was unable to find stardom until he began the series of horror rôles that have made him famous. The star was in *Frankenstein*, in which you see him here, with Colin Clive.

3. Anna Neagle, whose stardom has been built up entirely on British pictures, was "discovered" when a chorus girl by Jack Buchanan. She won both stage and screen stardom with him, her film success being won in *Good-night Vienna*, of which this is one of the scenes.








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5

1. Bing Crosby won immediate stardom with his first picture, *The Big Broadcast*. Seen with Stuart Erwin and Mona Lowe.

2. Grace Moore stepped to film fame in *One Night of Love*. Shown here with Tullio Carminati and Jessie Ralph.

3. Ann Harding's first fame was in *Condemned*, opposite Ronald Colman.

4. *Michael and Mary* laid the foundations of success for Herbert Marshall, who shares this scene with Elizabeth Allan, then an "unknown," and Edna Best.

5. Ruby Keeler (Mrs. Al Jolson) danced into the bright lights in *Forty-Second Street*.





1. Franchot Tone reached stardom in *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*; picture shows him with Gary Cooper.

2. 20,000 *Years in Sing Sing* brought fame to Spencer Tracy, seen here with Bette Davis and Arthur Byron.

3. *The Kid* began the career of Jackie Coogan, and it proved Charlie Chaplin a great actor.

4. *Outward Bound* made Leslie Howard a star. The picture (left to right) shows Leslie Howard, Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Alison Skipworth, Beryl Mercer and Montagu Love.

5. Tap-tap-tapping to the top came Eleanor Powell in *Broadway Melody of 1936*.

How We Made "MUTINY"



Filming a scene for *Mutiny on the Bounty* at Tahiti, in the South Seas. Offshore is the model of the "Bounty" which was specially built for the film. At the sea's edge a scene is being shot. Notice, even in the brilliant Pacific sunshine, that powerful lights are considered necessary to get the finest photographic effects. The costumes of the camera crew—many of them clad only in the lightest of clothing, speak vividly of the climate in which the work was done.

on the "Bounty"

BY Grant Lloyd

Director of this and many other famous pictures, Mr. Lloyd describes the making of his masterpiece, saying that sea films are the most difficult, but the most interesting to create.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY is undoubtedly the most widely read sea adventure in modern literature. In my opinion it is the most dramatic, strangest and most thrilling adventure in the history of the sea.

It is dramatic because, with flawless accuracy, we have told a true story of a handful of intrepid men who 150 years ago sailed into unknown seas under the tyrannical command of Captain William Bligh.

It is the strangest because the story is crammed with adventures, rebellion of an embittered crew, mutiny, and men adrift in open boats, experiences that loom to-day as little short of miracles.

It is thrilling, because the cruise of the "Bounty" and the deeds of her men wrote into maritime history a chapter of adventure never equalled before or since. It was a voyage which completely changed old traditions of the sea.

This picture was not filmed without woes and hardships, inhuman obstacles and disappointments. Two years were devoted to its preparation and one year to filming it. For the picture, two exact replicas of the famous ships of the period, the H.M.S. Bounty and the H.M.S. Pandora, were built by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer from original plans loaned by the British Admiralty.

These vessels had to be as near perfect and authentic as modern labour could make them. They differed only from the originals in their interiors, where compartments were built in for the sound and generator equipment, for the housing of the crews and for storage.

For actual settings of the Bounty's drama, Producer Irving G. Thalberg sent me and a complete company on a 14,000-mile journey to the South Seas and back. We took along 100 tons of equipment, ranging in size and value from an ordinary safety-pin to two complete generating plants.

While in the South Seas, battling adverse weather all the time, we succeeded in shooting 50,000 feet of picture and 30,000 feet of sound. In all, we employed about 2,500 natives and 500 out-rigger canoes. We built two villages, the largest one capable of accommodating 200 native families.



When we returned to America we brought along about twenty-five tons of "props" acquired in the islands. These included full-grown palm trees and breadfruit trees, a double war canoe large enough for 100 warriors, fifteen out-riggers, tools, bowls, weapons, coconuts of all sizes, and hundreds of odds and ends to be used in the picture.

Upon our return we were confronted by our first disheartening disappointment. Some of the film, due to tropical climatic conditions, had been ruined. It meant we had to send another camera unit back to the South Seas to shoot the scenes all over again. The result of this decision is to be seen in the finished picture, which, in my opinion, has the most beautiful background shots ever seen in any picture.

We had other disappointments, such as all sea pictures experience, but we overcame all of them. For thrilling storm sequences, we pointed the little Bounty northward into the Pacific to find a storm.

For five weeks we cruised the North Pacific, encountering every kind of weather but the kind we wanted. We ran her into isolated island groups, through treacherous reefs and even into the "graveyard of the seas," where we encountered from 7,000 to 10,000 seals.

On this particular mission, with the high tide running from four to six feet, my entire company had to cross the stagnant graveyard afoot, carrying camera equipment on their shoulders. On the return trip, with the treacherous tide and thousands of seals thrashing around us, the crew had to abandon their equipment on the reefs, whence they rescued it two days later.

Rock-ribbed San Miguel gave us our heaviest worries. For weeks, many of my loyal boys battled the elements of San Miguel. They suffered hardships and exposure to weather, but they came through with some of the most spectacular film shots ever taken.

Weather was another of our most stubborn enemies. It is one of the few phenomena of Nature that cannot be duplicated or controlled by film studios. To combat adverse weather while filming sea sequences aboard the Bounty, off Catalina Island, I had to build another Bounty.

Fog had blanketed us at the Catalina Isthmus for two weeks. There I had Charles Laughton, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone and a company of 150 sitting around, waiting for the fog to lift. This couldn't go on for ever. I had had an eye on an unused structure, formerly a dance hall, at the Isthmus and decided to use it. We converted it into a sound stage, sent for additional construction crews and built the interior of the Bounty in its entirety in separate sets.

As long as the fog hung low, we shot our interior scenes in the dance hall. When the fog lifted, a lookout sounded a siren, and the entire company scurried aboard the floating Bounty to take advantage of several hours of sunshine.

The company operated with such precision during the many weeks we were encamped at the Isthmus that in many ways it resembled military manœuvres. Time schedules and transportation offered the most difficult problems.

We moved the equipment back and forth between the mainland and the Isthmus on barges, towed by tugs. This included three generating plants, two boom trucks, several motor-cars, studio lamps, "props," a 100-foot war canoe, fifteen out-riggers, scores of towering palm and coconut trees, eight interior studio sets, thousands of feet of lumber and dozens of huge crates of other equipment.

To house the company, an entire tent city and a house were leased to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. For water transport we had a fleet of eight high-speed water-taxis. Daily, a steamer named the "Betty-O" brought tons of food from Avalon to the Isthmus.

Two coves were re-made for island scenes, in which there were Gable-Tone sequences. Roads were built. A huge dining-room, a general store, an emergency hospital, wardrobe, make-up and property departments were maintained for the company.

In short, if it has ever been doubted before, *Mutiny on the Bounty* is positive proof that sea pictures are the most difficult to make. However, they are also the most interesting to film.

I remember back in 1924 when I filmed my first sea picture, *The Sea Hawk*. At that time, I thought my hardest job of picture-directing had been reached for all time. Yet the filming of *The Sea Hawk* was simple in comparison with *Mutiny on the Bounty*. *The Sea Hawk* days were before sound, before the films had the aid of many of the great minds of science, literature and research, before absolute realism and accuracy in sets, ships, dialogue and wardrobe were a complete necessity.



Aboard the "Bounty." Clark Gable and Charles Laughton can be seen enacting a scene. In the foreground—bronzed by the sun—are members of the technical staff.



Shirley Temple

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

C



Fred Astaire



Myrna Loy



Gracie Fields



Robert Donat

Robert Donat



Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



Elisabeth Bergner



Jessie Matthews

Jessie Matthews



Eleanor Powell

Eleanor Powell



Franchot Tone.

Franchot Tone



Joan Crawford

Joan Crawford



Margaret Sullavan



Heather Angel



Sylvia Sidney

Sylvia Sidney



Nelson Eddy

Nelson Eddy



Jean Parker

Lunch with Your Favourites



Myrna Loy, May Robson, Warner Baxter, Phillips Holmes, Director van Dyke, Florine McKinney and Charlie Butterworth are among those you can see in this noon-hour picture from the restaurant at the M.-G.-M. studios.

How the Film Famous take their mid-day meal.... by

JAMES ARTHUR

MANY and varied are the habits of the Hollywood stars during noon-time. Some eat lunch at the studio restaurant; others prefer the privacy of their own dressing-rooms.

Greta Garbo always eats in her dressing-room. She usually orders her lunch from the studio restaurant, as a rule for one o'clock. Sometimes she is joined by her director to discuss scenes for the afternoon or the next day. Thus are they secure from interruption. In the restaurant all eyes would be on the great and mysterious Garbo, even though none ventured to engage her in conversation.

Jean Harlow always eats in her dressing-room. It is restful to her after a morning's hard work on the set. She usually has the same thing, a bowl of chicken soup with a generous amount of chicken and a few tablespoonfuls of rice in it. She always has a large meal in the evening.

Jeanette MacDonald, too, orders her luncheon from the studio restaurant, and eats in her dressing-room. Jeanette never pays a great deal of attention to her diet, eating anything on the menu that happens to appeal to her. She is fond of soups and salads. Another favourite lunch is a baked potato, with plenty of butter, spinach and a glass of milk. The remainder of her lunch hour is spent in resting. She has a studio couch in her dressing-room, and always lies down for half an hour with a cloth over her eyes. She can never rest if she is conscious of it being light. She seldom shares her lunch hour with anyone.

Myrna Loy has her lunch in her dressing-room, usually ordering it from the studio restaurant. But she likes to have one or two close friends join her. She likes to talk with people (but not about her work) and finds company refreshing.

Joan Crawford carries her own lunch. She has very definite ideas about what she likes and what fits her diet—and never changes. She has a salad of fruit or vegetables, a cup of coffee and toast. The rest of the time is spent in reading her lines or having fittings.

William Powell likes to read alone in his dressing-



Bob Montgomery usually takes his own lunch to the studio with him—and many stars prefer the quiet of the dressing-rooms (in the background) to the crowded studio restaurants. (Below) The manageress inspects special salads prepared for Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo.

room at noon. Occasionally he will see an interviewer. He has a lunch packed at home—a very simple one. The noon meal is not important to him. Dinner is his only real meal of the day, and a very social time it is.

Robert Montgomery is another who has his own lunch-box. He carries a thermos of soup, a couple of thin sandwiches, and fresh milk. During the noon hour he spends a quiet time reading. Chester Morris also brings his own lunch. If he is working on the lot at the same time as Robert Montgomery, they have lunch together.

Clark Gable is one of the few stars at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer who like to eat in the studio restaurant. He likes the companionship of people at noon. He practically always eats at the long table on the porch reserved for the directors. His favourite luncheon is a sandwich of some sort, some milk and a good-sized piece of apple pie with a slice of cheese.

Wallace Beery always eats in the studio restaurant and spends the entire noon hour there. Many times little Carol Ann, his adopted daughter, joins him. She comes over with her nurse. Wally takes very tender care of her, cutting her meat and ordering her luncheon. He is very proud of Carol Ann and loves to have her with him at noon.

The Marx Brothers—all three of them—eat in the studio restaurant. It takes them about fifteen minutes to get through the place, stopping to greet friends as they go along. They eat at the directors' table on the porch. They leave the table at least ten times during





(Left) Some artistes, in a hurry, prefer the quick-lunch bar of a cafeteria to the slower service of the ordinary restaurant. (Below) The girl who sells cigarettes to the stars. Her kiosk is in the M.-G.-M. studio restaurant.

the meal to say "hello" to someone or to be introduced to a visitor. They act as the hosts of the place.

Jack Benny is also the centre of a lot of attention at noon. He always sits at the largest table in the main room of the studio restaurant which quickly fills with his friends and co-workers. He works out many "gags" at noon. It is a profitable as well as enjoyable time with him. He does his best work when he mixes business with pleasure.

Little Freddie Bartholomew spends his noon hour with his aunt, Miss Millicent Bartholomew. They always eat in the studio dining-room with one or two of their English friends—most frequently Constance Collier or Elizabeth Allan.

Spencer Tracy eats in the studio restaurant, where he usually joins a congenial group. One never sees him eating alone, as he likes to have people around him.

Norma Shearer is another star who prefers the complete relaxation of lunching in her own dressing-room, but she for one can never be accused of food fads. She begins her lunch with a large glass of iced tomato juice. There's nothing unusual in that, but she follows it with grilled lamb cutlets, grilled steak, or chicken, with two cooked vegetables and a fresh vegetable salad. This is specially prepared for her, and on page 50 you can see the manageress of the restaurant making quite sure that its ingredients are as ordered. Last comes cooked fruit, preferably stewed peaches or pears. She accompanies this meal, which some diet and slimming experts would unhesitatingly condemn, with hot tea, which she drinks during and after the meal. The size of the meal which Norma Shearer takes and the hot drink which accompanies it show that diet instructions should be suited to the individual, both for health and for figure beauty.



Jean Harlow is one who prefers a light and quiet lunch in her dressing-room.

The story of H. G. WELLS' Film Masterpiece

THINGS

THE world of 1940 was a world of bustle and business. In London, Paris, New York, Berlin —in all the big cities and the little cities, the towns and the countryside—men and women worked, laughed and loved. Some were contented, some were not. Some were happy and carefree, some were fearful and anxious. These last could read the signs of the day. They heard in terror speeches from public men, demanding more and more arms, more and more ships, more and more aeroplanes. As Christmas Eve dawned, all Europe was arming against the outbreak of war.

"War Crisis!" The newsboy's cry filled the ears of all who passed along the streets of Everytown. Some were heedless, some contrived to push the question into the background, disregarding its dangers, disbelieving that the world would ever be stupid enough to allow war again.

One of these was the young scientist, Harding, working in his research laboratory in the Central Square of Everytown. Through the open window, as he was finishing his day's work, came the cry: "War Crisis!" Young Harding glanced impatiently up at the sound, then walked across and closed the window with a bang. "Damn this war nonsense," he muttered as, with clouded brow, he began to close his microscope and specimen cases. It was Christmas Eve and all must cease for the holiday. Science, progress, war threats, devastation, must be halted while a carefree world celebrated the greatest of all sacred festivals.

Leaving his laboratory, travelling out of Everytown to the pleasant suburb where stood the house of his best friend, John Cabal, young Harding was conscious all the way of an undercurrent of anxiety for the future. It flowed through the surface merriment of the crowds that jostled him. Deeply as he longed to ignore the threats and the perils of what must come, they gnawed at his senses, filling him with a dread that would not be stifled.

It did him good to enter John Cabal's house, to walk into the warm friendliness of his friend's study. Here was a man, a little older than Harding himself, to whom he could look up, whose judgment and leadership a young man could respect in these puzzled, disturbing days.

John Cabal was indeed a commanding figure. He was tall and gaunt, a little forbidding in appearance probably to those who did not know him. Cabal was one of the foremost among the flying men and aero engineers of his day. Everything about him showed the clear-cut character of a man of action ; and of the man of vision.

He looked up, as Harding entered, from his study of a copy of the evening paper, with its scare headlines and alarming news. He smiled at his visitor:

"Hullo, young Harding," he greeted. "You're early."

The two of them studied the newspaper. The younger man, appalled, spoke of what was closest to his heart.

"What becomes of medical research in case of war?"

"It will have to stop."

Harding's face was a picture of young despair and the bewilderment of striving youth at the madness of the world.

"That will mess *me* up," he said. "It's pretty nearly all I care for. That and Marjorie Home, of course."

"Mess you up! Of course it will mess you up." John Cabal's voice was hard, edged with his fierce disgust at the blindness of mankind. "It'll mess up your marriage. Mess everything up. My heavens, if war gets loose again——"

There was a momentary silence between the two men as Cabal finished speaking. For each man the struggle, the pitiful plight of humanity, presented his own nearer problem. Harding was fighting to save from disease and pestilence a world that seemed bent upon its own destruction. Cabal, in his field, was a symbol of progress—facing a dead stop in the march of civilization. Men of vision, they could see and feel nothing but the hopelessness of their time.

Their half-spoken fears and their unspoken thoughts were interrupted suddenly by the arrival of a third man. Passworthy was a prosperous merchant, round, cheerful, happy in the life and the success which he was achieving. Just as surely as Cabal represented the men of action, and as Harding represented science in the world of 1940, Passworthy stood for the business community. Honest, hard-working, unimaginative, he was inclined to scoff at the fears of his two friends. There was nothing, he averred, in all this war talk. It was a stupid scare. All was well with the world.

For Passworthy this was holiday time. It was the moment to cast worries and cares aside. To enjoy Christmas. He strolled around the room, singing, "Noel! Noel! Noel. . . ."

THE spirit of Christmas was running high in the room next to John Cabal's study. The Cabal children were giving a party to their young friends. In one corner of the room stood a tall Christmas-tree, its newly-lit candles flickering, carrying a burden of presents, which were being distributed. For Timothy Cabal, John's eldest son, there was a complete toy railway system. With all the concentration of youth at play, he was setting up his lines and stations and signal system, ignoring the clamour and excited games of the rest.

"Things to Come"

Here, in easy-to-read narrative, is the story of the sensational film of the future, specially written by H. G. WELLS for London Film Productions. The script has been adapted for FILM PICTORIAL ANNUAL . . . by Eric Burnand Mount

Passworthy's son, young Horrie, presented an energetic spectacle as he struggled into the toy military uniform which was one of his gifts. Small and sturdy and "tough," he was a typical son of his bluff, good-natured father. His uniform on, he picked up a drum and began to beat it.

"FALL in! Fall in!" he cried. Three boys fell in behind him. "Quick march!" came the order in Horrie's treble voice, and they moved off. Trudging triumphantly, Horrie's feet upset part of the railway system as he passed. He halted. Here was a chance for added fun to his make-believe soldier game.

"Make an accident," he demanded.

Timothy interrupted his game for a moment and shook his head.

"No," he said.

"Make an earthquake."

"No."

"Let's have a war."

"No."

Unwillingly Horrie gave up the idea of interesting Timothy in his violent plans. Followed by his "army" he retreated to a corner, leaving Timothy a few minutes' peaceful enjoyment of his toy. Other and younger guests gathered round the railway admiringly.

Suddenly one of the carriages of a train fell over. It had been hit by a wooden pellet. Horrie and his "army" had returned to the attack, this time armed with four toy guns. Delighted with the effect of their first shot, they began to carry on their infant bombardment more intensely. Timothy sprang to the protection of his precious machines. In a moment the party was in an uproar, with Timothy and Horrie locked in fierce fight in the centre of the room. Only the intervention of Mrs. Cabal and of their fathers, coming in from John Cabal's study, restored peace and order. The children, like the greater world outside their playground, had staged their own war. And, even now that peace had been restored, they finished their game in uneasy discontent. Just as childlike, just as unreasonable are the passions and hates and fears of humanity itself.

In a little while the party broke up, the children being carried off to their homes and to their beds, to dream peacefully enough of the delights of Christmas Day, fearing nothing because they knew nothing. For Passworthy, for Harding and his fiancée, for John Cabal and his wife, as they sat together in Cabal's study, the evening was still wrapped in the dread which lay heavily on all their hearts. Only Passworthy managed to maintain his cheerful opposition to all the forebodings of the others. As midnight struck and the party broke up, they all came out into the garden to listen to the church bells ringing out their greeting to Christmas Day.



H. G. Wells (left), Pearl Argyle and Director William Cameron Menzies on the set of *Things to Come*.

It was Passworthy who spoke:

"Peace on earth, good will to all men. It is going to be a real old-fashioned Christmas this year. Fresh and a little snow, a nip in the air——"

He was interrupted by a faint thud, a distant sound difficult to distinguish amid the tumult of the wild bells.

Mrs. Cabal was asking:



"War Crisis!" The newsboy's cry filled the ears of all who passed along the streets of Everytown. Some were heedless, some contrived to push the question into the background. . . .

"What was that? It sounded like a gun."

Passworthy tried to reassure her with a jocular phrase, but the words died on his lips as the sky immediately above them was suddenly brilliantly lit with the beams of many searchlights. Again came the distant thuds; more of them now and louder. The figures on John Cabal's doorstep turned questioningly towards each other. There was a world of doubt and unspoken dread in Passworthy's voice as he carried on with his lame pretence that all was right with the world:

"Anti-aircraft manœuvres, I expect."

It was a weak protest, made with no conviction, and John Cabal's directness would allow no such pretence.

"Manœuvres! At Christmas! No."

As they stood, wondering, a few individuals from the whole world that was under menace, the bells were abruptly stilled. The sound of distant gunfire grew louder. The concussions could almost be felt in the ground they stood upon, but still the movement of the searchlights above Everytown was the only sign near at hand of anything amiss.

Breathlessly, the little group waited for the terror that drew nearer; but the next impacts seemed to have receded. Gradually the sounds fell more and more distant. There was a stilled, awed silence for a few moments, broken sharply by the ringing of the telephone in Cabal's study.

They heard him lift the receiver; heard him say: "Yes! To-night—three o'clock at the Hilltown hangar. I'll be there."

They heard the faint click of the receiver returned to its bracket and Cabal's returning footsteps. The man looked even more gaunt, a grim figure of the future as he pronounced the one word which voiced all their fears:

"Mobilization!"

It had come. The dread of all the world had been realized. Destruction was upon them, upon all their hopes and loves and dreams.

Dazed, they turned to the radio, eager for some crumb of information which might serve to calm them, faintly grasping at the last chance. But the cold, impersonal tones of the radio announcer who was speaking bore no words of comfort:

". . . it is imperative that the whole nation should at once stand to arms. Orders for general mobilization have been issued and the precautionary civilian organization against gas will at once be put into operation. . . ."

There was a lasting bitterness in John Cabal's expression as he listened. Young Harding showed the effect of shattered dreams. Passworthy, stolid, unimaginative, was bewildered by the sweep of events that were catching him in their tangled grip, despite his optimism and gay assurance that all was well with the world in which he lived.

It was Mrs. Cabal who spoke for womanhood, for all the women in all the world.

"War! God help us all!"

And, a little while later, when the others had gone home and she and her husband were standing in the children's nursery looking at the sleeping forms, it was she who voiced again the secret thoughts of millions of mothers across the world at that moment.

"My dear, my dear, are you sorry we—had these children?"

Cabal drew her to him.

"You weren't afraid to bear them. *We* were children yesterday. We are anxious but we are not afraid. Really!"

And so John Cabal went to war, a man with the destiny of the whole world in his hands, though he guessed not, as he went, at the great rôle he was to play in history. He only knew that, bounden to his duty, he detested with all a strong man's hate the path that he must tread . . . killing, killing, killing.

And Passworthy went to war, leaving behind him the wife and child whom he loved, waving farewell with brave cheerfulness to all he held dear, to all that he would never see again. For by that night Passworthy's



Mobile troops, acting as police, sounded the warning in the streets of Everytown. The dread of all the world had been realized. Destruction was upon them, upon all their hopes and loves and dreams.

home lay a heap of ruins and, sprawled in the garden, still dressed in the panoply of his childish soldier's uniform, lay the body of Horrie Passworthy, little, pathetic, killed by the new terror.

As the New Year, 1941, dawned, the war spread across the whole surface of the world. Nation after nation was drawn into the gigantic struggle. Infinitely more horrible than the last world war, this new fight carried death by bombs, by gas, by famine and by disease into every city and every town in the civilized world. New hates, new forces were unleashed; until, so obstinate, so wilful is human nature that there was none left to work for peace. The whole world, caught in the struggle, could find no way to end this horror.

Gradually all industry ceased, save for the production of war materials. Shipping could not move across the seas. Food shortage and starvation piled horror upon horror. The whole complex edifice of the civilized world was tottering to its fall.

Men began to live like beasts. In the fierce struggle for bare existence the hostilities of nations were forgotten. But war still persisted—a war among brigand bands, striving for conquest in their own small areas. And, as men deteriorated, so did the weapons with which they fought. By 1968 there were no more factories, no more supply services, no more comforts or luxuries or even necessities. Mankind had reverted practically to the primitive savage.

In Everytown, whence John Cabal and his friend Passworthy had gone to the war twenty-seven years before, there was little life, although it was the headquarters of one of the more powerful brigand chiefs in the land. The Central Square lay in ruins. In the middle was a gigantic shell hole, half-filled with water. In one corner stood a few stalls, ragged and filthy merchandise spread across them, last vestiges of the thriving trade which once had been carried on in the great city.

Most of the buildings were in ruins. Only the Town Hall, battered and scarred by a thousand bombs, still showed any kind of life. Here a small knot of people was peering listlessly at a roughly-scrawled sign on a notice board. This was the town's sole newspaper in 1968. It read:

NATIONAL BULLETIN.

August, 1968.

WARNING.

A NEW OUTRAGE.

ENEMY SPREADING DISEASE BY AEROPLANE.

"Our enemies, defeated on land and sea and in the air, have nevertheless retained a few aeroplanes which are difficult to locate and destroy. These they are using to spread disease, a new fever of mind and body. . . ."

EVEN as the little group of people stood there a man in a worn and patched uniform came out of the Town Hall with another paper in his hand and pasted it on the board. It was a repeated, more detailed warning:

"The enemy are spreading the Wandering Sickness by aeroplane. Avoid sites where bombs have fallen. Do not drink stagnant water."

There was a stir among the dejected group. Men and women muttered together in their spiritless undertones. Suddenly one made an exclamation and they all turned to the direction in which he pointed. From out of the main door of the half-wrecked hospital across the square staggered the figure of a man, clad only in a dirty shirt and trousers, barefooted and haggard. He wandered slowly, aimlessly across the Square, staring blankly in front of him. The knot of people scattered. A woman screamed as she saw that he was coming towards her.

Outside the entrance to the Town Hall stood a sentry with a rifle. The people ran towards him, shouting: "Don't you see?" The sentry stared at the wandering

man, while a woman cried urgently, afraid: "He is carrying the infection."

The sentry was a young man, hardened by the constant fighting which he had already seen, but this was a task not at all to his liking. Reluctantly, urged by the frightened people round him, he raised his rifle and fired. The wandering man collapsed in a stricken heap, writhed for a moment and lay still.

From a window over the hospital building an elderly, tired-looking man glanced out in time to see the little drama. At his side was a girl, who could have been no more than eighteen. She, too, was gazing, horror-stricken, at the scene below.

The man made a gesture of despair.

"THIS is how they dealt with pestilence in the Dark Ages," he said. In his voice there was a note of desperation and defeat, as he turned away from the window back into what had once been a well-equipped laboratory. It was the same room in which young Harding had stood, twenty-seven years before, on a Christmas Eve, eager with his plans for great discoveries in the medical world, anxious about the war which was threatened.

And this man, old beyond his years, bent and broken by despair, this man was Harding. Somehow he had lived through the years of hell. Somehow he had struggled on, striving always to ease the agony of those who had been maimed by the cruelty of war, striving always against the gradual shortage of scientific equipment and supplies which grew worse as civilization decayed. The girl at his side, young and fair and vital-looking, even in the patched and worn uniform of a nurse, was his eighteen-year-old daughter. For, even in the dark years, men had lived and loved and married and children had been born. And Mary stood there, his assistant now, having lived the whole of her life in the atmosphere of war and death and decay. Yet there was about her something that was noble and clean, something that could revive a man's hope in the future.

She stood watching her father now, anxiety in her eyes, as he returned to his work-bench, bending over a microscope. She spoke, pleading with him:

"Oh, father, if you could only sleep for a time."

"How can I sleep?" he rejoined. "See how they wander out and die."

He worked on in silence, concentrated on his experiment, carried out though it was with the crudest of materials. Suddenly he spoke again, and this time there was a different tone in his voice. There was a fresh, sudden eagerness—reminiscent of the young Harding who had dreamed dreams of helping humanity so many years ago in John Cabal's study.

"Mary! Iodine—please."

The girl picked up a small container and moved towards him. She looked at it, tilted it to make sure of its contents. Then she stopped, silent, the despair back in her face again. Somehow she could not speak the words that would quench his newly-risen fire.

Impatiently he repeated his demand, and now she must tell him. The words stumbled as she said:

"There is no more."



After years of war, Everytown was a shambles in which a few people contrived continued existence. In the ruins of Central Square stood a few stalls, ragged and filthy merchandise spread across them.

Her words had an almost stunning effect. He moved, reeling backwards to a bench, collapsing upon it and burying his face in his hands. His voice was almost a sob:

"What is the good of trying to save a mad world from its punishment?" On the threshold of the discovery for which he had been searching for weeks—an antidote to the dread Wandering Sickness—success had been torn from his grasp because the supply of iodine, most simple of chemicals, had given out; and nowhere could they get more.

"This is the last torment of this endless warfare," he said. "To know what life could do and be—and to be helpless."

MARY, watching and helpless to console, thought with pity of this father of hers whom she loved; thought, too, of the many who must die needlessly because a small drop of a common chemical could not be found; thought, too, of the man she loved, Richard Gordon, who had dreamed his own dreams in the years gone by. Richard who had grown up, too, in the war years, learning as soon as he could all there was to know about aeroplanes. Planning for the day when the war would end and aviation could be put to its rightful purpose . . . helping mankind to progress to lasting peace, lasting happiness, to wider and better life. His dreams, too, had been shattered by war. Now, no planes could be built, for not a factory worked; none of the few existing planes could fly, even, because fuel was obtainable no longer. A young man's dreams must remain dreams—but the fire of ambition was gone from them.

Richard, whom Mary loved, had lost his sister from the Wandering Sickness ; and her father, whom she loved, was in despair because he knew the cure and was powerless to use it.

Yet great and gallant is the heart of a woman. For Mary could face utter despair and still rejoice that she was alive. She stood, a brave figure, in the shambles of Harding's laboratory, and faced the unknown, with courage in her heart and a loving smile on her lips, bringing comfort and new strength to her men.

Through the months of the Pestilence, the three stood, side by side, striving and never flagging in their efforts to preserve some semblance of the old civilization in their little world, so rapidly slipping into complete barbarism. In a little while Richard and Mary were married. Even amid desolation, these two found happiness.

They saw, as 1969 merged into 1970, the end of the Wandering Sickness. Brutal methods had been used to stamp it out. Every case of it had been shot on sight ; now that aeroplanes could fly no more, the enemy had been unable to spread more of the germs.



John Cabal stood face to face with the Boss. Their interview was a stormy one. Cabal, tall and proud and austere, faced undisturbed the threats of the Boss.

They had seen a new Chief spring to power in Everytown, ruling with coarse and rough efficiency. He was trying in his crude way to restore something of the past to Everytown ; but he was passionately determined still to carry out the war against the neighbouring brigands, the "Hill People," until they could be completely wiped out.

In an old hangar outside the town, there were some ramshackle aeroplanes ; and Richard Gordon had been set to work here to try to render at least a few of them airworthy. It was hopeless, thankless work, to be achieved without materials, simply by patching together parts from old planes. And, even if he could complete it successfully, there was no fuel with which to move the machines. Yet, futile as it seemed, Richard Gordon worked unceasingly. It was something he might do ; something that would be better than merely to drift.

EACH evening he and Mary would meet in the Square, make their simple purchases of the necessities of life, returning to her father's laboratory.

To-night, when they met, Mary was eager with news.

"Richard!"

"What is it?"

"You won't think me mad? I—I heard an aeroplane this morning."

"When?"

"At dawn. I thought it was a dream."

"Nonsense. I tell you, flying is finished. We shall never get in the air again. Never."

Even as they spoke there came an interruption. The sound of fife and drums was heard, and into the Central Square came swinging a small column of men, as ruffianly a crew as could be imagined. Each man in the small band was dressed in some kind of uniform, but no two costumes were the same. It was as though they had ransacked a fancy-dress designer's storeroom and taken anything which had even the remotest resemblance to military costume. The only similarity between them lay in the fact that each one wore a rosette.

At their head marched a big, swaggering figure of a man whose uniform, covered elaborately with braid, recalled the bandmaster of an earlier age. He walked with the braggart confidence of the bully who knows he is master. This was the Boss—the ruler of Everytown and the surrounding country—and the motley gang who followed him were the means of his power.

He recognized Richard Gordon and Mary, halting his party in front of them and staring appreciatively at Mary's slender form. He asked Gordon about the work on the aeroplanes, grunting when the boy told him of slow progress and reminding him that aeroplanes were no good without petrol to run their engines.

"I'll get petrol for you—trust *me*," blustered the Boss. "*You* see to the engines. I'll see you get your reward. Then we can end this war of ours, for good." He aped the big commander, showing off for Mary's benefit, one eye on this pretty girl all the while he was speaking. But suddenly his self-importance received a check. A few women were coming towards them, headed by one of about twenty-eight, who possessed a striking beauty. Roxana was tall, with a superb

figure, and she had the conscious challenge of her kind towards men. This was the first woman of Everytown. Wherever the Boss moved, there was Roxana. She belonged to the age-old-class of women who have been found throughout the centuries as the lovers of those men who rule.

She missed nothing as she joined the little group. She eyed Gordon's attractive young manhood. She realized that the Boss had been showing off for Mary's benefit. She smiled a little as he blustered on again, though with considerably less confidence:

"Our Master Mechanic here," he said, "is going to put our 'planes in order and I'm going to find him coal—stuff to make his oil."

"We've gone back too far," answered Richard Gordon. "Flying is a lost skill. It is a dream of the past."

Even as he spoke there came a faint, scarcely audible throbbing in the air. In the deep, pregnant silence the throbbing grew closer—louder. On Gordon's face emotions were expressed in quick succession—disbelief, amazement, and then dawning realization and a new hope. He looked up at the sky, pointing silently. Everywhere in the Square people were looking skyward. There was no sound save the beating of the machine's motors. They were too astonished even to move.

Circling over the Square was a small machine. It was like no aeroplane that Gordon, or anyone there, had ever seen before. It was little and graceful, with swept-back wings like those of a swallow. It was as different from the machines that lay in the hangar outside the ruined town as a sailing-yacht from a coal-barge.

As they watched, the pilot cut off his engine and began to circle down towards the outskirts of the town. At once the spell that had held everyone was broken. It was the Boss who took command of the growing excitement.

"What's all this? Have they got aeroplanes before us? And you tell me we can't fly any more. Here, some of you, go and find out who this is. There was only one man. Hold him."

Gordon was speaking, half to himself, half to Mary and Roxana who stood at his side.

"It was something *new*. It was a *new* machine. Somewhere they can still make new machines."

Outside the town, as the rabble ran excitedly towards it, the strange machine was planing rapidly down. It disappeared behind a ridge and, long before the crowd could reach it, the pilot had alighted and came striding towards the town.

It was a strange figure he presented—almost like a being from another world. He was clad all in close-fitting black, with a metallic black shield across his chest. Over his head was an immense dome-shaped mask—the anti-gas mask of a new age. It made him appear seven feet tall, and the crowd pressed fearfully back from him as he approached. He marched heedless through their ranks until he was met by one of the men sent by the Boss.

THE tall stranger dropped the vizor of his mask as the guard approached him. He asked who governed the place.

"The Boss," came the answer. "He sent me to arrest you."

"Well—you can't. But I'll come and see him."

The crowd, growing less timorous, drew near to listen to the conversation, astonished at the casual treatment of one of the all-powerful ruler's own men. Three new figures drew near—they were Harding and Mary and Gordon.

As Harding came face to face with the stranger they stared at each other for a long moment. It was the newcomer, eventually, who spoke:

"Heavens! Is that *Harding?*"

For a second Harding seemed perplexed that this strange being should speak his own language, know his own name. Then came abrupt knowledge.

"You are *John Cabal!* I used to come to your house! Here! Endless years ago. Before the wars began. And



Mary's inert form—asleep under the influence of the new gas that did not kill—was found by her husband in the ruins of Everytown.

you are flying! You are grey but you look—young still."

To each man came memories, of long-dead friendships, of near and dear ones whom war and disease and horror had carried off. It was, for each, the most poignant moment of his life. But Cabal, still fine-looking, though older, still a little forbidding with the same grimness and gauntness, would waste no time. The guard was insisting that he come straight to the Boss.

Cabal, now that he had met Harding, had other plans. He took the scientist by the arm and they led the way together back towards Everytown.

"I've come to look up your war lord," he said, "but first, where can we talk?"

He motioned the guard to curb his impatience. He would see the chief all in good time, but first he must talk to his friend. And so, Cabal and Harding in the lead, with the guard following and protesting vehemently, with Mary and Gordon behind, they made their way to Harding's laboratory. And there, in the last stronghold of science in Everytown's desolation, they talked of things as they had been, of things as they were and of things as they were going to be. Of the great future that Cabal and those whom he led had planned for the world.



John Cabal looked down at the form of the Boss. He spoke: "Dead—and his world dead with him . . . Poor old Bully-boss. He and his flags and his follies . . . and now for the Rule of the Airmen and a new life for mankind."

And all the while, the Boss and Roxana were waiting with fuming impatience for the man they had sent to arrest. Who was this who dared to enter their country at war and flout the one unquestioned authority? At length the Boss despatched three more men, armed with clubs, to compel the stranger to come to him. They arrived at the laboratory just as Cabal was finishing his explanation of the plans he had.

"So that's the type of man your Boss is," he was saying. "Everywhere, you see, we find these little semi-military upstarts, robbing, fighting, pillaging. And we, who are all that is left of the old engineers and mechanics, are turning our hands to salvage the world. We have the airways, we have the sea—we are the trustees of civilization."

The coming of the Boss' messengers ended their conversation. The summons, supported by arms, was not to be denied. And so, at last, John Cabal stood face to face with the Boss. Here was the man who ruled in savagery this town where Cabal had been born and whence he had gone out nearly thirty years before to fight in the unwanted war that had ruined civilization.

Their interview was a stormy one. Cabal, tall and proud and austere, faced undisturbed the threats of the Boss. The other, ornate in his uniform, sturdy, hard-headed, was not a man easily to be overawed. He did not quite understand this gaunt newcomer, but he was determined not to fear him—or what he represented.

He demanded what brought the visitor to Everytown; and Cabal told him, in words that were faintly mocking and faintly pitiful, of the union of airmen which was aiming at world peace and world dominion. "Wings over the World," was the way he described it.

The Boss, scenting a chance to get the munitions he so badly needed and the fuel for his aeroplanes, tried blandishment at first.

"We might do a deal," he said. "You can start a trading agency here if you like."

But Cabal's answer came back with complete directness.

"World Communications helps no one to make war." He described, realizing that there would only be hostility for his mission, the success he and his organization had already won, restoring order and trade all over the Mediterranean countries. And, as he talked, his voice remained the same, calm and unworried and slightly mocking. It began to rouse the irritation of the Boss. No bully can stand the person who seems superior to him and is not afraid.

"We've got order here," he shouted, "and we don't want anyone else restoring it, thank you! This is an independent combatant state."

Cabal's reply was infuriating.

"We don't approve of these independent combatant states. We mean to stop them."

"That's—war."

"As you will," said Cabal with perfect calm. "My people know I'm prospecting. When they find I don't come back they'll send a force to look for me."

"Perhaps they won't find you," stormed the Boss.

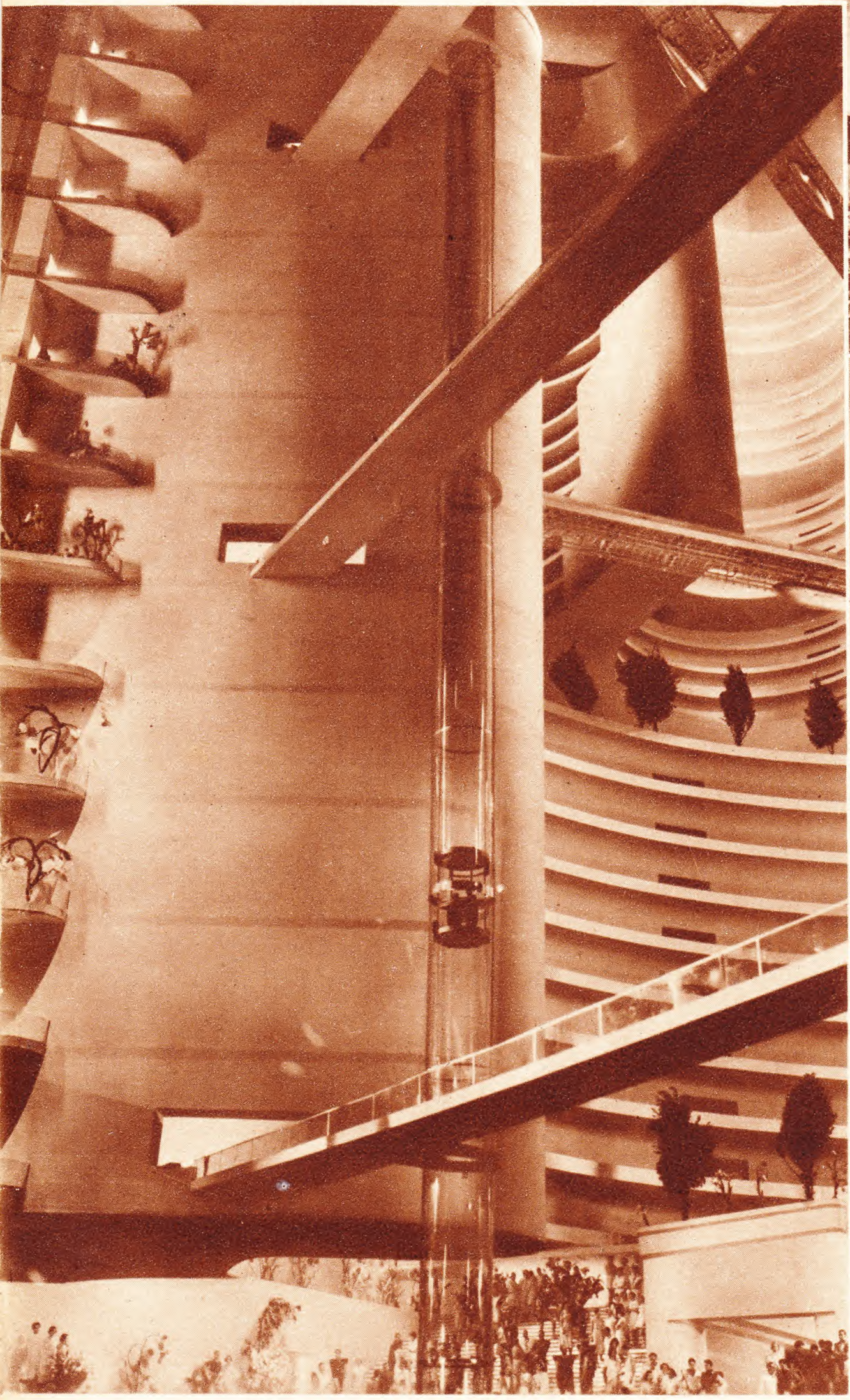
Cabal shrugged his shoulders.

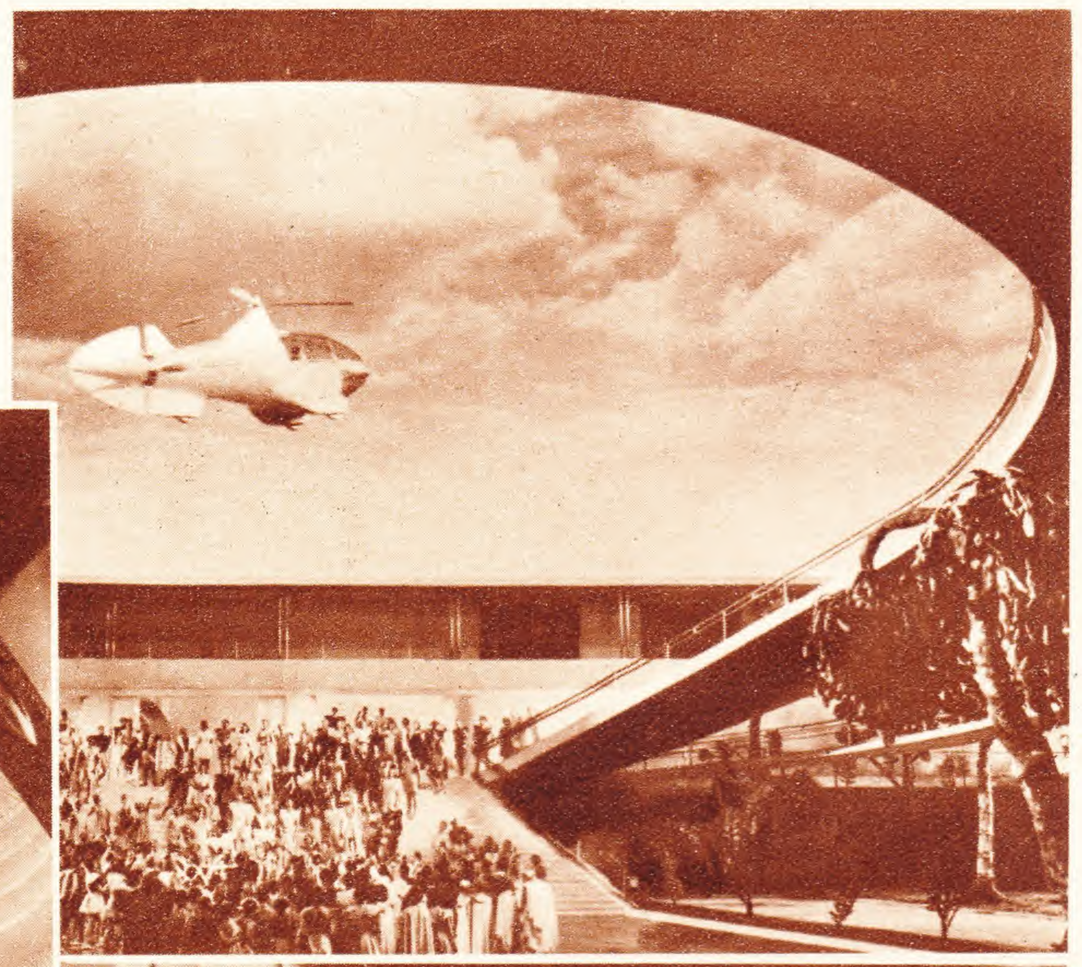
"They'll find *you*."

"They'll find me *ready*." The Boss spoke in a grim, determined voice. "Well, I think we know now where we stand. You four guards, take this man and, if he gives any trouble, club him. *Club* him. You hear that, Mr. Wings over your Wits? Have him taken to the detention-room downstairs."

(Continued on page 62.)

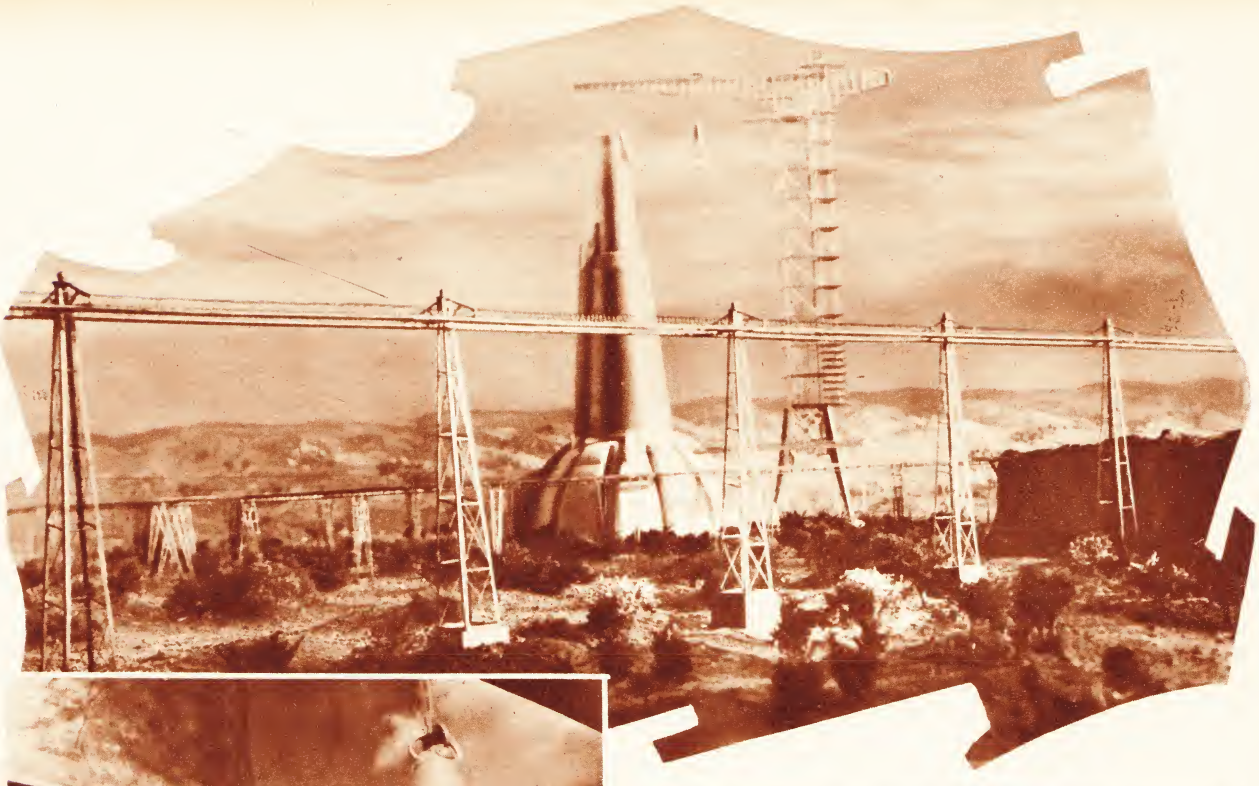
Pictures of the Strange New World







Here are scenes from the "Everytown" of the future—the city of A.D. 2054. Built largely below the surface of the earth, it is a city of futuristic marvels . . . Here and there are wide spaces open to the sky, where aeroplanes of the future—helicopters—can alight. The lower of the two pictures above shows an interior of 2054 — clean, austere, dignified.





In 2054 the world marvelled at the Space Gun —the giant machine devised to hurl its projectiles, with a human cargo, as far as the Moon. It stood, the gaunt idol of its age, the grim symbol of the race of progress. To the left is seen a picture of the massive buttresses . . . the size of which can be judged by the tiny human figures on the footway.





(Above) From a balcony can be seen the perfection of design used by the makers of "Everytown," the city of the future. Even in the age of science, nothing gives way to beauty. (Right) Men and women of the new age in the central plaza of their city. Space —cleanliness — lightness — these are the watchwords of 2054. These wonderful "sets" form the chief marvel in the H. G. Wells film *Things to Come*, made by London Films.



John Cabal, leader of the airmen, saw visions of a great future when he addressed his council of government at Basra in 1970. Yet his visions were as nothing to the realities seen by his great-grandson, Oswald Cabal, in 2054.

Cabal went calmly enough, though his innermost thoughts were not so serene. Would his airmen guess where he had gone? Would they arrive in time? If they failed, who would take his place in leading the world back to order and peace?

The Boss was no fool. He had not underestimated the power behind Cabal, but he did realize that he must fight against this new order or himself be wiped out. At once he became active. He imprisoned Harding, lest he might have already begun a conspiracy with Cabal. He ordered Gordon to proceed even faster with his work of reconstructing the out-of-date aeroplanes which were all he had. At the head of a force, he himself fared forth to wrest from his enemies, the Hill People, some old coal pits and shale quarries, whence oil could be extracted to fuel the planes.

The expedition was a triumph. The Boss, flushed with success, sent for Gordon and demanded:

"Where are my planes?"

It was a new Gordon he had to deal with. A Gordon who had seen a vision of hope as he talked to Cabal; a man who had a new purpose. He was determined now that he would secure the release of Cabal and Harding, so that they might further their own plans. He argued with the Boss, protesting that he needed the assistance of such an expert mechanical engineer as Cabal and so fine a scientist as Harding, before his task could be completed. In a land where there were no alternatives, the Boss had to give way. Reluctantly, distrusting these scientific men who seemed to have some mysterious partnership that he could not understand, the Boss allowed Cabal and Harding to work with Gordon, although under a strict guard.

Carefully, with the thoroughness of their scientific brotherhood, the three laid their plans. There would be no chance for Cabal to get into the air, even in one of the antiquated Everytown machines. His own was far too closely guarded. Harding could not fly. It was Gordon who was chosen finally to make the attempt. When the first machine was ready, with the newly-acquired fuel, he went up for a test flight, accompanied by an armed guard under the Boss' instructions.

He stayed up for a while. The guard motioned him to descend. Instead, Gordon zoomed high into a rolling turn, then swept into a falling-leaf movement. He laughed as the guard clung, terrified, to the side of the plane. He saw the man's revolver drop away. The guard was powerless. If he attacked Gordon, then they must both crash to death. The pilot had the mastery and there was none to prevent him as he headed his machine for the South—for Basra—for the headquarters of the airmen who were building a new world, a new peace and a new civilization.

Back in Everytown, when Gordon's escape was realized, there was panic. The Boss knew that soon the airmen's force would be upon them. Only the fact that he held Cabal and Harding and Mary as hostages gave him any hope of successful resistance. He knew he must fight or perish. Rapidly he pressed on the preparation of his old worn-out planes. He would be ready when these airmen came.

Come they did—giant planes, loaded with bombs filled with a new anæsthetic gas that did not kill but could effectually put a whole population to sleep for days. The great black machines appeared in a threatening horde above Everytown, easily repelling the hornet-like attacks of the Boss' pitiful air force.

Frantic, powerless, the Boss and Roxana were watching from the Central Square, as the raiders came on. It was Roxana, her calm lost in fear, who screamed:

"But they can't use gas—how can they use gas?—when we have the hostages!"

The Boss seized on the idea.

"Ah, the hostages!" he shouted. "I'm not done yet. Tie 'em up. Out there in the open."

Mary and Harding were led out and tied to posts in the centre of the Square. The Boss advanced on them, brandishing his revolver. He shouted futile threats up at the sky.

"Come down or I shoot them. Are you bombing your own hostages? Come down or I shoot." Then, glaring round to the nearby attendants: "Where is the other fellow? He's the prize hostage. Four of you—go and fetch him."



High above the ground the fathers — Cabal and Passworthy — took leave of their children . . . Desperate young people, who would hurl themselves towards the Moon.

There came deep soft thuds of falling bombs. They were not loud explosions, but more menacing because of their relentless quietude ; they were soft impacts, followed by a puffing noise as of steam released. They grew nearer. The Boss waved his pistol at Mary and Harding. He was beside himself with fear and desperation.

"You, anyhow, shall die before I do," he screamed. He levelled his pistol at Harding, with an expression of maniacal resolution. He pressed the trigger, but as he fired, Roxana's white arm knocked his hand up.

He snarled at his lover:

"*You* turn against me?"

"Don't you see," she cried. "He's beaten you. Look!"

All around them men and women and soldiers were staggering and falling. The air was flickering with the thin colourless transparent gas that came from the thudding bombs. The Boss stared with amazement as the men round him went down one by one. Mary and Harding slumped at their posts. Roxana went down. He wiped his hand across his eyes, for he could no longer see or think clearly. The gas, eddying round him, was choking him, making his eyes smart. His face distorted with his last violent effort to resist the gas.

His voice came thickly:

"Why should I be beaten like this? Weakness! Weakness! Weakness is fatal——"

The words died out in a choking gasp, and the Boss lay sprawled on the steps of the Town Hall, the place from which he had ruled in terror and tyranny.

The thudding died away—and for a long pause there was silence brooding over the still forms.

At last, picking their way over the ruins, came forms of men and women dressed in black uniforms like that of John Cabal. The airmen's machines had landed. With them came Richard Gordon, searching for Mary and Harding. Some of his companions were saying:

"They'll sleep for another day. Nothing like putting children to sleep when they're naughty."

And then, amazingly, John Cabal stepped out from the Town Hall building. At his side was the great gas mask he had worn on his first arrival. When all Everytown had been put to sleep, this had saved him. He greeted Gordon but, even as he did so, one of the airmen, bending over the figure of the fallen Boss, called:

"Sir! This man isn't sleeping. He's *dead.*"

Cabal turned and looked at him. He spoke:

"Dead—and his world dead with him. Poor old Bully-boss. He and his flags and his follies—and now for the Rule of the Airmen and a new life for mankind."

He gazed across the ruins of Everytown, grim, gaunt, a little forbidding, a leader of men—seeing visions.

But the visions of John Cabal in 1970 were as nothing to the realities seen by his great-grandson, Oswald Cabal, in 2054.

The family tradition remained. In the Brave New World of Science, life as it had been known by humanity in the days before the world war and the world pestilence was completely changed. Everytown, reconstructed in those seventy years, had become the centre of the world. It was the city from which the Council of Direction governed, and at the head of the Council was Oswald Cabal. For the family descended from John Cabal remained high in the councils of the World State.

Everytown of 2054 was a city of completely new ideas. It was a city not of tall buildings. The skyscrapers, with which America had astonished the world a century and more earlier, were regarded as out of date. Everytown was itself a city "indoors". It was built within the earth, lit by artificial sun, ventilated by pure air cleaned and warmed to an even temperature. It was a city of absolute cleanliness, since there was no rain, no dust, no mud within its confines. Disease was gone, since science had wiped out all the causes of it. Men still worked, but the work was light ; the machines needed only skilled watchers. The city was laid out in expansive terraces, wide pleasure gardens. Flowers and shrubs grew, their blooms of an increased vigour and beauty, stimulated by scientific means and by the ideal, man-made climate of the new world.

Everywhere there were athletic clubs, where the young men and women of the new age worked hard to keep their bodies beautiful, worthy of the new world in which they lived.

The clothing of 2054 was entirely altered. In a world in which there was no wet, no cold, they had been able to dispense with many of the heavy layers of garments which had been necessary in old days. Men and women wore much the same costumes—contrived of a new, light material rather like rubber. They wore a short tunic, with brief shorts or skirts below. On their feet were sandals. Yet, though everyone wore the same kind of clothing, there was no dull and dreary uniformity. There was plenty of scope for originality in colour and in design.

People had leisure and peace and time to enjoy themselves. And fear was unknown ; for all the nations were one. There was no crime, since this new life demanded that no man need covet more riches, nor need he steal for a livelihood. The world of 2054 provided for all. There were no rich and no poor.

YET it was not a world of idleness and laziness. Progress—progress—progress. It was never ceasing. Always the scientists were striving onward. The struggle on behalf of mankind continued day and night. Even now, Oswald Cabal was conferring with engineers. They were discussing the latest project of the new world—a Space Gun powerful enough to send a projectile round the Moon.

It was a hazardous venture ; those who went might come back alive—they might not. There was opposition to this latest advance of science. Yet thousands of young men and young women were applying for the chance to travel round the Moon.

The engineer was talking to Oswald Cabal about these now :

". . . the fact is, sir . . . we wish you would talk to two people. There is Raymond Passworthy of General Fabrics. You know him?"

"Quite well," said Cabal. "His great-grandfather knew mine."

"And his son. We want you to see the son, sir."

So Maurice Passworthy, tall and young and good-looking, very lightly clad, was shown into the office of the president.

He came straight to the point as the two engineers withdrew.

"Forgive me, sir. I came straight to you."

"You ask a favour?"

"A very big favour. I want to be one of the first two human beings to go round the Moon."

"Why should *you* be favoured?"

"Well, sir, I'm the son of a friend of yours. People seem to think you ought not to send two people you do not know——"

"Go on!"

"We—we have talked about this over and over again."

"We?" Cabal shot the question at him.

The boy blushed and a look of discomfort came into his face ; but he went on :

"Both of us. It is her idea even more than it is mine."

In the cool, gaunt power of Cabal's expression there was a new look. His mind had leapt forward so that he knew what was next. The knowledge brought with it a softening of expression in the face which many people had held was incapable of showing ordinary feelings at all.

Fiercely he demanded that the boy tell him who " she " was.

"It is your daughter, sir." Now it was out, the boy's confidence came back. "She says that you cannot possibly send anyone's child but your own."

The shock must have been great for Cabal, but he would not let it shake his calm. He mused :

"I see. My daughter. Funny that I never thought of her as anything but a little girl. Quite out of this. My Catherine."

"She is eighteen."

"A ripe age. I'm a little taken by surprise. And you two have thought it all out."

"It seemed so natural, sir. She's so straight and simple——"

"Yes, it's plain. It's just. It is exactly as things ought to be. Exactly. All these other thousands will have to wait their turn."

And so it was planned. Maurice Passworthy and Catherine Cabal would make the great experiment—children of the leaders of the race, once again in the vanguard of Progress. Passworthy's father had protested for a while :

"These mere children," he had said, ". . . to hurl them at the Moon."

"They hurl themselves," Cabal had replied.

"Desperate young people. Why should they be willing?"

"If it were not for the desperate young people, humanity wouldn't have gone very far."

"But my boy! Always such an impetuous little devil," said Passworthy. "All very well for you, Cabal. You are the great grandson of John Cabal, the air dictator who changed the course of the world. Experiment is in your blood. You and your daughter. I'm—I'm more normal."

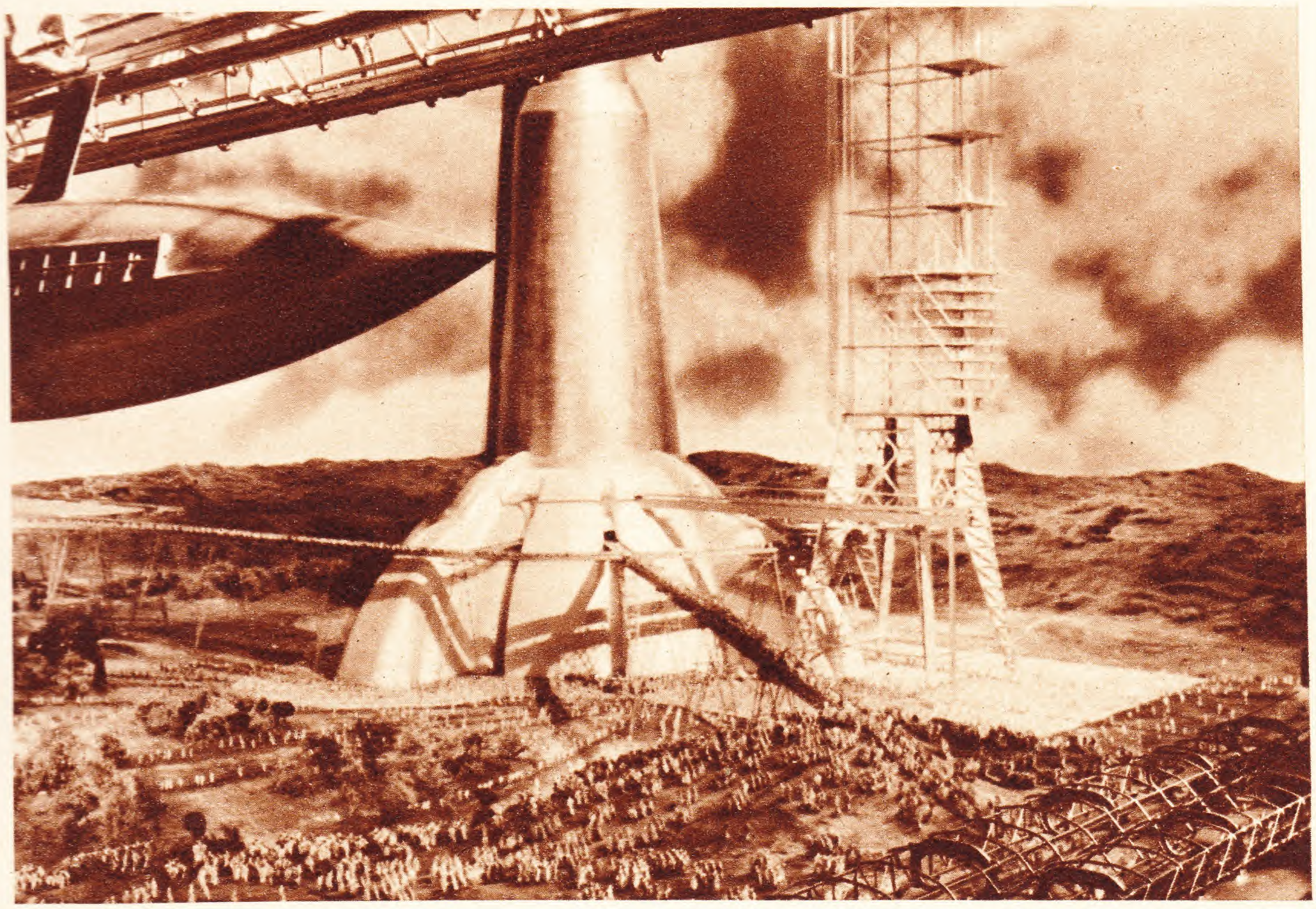
But his protests were in vain. The plans went forward.

BUT there was other opposition, more dangerous, more menacing to the World State. For there were many people who regarded the venture of firing a young man and a young woman to the Moon as being nothing more than human sacrifice. Their feelings were roused to active resentment by their leaders. Into the ordered peace of the new world came the clamour of demonstrations—of mass meetings—of shouting and tumult :

"Destroy the Space Gun. , Prevent the human sacrifice."

It was Morden Mitani, controller of Traffic and Order, who finally brought to Cabal definite news that the mob was in open insurrection against the Council of Direction. They were marching, even as he came, out of Everytown in their thousands, marching to the Space Gun, at the seashore, miles from the city. They meant to destroy it—to show that humanity should not be forced to the ultimate sacrifice.

There was no time to lose. Although the trip of Maurice and Catherine to the Moon and back had been



The mob came on, threatening, cursing, scrambling up into the framework of the gun, determined on its destruction.

scheduled for later, all the tests of the Space Gun had been completed. At seven o'clock that evening, which was the time when the mob might be expected to close in on the gun, it would be possible to fire the giant projectile with absolute accuracy.

Decision must be swift ; action even swifter. Within a few minutes Cabal and Passworthy and their children were in a plane, flying towards the giant gun, which stood on the shore of the sea, gigantic, overwhelming, its tremendous framework crouched on the ground like some huge beast, its maw gaping towards the sky. The plane descended by the immense buttresses of this superhuman engine, only a little before the first of the rebellious mob arrived. Already the people could be seen streaming towards it, shouting and singing.

WITH smooth swiftness the four were borne up by lifts to a platform near the mouth of the gun. There, high above the ground, the fathers took leave of their children. The mob, far below, witnessed the parting.

They came on, threatening, cursing, scrambling up into the framework of the gun, determined on its destruction ; but even as they came, the two young people were being installed in their strange vehicle.

Still the crowd came on—but now it was too late. Cabal, leaning from his platform, called a warning:

"Before you can even reach the base of the gun it will be fired. Beware of the concussion!"

The people wavered, then turned and began to clamber downwards through the girders, back to the ground, to scatter and run away in all directions from the gun.

There came a moment of indescribable sound—the gargantuan concussion of the Space Gun's explosion. And, even before the whirlwind of their going had died away, before the crowd had recovered from the dazing shock of it, Maurice and Catherine were on their journey, already many thousands of miles from the Earth.

And, as the people turned back towards the city, Oswald Cabal and Raymond Passworthy stood together. watching the progress of their loved ones recorded on a special indicator. It was Passworthy who voiced their fears:

"Will they return?"

And it was Cabal who voiced the faith of all time that humanity must conquer:

"Yes. And go again. They and others will go again —*until* the landing can be made and the Moon is conquered. This is only a beginning."

"Is there never to be an age of happiness?" asked Passworthy brokenly. "Is there never to be rest?"

Cabal pointed skyward to the stars.

"It is that—or nothingness for humanity. If we are no more than animals—we must snatch at our little scraps of happiness and live and suffer and pass, mattering no more than all the other animals do—or have done. Which shall it be, Passworthy?"

And as they stood together there, waiting and watching and longing for their children, it was Cabal who repeated the eternal question of the new world: "Idleness or eternal progress?"

"Which shall it be?"

Fashions of the Strange







And now, ladies, consider the fashions of to-morrow. Here are forecasts of the clothing that will be worn a hundred years from now. Basically, as you see, clothes will be light and free and scanty, and, for day wear, very simple. But the ugliness, for instance, of the "hiker's" clothing of to-day would not be tolerated. Clean-lined cloaks, soft, transparent draperies and twisted wires are called into play to make the clothes of the future, especially for evenings, decorative and alluring. This, at least, is how H. G. Wells and London Films, the makers of *Things to Come*, visualize your future fashions.

New World







(Above) Pearl Argyle, who has a leading feminine rôle in "Things to Come," proves that the women's wear of 2054 carries beauty and dignity in its stark simplicity. Note the touch of metal to give the clothes life, and the lightness of her sandals. A bridal gown, simple yet completely feminine, is shown at the left. And—gentlemen—at the foot you see the garb you will wear if you live for another hundred years. Raymond Massey, clad thus, plays the ruler of the new city of "Everytown."

Have You a Film



Very clearly, in these hand-imprints of two successful artistes, you can see the small forked formation at the end of the Head line (marked A in each case). This particular formation indicates balanced intelligence and sound judgment—indispensable qualities for stardom. The imprint on the left is that of Heather Angel ; the one on the right, Derek Oldham's.

HAVE you a film hand? Could you find success on the screen? Are you a potential film star and don't know it? Before these questions can be answered we must know something of the mental and emotional qualifications for success on the screen.

I have examined the hands of many film stars and the hands of many more would-be stars. The first essential factor is a quick and intelligent mind. The type and quality of your mind is indicated by the formation of the Head line, which is the line beginning between the thumb and first finger and running across the centre of the palm. Look at your own, and the hands of your friends. Notice what type of Head lines they have and you will know what kind of minds they possess. If this line is long, clear and straight it shows a practical type of mind. If the Head line bends down in a gentle curve to end with a small forked formation, it is an indication of balanced intelligence and sound judgment.

The Head lines in the hands of Heather Angel and Derek Oldham (shown herewith) possess this forked formation (marked "A"); but if the Head line at its beginning is very closely joined to the Life line, which is the line running round the base of the thumb, it betrays a certain cautiousness. These people should always make quick decisions. With this degree of judgment plus the cautiousness there is some danger that they may think too long over their problems and see too many possibilities, and so become hesitant and uncertain.

If you find a hand where the Head line curves down (as A, illus. on p. 71) it betrays too vivid an imagination. This is an imprint of the hand of a girl who wished to become a film star. She never could be ; there is not enough "mental balance." With such a Head line there is no reality, the whole life is an imaginative one and is quite unpractical.

All artistic people are sensitive to atmospheres, to music and colour. This emotional and nerve sensitiveness, when reasonably controlled, is an asset. But, if taken to excess, it is destructive in its effect. This too sensitive quality is betrayed in the hand by the fineness of the lines. In all of these imprints you will observe that the lines are very fine, thin and clear. But in the cases of hands they are very numerous, giving the

Hand?

appearance of the palm being covered with a tangled network, it indicates that the individual is too impressionable and too emotionally responsive. If, in addition, the Head line should run down to the outer edge of the hand near the wrist the emotional sensitiveness is accentuated by a vivid imagination. Finely lined hands with a gentle downward curving Head line show just that sensitive "balance" which is necessary to make the best of acting talent.

Success on the screen is very largely dependent on the ability to feel emotion and to be able to express that emotion. This is really a matter of balance between reason and emotion. Whether you wish to be a success on the screen or in an office you will find that any side of a character which is excessively marked is to the bad. It tends to produce an unbalanced personality.

You will find that many of your friends have a number of semi-circular lines marked across the bases of the fingers just above the Heart line. These lines betray the degree in which the individual's emotions react to events. Where they are numerous (as B, illus. on p. 71) it betrays rather too high a degree of this emotional responsiveness. Such people are apt to be emotionally top-heavy.

NOTICE the long little finger on the left hand of Katharine Hepburn. A long little finger indicates the ability to express ideas and emotions fluently and with understandable brevity. Successful authors and playwrights have these long little fingers. The tapering fingers of Miss Hepburn's hands, with their neatly rounded finger-tips, betray a definite artistic sensitiveness.

In all hands where there is creative ability—whether it is the ability to create bridges, books, pictures, or a character on the screen—you will find that the outer edge of the hand from the base of the little finger to the wrist has a definite outward curve. This outward curving betrays the *creative* ability. If the outer edge of the hand is straight, although the individual may be artistically inclined, his ability would lie rather in appreciation than creation.

In the hand of Claudette Colbert the outer edges show this creative curve well. Again we find that the fingers are of the tapering type, with the long little finger, sensitively artistic and possessing expressive ability. These traits, plus her creative ability, ensured her success.

Warren William, in a picture herewith, displays his hands—and his character—for all the world to see. Note the short thickish fingers which indicate an active and keen mind. Warren is evidently a very shrewd judge of character. He takes quick likes and dislikes to people. The finger-tips, especially the termination



Warren William's character is plain for all to see, says our contributor, in this picture from one of his less recent films, "The Mind Reader." One of his characteristics, his hands reveal, is that he takes quick likes and dislikes to people.

NOEL JAQUIN

writer of this absorbing article, is one of the most noted authorities on hand-reading in the country. He reveals here the particular formations of the lines of the hands which are found in those who are cut out for film stardom; and he proves his point by discussing the hands of the great stars.

How Your Hand Shows Your Chances of Film Stardom (continued)



of the third finger, are slightly spatulate (i.e. broad and flattened). A spatulate third finger shows executive artistic ability, which with these broad palms indicates acting talent. The thumb is slightly supple ; a supple thumb indicates an element of impulsiveness which, in a well-balanced hand such as this, is a proof of quickness of mind rather than thoughtless impetuosity.

The hands of John Boles show the typical outward creative curving of the edge of the hand. Again we find that the fingers are short and thickish, indicating the executive plus intuitive type of mind. These short-fingered people are sensitively emotional, but their emotions are apt to be under the control of reason. In acting, they are delicately restrained, they rarely "over-act." They can give the complete illusion on the screen of being the character they wish to portray.

Marlene Dietrich's hands have short tapering fingers. An emotional and intuitive type of finger. Notice that the thumb of her left hand is firm and straight. This indicates will-power ; so that her will is shown to control the emotional tendencies betrayed by her fingers. Marlene would never "over-act."

THE very long thin hands with long thin pointed fingers, particularly where the lines of the palm are fine and very numerous, betray an excitable, emotionally responsive temperament. Very often you will find that the Head line is broken, which proves a lacking of concentrative ability. The owner of such a hand can never attain success on the screen.

Just as the hand shows mental ability, emotional tendencies and faults of character, it also indicates health tendencies. Health is a very important factor when





Notice the curved outer edge of the hand of Claudette Colbert (above), showing her great creative ability. The picture came from "Four Frightened People," one of the first pictures she made after she had been given star ranking. John Boles' hands show the same curve ; he has also the short, thickish fingers which prove that he is not the type likely to "overact." In the hand of Katharine Hepburn (to the right) the most outstanding feature is the long little finger, betraying her ability to express emotions fluently and quickly.

considering and selecting one's career. If you aspire to film fame, give up such ideas if the lines of your hands are very fine and very numerous (as in the illustration on this page).

I have found that people whose hands are covered with this mass of very fine lines are susceptible to the stimulatory influence of light rays. They find it difficult, for instance, to sleep soundly unless the room is well-darkened. Brilliant lights are apt to cause nerve troubles. The strain of working under the brilliant lights is greater than most people know. Indeed, few of the film stars themselves fully realize this. In many cases I have found that obscure nerve troubles have been caused by long exposures to very bright light.

IF you have a number of fine sloping lines, perpendicular lines, running from the Heart line below the little finger down the hand towards the Life line, it is an indication of a predisposition for nervous digestive weakness. If you have these lines in your hands you must pay some attention to your diet. Particularly should you do this if you are worried or working at some uncongenial job.

Remember that, even if you have a film hand, you must also have a healthy hand. You must be sure that your nervous system is sound. A promising career may easily be stifled at the start.

Whatever career you may decide to adopt ; whatever you may decide to do with your life, let your hand help you—as it can. If your hands betray any dangerous defect in your character you can, if you will, correct it. Such corrections do result in amazing improvements of the material aspect of one's life. Your "luck" is yourself, your faith in YOU plus courage. So, if you would succeed in any sphere first have faith in yourself ; but be honest with yourself and look facts in the face. Let your hand tell you your defects as well as your abilities.

If your hand resembles that illustrated on this page, I advise you to try to concentrate more and to dream less. If you have pointed fingers remember that you will be liable to glamorize the possibilities of the screen. I can assure you that, behind the glamour of the footlights and the brilliance of screen fame is hard work. It is work that demands intelligence, concentration, great emotional control and physical fitness. The road to film fame is no road for the weary or the easily tired, changeable people. Study these hands carefully and see if you can answer the question: "Have you a film hand?" And if you have—I wish you luck.



In the hand above, two important markings can be very clearly seen. It is from the Head line (marked A) that most of the characteristics demanded for success can be discerned ; while the little curved lines (marked B) indicate how much their owner is the victim of his or her own emotions. (Left) Marlene Dietrich's short, tapering fingers indicate that she has strong emotions, but the short, straight thumb shows that her will-power is in strong control ; she would never let her emotions govern her actions. Coolness of this kind, allied with the ability to feel deeply and vividly, is necessary for success in filmland.

The Drama of the

GREAT BRITAIN has five well-known news reels, and of these the oldest is the Pathé Gazette. It came into existence over a quarter of a century ago, when isolated items were just beginning to be linked up to form the Gazette.

"Before the War" always sounds so long ago, doesn't it? In 1910, rather jerky moving pictures of the events of the time and other interesting items were as much part of the programme as were the swashbuckling serials in which the heroine remained dangling over the edge of a cliff for a whole week until rescued by the hero in the next instalment.

To-day they talk lightly in official circles of the next step—the television of news reels into your own home. What will it be next?

One of the most interesting men I know in the news reel field is Fred Watts of Pathé, who has been with that company nearly as long as the Gazette. In the early days he was on the distribution side up in the north of England.

He joined the Army when war broke out, and was twice overseas before being knocked out. He did not remain an invalid, for as soon as he was fit enough, after his second "Blighty" trip, he was stationed on the East Coast for the training of recruits.

The Armistice was declared. Some of the troops in training there, North Country lads for the most part, saw no sense in continuing war-time training and were all for going home. They proposed walking, if there were no other means of transport.

Captain Watts went to the general officer in command. He proposed, with the Army's co-operation, to secure "interest" and educational films, and to show them in the mornings in Scarborough, Filey, Whitby, Bridlington, and other places.

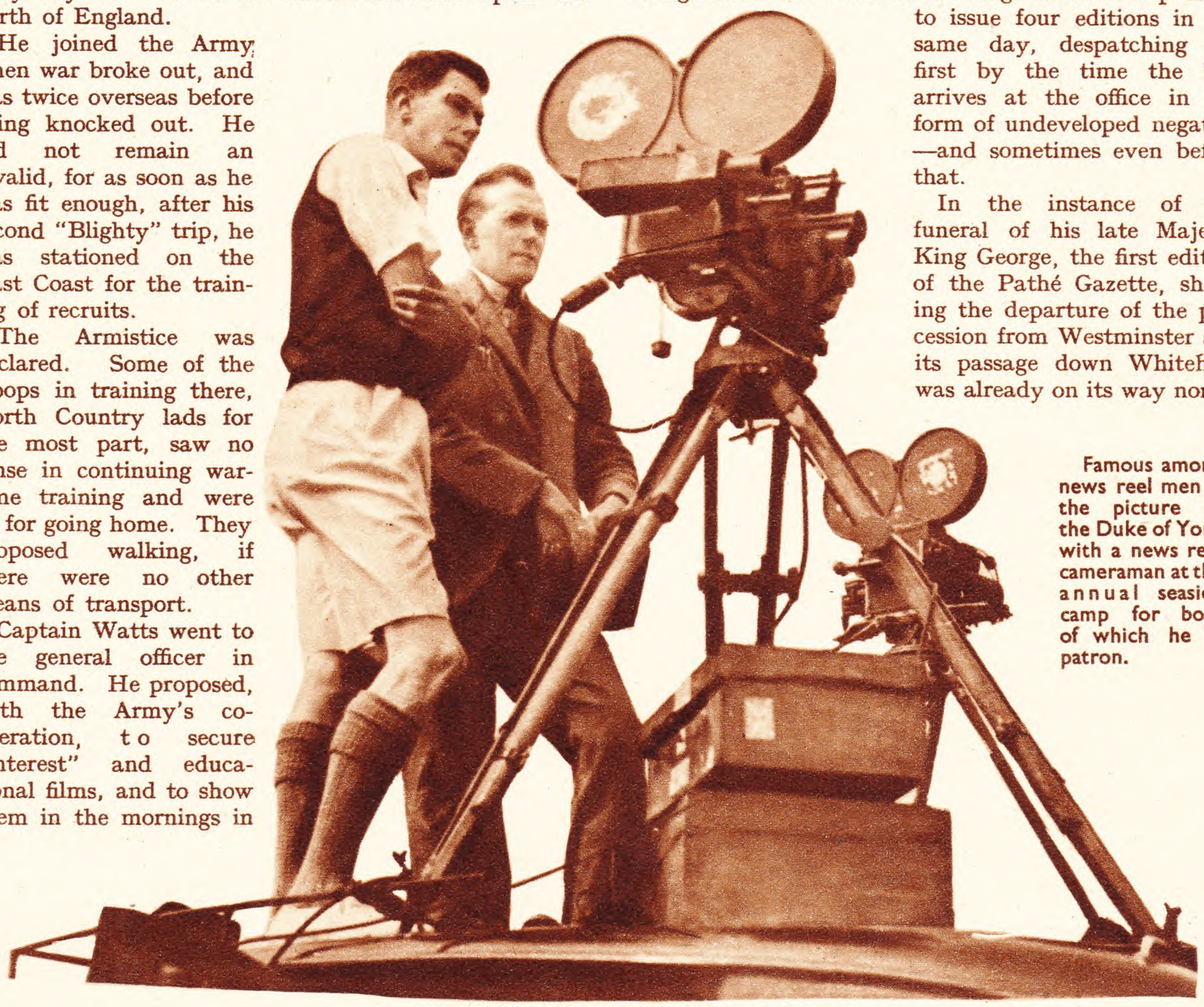
The scheme was an enormous success, and when Captain Watts had a few moments to spare he criticized the little films pretty extensively. His comments reached the ears of the London Office of Pathé Frères, and he was invited to put his schemes for new types of films into practice.

(Yes, it was Pathé Frères in those days. You can still see the name in mosaic letters in the front hall of their present offices in Wardour Street.)

Fred Watts brightened up the "shorts," created the magazine reels of to-day and eventually assumed control of production of these and the news reel. News reel history would make a grand film, particularly tales of the days when the rival organizations tried to circumvent one another. They used all kinds of schemes to keep the other fellow from operating his camera.

The news reel is the newspaper of the film world. Things have now reached the stage when it is possible to issue four editions in the same day, despatching the first by the time the last arrives at the office in the form of undeveloped negative—and sometimes even before that.

In the instance of the funeral of his late Majesty King George, the first edition of the Pathé Gazette, showing the departure of the procession from Westminster and its passage down Whitehall, was already on its way north,



Famous among news reel men is the picture of the Duke of York with a news reel cameraman at the annual seaside camp for boys of which he is patron.

NEWSREELS



By MAUD M. MILLER

in an interview with Fred Watts who is production-manager of Pathé Pictures and is a pioneer of news reel work. He has been in pictures for 25 years and his knowledge and his adventures are colourful in the telling

south, east and west by the time the procession had arrived at Paddington.

That means in two hours the undeveloped film had been passed, hand to hand, through the crowds in Whitehall to messengers on motor-cycles ; had reached Wardour Street ; had been developed, and edited, a commentary and sound effects had been recorded and synchronized, hundreds of copies of the finished news reel had been printed ; and the completed copies had been sent by a fleet of dirt-track riders, specially commandeered for the occasion, to airports and railway termini.

The same process was repeated until in this case those editions of the funeral procession were distributed throughout the British Isles. At six o'clock, when the cinemas opened for the first time on that solemn Tuesday, towns in the far distant north had the story in pictures ready to throw on their screens.

Do not imagine that a news reel cameraman runs alongside processions, or pageants or whatever the event may be. Dozens of photographers are posted along the route, and their thousands of feet of film are joined together at the central office, then cut down to the necessary length. A thousand feet may be reduced to a hundred and fifty.

In connexion with the Gazette of King George's funeral, an unusual procedure was adopted for America. The usual method is to send one print only of the entire negative to New York, where it is edited and copied and a suitable commentary written.

To speed things up and steal a march on rival news reels, however, a number of completed prints of the film were put on board the Majestic early in the morning.

The ship sailed shortly after, and when she docked at New York five days later, the cans containing the copies of the film were passed specially through the Customs and shown, without any alteration, on Broadway and other districts of New York immediately.

That was six days after the event had occurred over three thousand miles away. Not a line of the English edition was altered. Even "God Save The King" was left in, and deeply moved audiences stood to attention and in many cases wept as the sad scenes were screened.

Where does the news come from?

How do they know when a thing is going to happen?

These questions have often been put to me. With a little help from Fred Watts I will try to answer them both.

The news comes from everywhere. All over the world producers have agents with a news "flair" who can smell out a "story" almost before it happens. London is communicated with by means of telegram, telephone, and sometimes by letter. Continually, too, the news arrives by way of the tape machine which never halts day or night, and is watched with the same care as a mother studying her sick child.

There are no "union hours" for news reel cameramen. They live at high tension while something is happening and relax afterwards—if something else doesn't turn up in the meantime. They must be prepared to be called out of bed in the middle of a snowstorm to fly by aeroplane to John O' Groats if a big story has "broken"; or to dash out to sea to film a shipwreck ; or to attend a fire which lasts for several days. In cases like the last, of course, the cameramen work in relays.

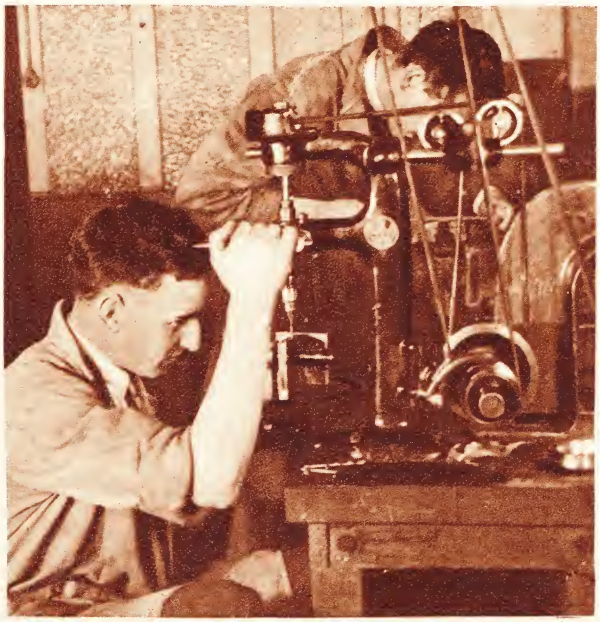
The news that "something is going to happen" is often a fluke and often the result of a hint thrown out unofficially from a source "in the know." Then the news reel man takes his camera, which he usually disguises, if he is "sneaking" a story, and lies in wait.

I've heard some amusing experiences related in regard to "sneaking" pictures. It used to be customary for

organizations to sell "parking places" to the highest bidders, and the rest could take what steps they liked to get their pictures.

During a Cup Final in which West Ham United were one of the contestants, the official position had been acquired by one of Pathé's rivals. Pathé decided to get in somehow. Various ways and means were sought out, and one enterprising cameraman procured an oversized wooden mallet, which is the mascot of West Ham. Inside this he secreted his camera. With an associate he made his way to the ground, presented the ordinary tickets at the door, and then the pair sat down to enjoy the game.

Quietly the cameraman took a little handle from his pocket and fixed it into the side of the mallet. Just before turning he made a sign to his friend who waved a rattle frantically in the air, and drowned the noise of the camera. Then the little tins of film were passed to the gent with the rattle so that, if the cameraman *were* arrested with his camera, the film at least was safe.



At news reel headquarters the staff works feverishly as fresh material arrives from the cameramen. Always they are straining to beat all previous records for the speed with which it can be transferred to the screen.

THEN there was the famous cricket match at the Oval. Here again another organization secured the "official" position inside the grounds. Pathé secured windows that overlooked the ground and fixed their cameras. The rivals knew where Pathé were stationed and sent up balloons to fog their vision. Pathé sat tight and waited. The next step was floodlights from the ground, to dazzle the men at the windows. The "pirates" retaliated with mirrors, sending streaks of light into the enemy's lenses. Finally the cricket was held up because the lights worried the players. Jack Hobbs in his descriptive newspaper commentary said that the "cricket was now held up owing to the activities of the other war"—the news reel battle.

When Golden Miller failed to take the first jump in the Grand National of 1935, the film which settled the query of whether he was "fouled" or not was actually taken by Pathé—not the official cameraman.

In those days there were many thrills in the life of the news cameraman, because he never knew what stunts his rivals were up to. Eventually, however, the heads of the various organizations got together and decided on equality and co-operation regarding these so-called exclusive rights. And where particular jobs did not permit the five news reels each to have a camera position, the places would be balloted for amicably, and



Three famous news reel cameramen. Left is Jock Gemmell, ace-cameraman at Pathé. He has photographed Royalty on many occasions. Kenneth Gordon (centre) is another of Pathé's men. Leslie Murray (right) is one of Movietone's camera-stars.

those news reels who secure them agreed to supply the others, and vice versa.

Queer things happen at the central office of Pathé, too. A rather rough-looking man arrived one morning with a large basket and said he had something of great news interest that ought to be filmed. Nothing would deter him. Finally Mr. Watts agreed to see him.

He was a sailor, home from the East, and after a long speech he opened his basket.

Plonk! A large hairy object fell on to Mr. Watts' desk and he leaped over his armchair in record time. It was a monstrous, evil-looking spider, as big as a dinner plate, its legs the thickness of a man's finger. The sailor had made a pet of it!

"I feed it on mice," he said, "and it's quite tame, sir. It bites other people sometimes, but not me!"

From the other side of the room Fred Watts suggested that the Zoo might be much more interested in poison spiders from the East than the Gazette.

Another odd story is about a man in Canada, who sent a long cable claiming damages from Pathé because of a "lost reputation"! He declared that he had been filmed, by accident, when passing the stage door of a theatre at the time a famous actress was coming out; and it appeared as though *he* were waiting for her.

On that, he said, he had "lost his reputation, and had his whole life ruined"! He went so far as to enlist the help of a Member of Parliament in London, who represented the town in which he had been born. The M.P. called at Pathé to find out all about the mysterious incident. They decided the man was crazy and let the matter drop. For some time afterwards he sent a cable at intervals, but for some years now nothing has been heard of him.

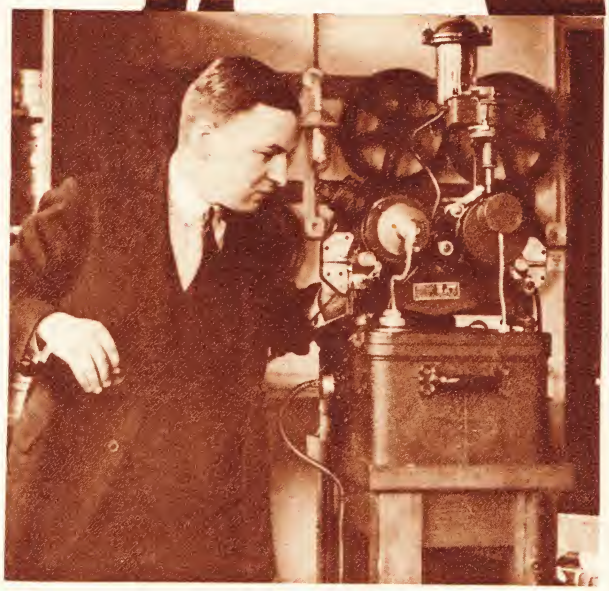
Yes, there's plenty of variety in the Production Manager's life, and truly the private theatres of the Editorial Staff are the windows of the world—the magic carpet of these modern days. Only, in this case, the distant places are brought to the onlooker!



This camera, operated by Frank Bassill of Pathé, carries the telescopic lens with which cricket and football matches are photographed.



A saloon car, with the necessary equipment for taking sound track and photograph, is often used by Pathé.



No time is wasted on the developing and printing of the news reels. Here is a Movietone technician busy on the "Movieola"—a machine which shows a film to the editor.

At Home with the STARS

A Unique







Come into the home where Marlene Dietrich found the greatest happiness she has known in Hollywood; where she could live in secluded peace with her beloved daughter, Maria Sieber, away from the hectic life of the film colony. Meet Marlene (1) in the serene coolness of her hallway; come with her into the private sitting-room (2) which displays her original taste. Her dining-room (3) is of cream and red. (4) She herself designed the sun-trap outside her bedroom. (5) As befits a great beauty, her dressing-room is packed with beauty aids. (6) She enjoys a swim in the pool which she had built especially for her daughter. (7) Most of all, she loves the peace and seclusion of her garden.



Picture-Feature that Tells how Film Favourites Live



5



6



7

Harold Lloyd At Home

Harold Lloyd's home at Benedict Canyon is one of the loveliest in Hollywood ; and his life there revolves chiefly round his children—as you see in (2) where he is enjoying the "chute" in his garden with Gloria, Peggy, and Harold Junr. He takes a little time off, as in (1) for water-colour painting, and he is greatly attached to "MacSniff," his pet Scottie (3). The old mill in (4) is used as a club-house for those who play on Harold's private golf course. (5) Shows a family party sunbathing—l. to r. Harold Junr, Gloria, Harold Senr., Peggy and Gaylord, a nephew. (6) is the children's garden with their own playhouse. (7) is the entrance to the main house ; and (8) is the most picturesque part of his glorious garden.

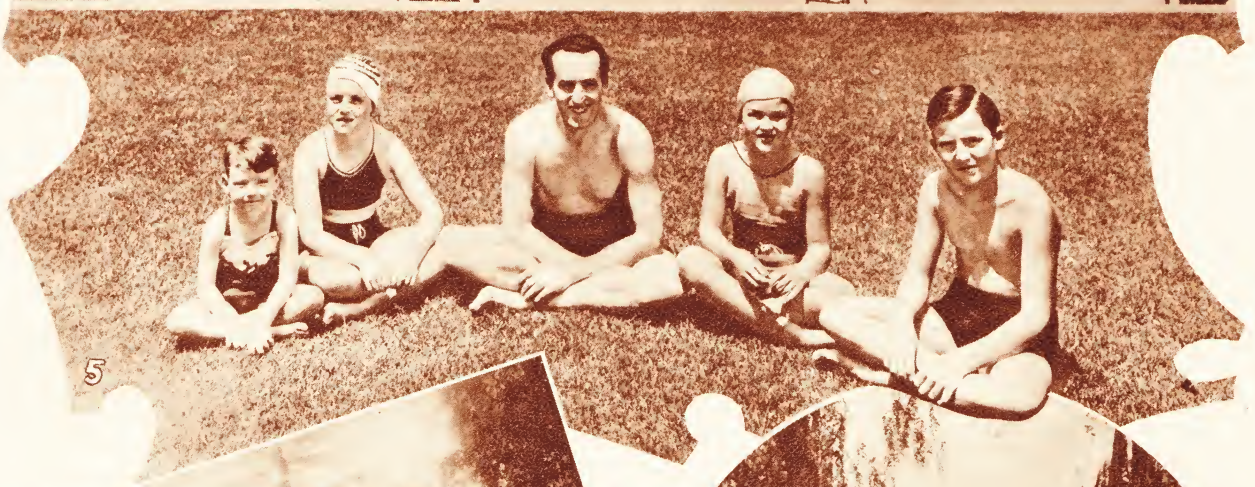












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Madeleine Carroll At Home







Madeleine Carroll and her husband, Captain Philip Astley, are the owners of a glorious Sussex farmhouse, where Madeleine enjoys the peace which she loves so much. Quiet and unpretentious by Hollywood standards perhaps, it is, however, a perfect English home. You see it best in (1). Madeleine is seen by her favourite corner—a rock garden—in (2); and in (3) you see her at the piano. Her Sussex home makes, for Madeleine, the ideal retreat from the turmoil of the studios.

Robert Donat At Home







There is, perhaps, less peace in Robert Donat's home in Hampstead—but what could you expect with two romping children in the house ? But it is one of film-dom's happiest homes. Young Joanna and even younger John make life one long merry-go-round for Mr. and Mrs. Donat. Bob is never too tired to play with the younger Donats (1). He and Mrs. Donat often join them in a nursery tea (3). And (2) you should just hear a family sing-song ! ! !

Jeanette MacDonald At Home



1



2



3



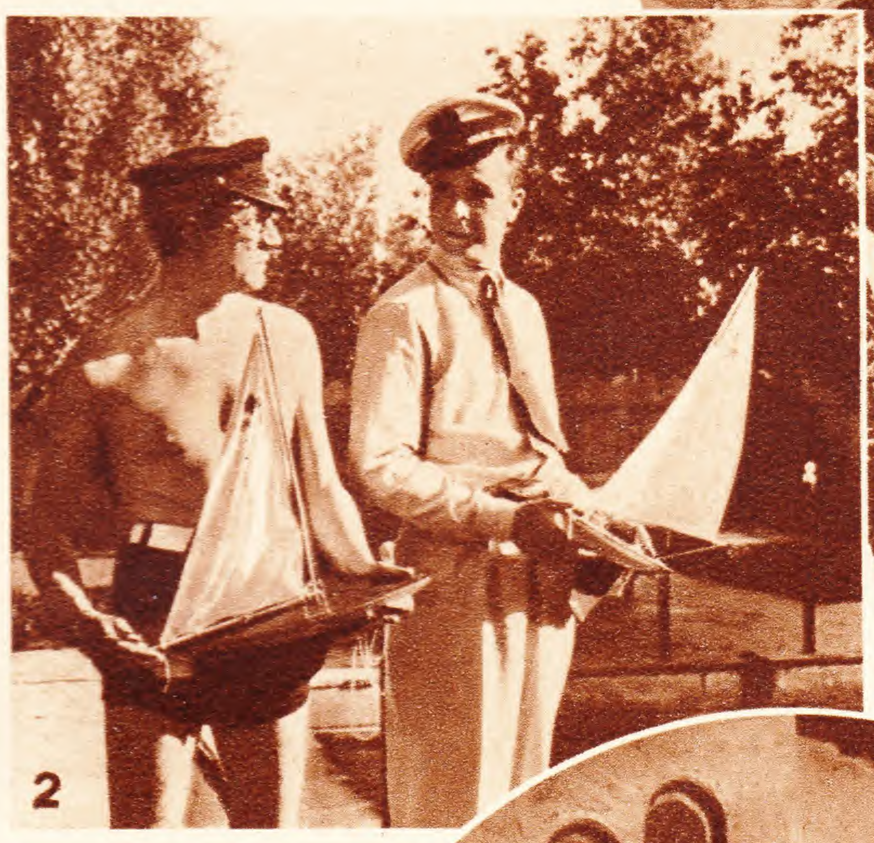
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Jeanette MacDonald is as active at home as she is in the studio. "Captain," her famous sheepdog, helps her play tennis (1). She likes to entertain and supervises all arrangements herself (2). Her love of sunshine is shown in (3), and (4) tells how she is constantly at work practising at her piano. She loves gardening, and does as much as possible (5). Her lovely home is at Brentwood, favoured suburb of the stars.

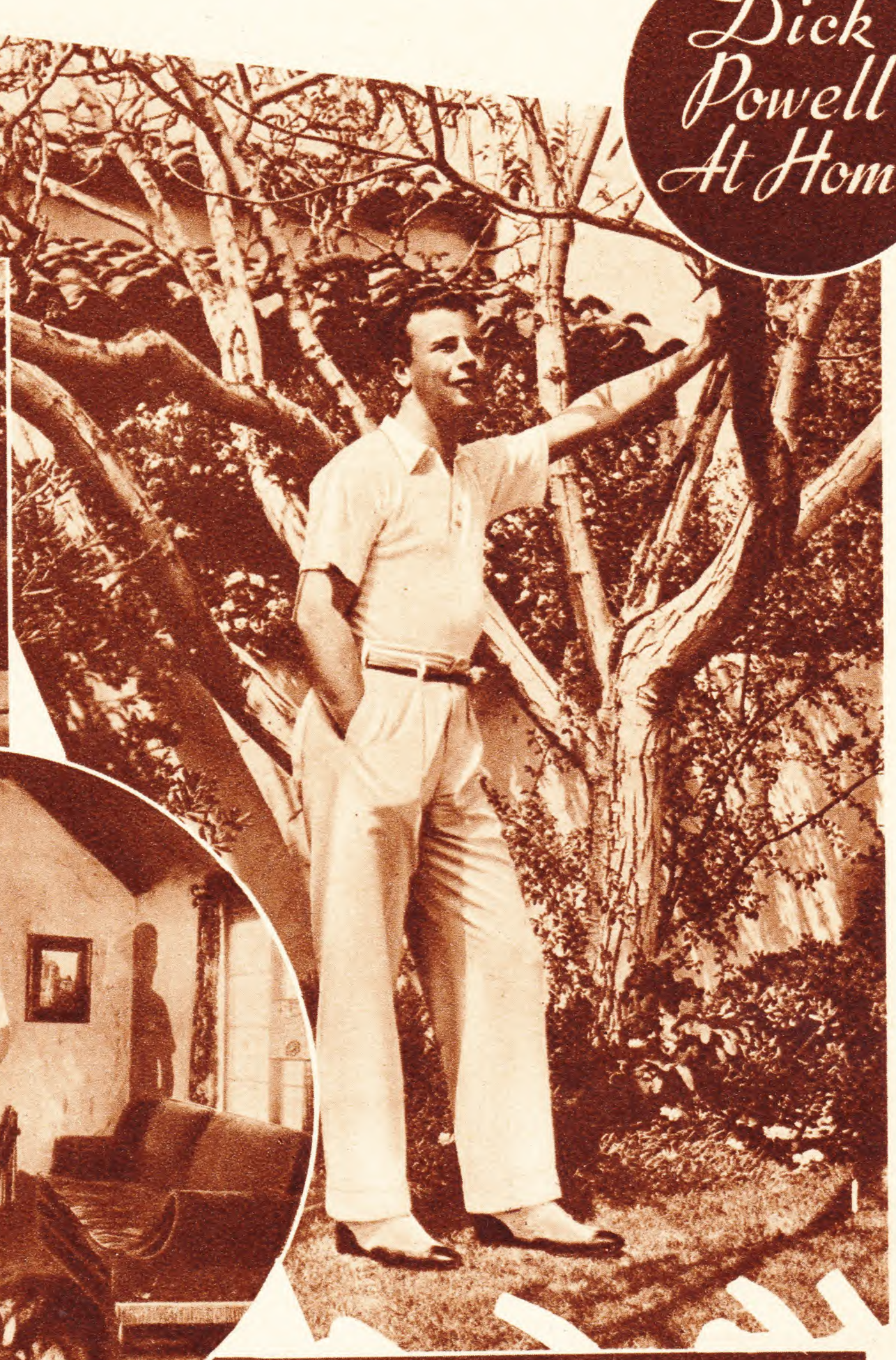


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Dick Powell At Home

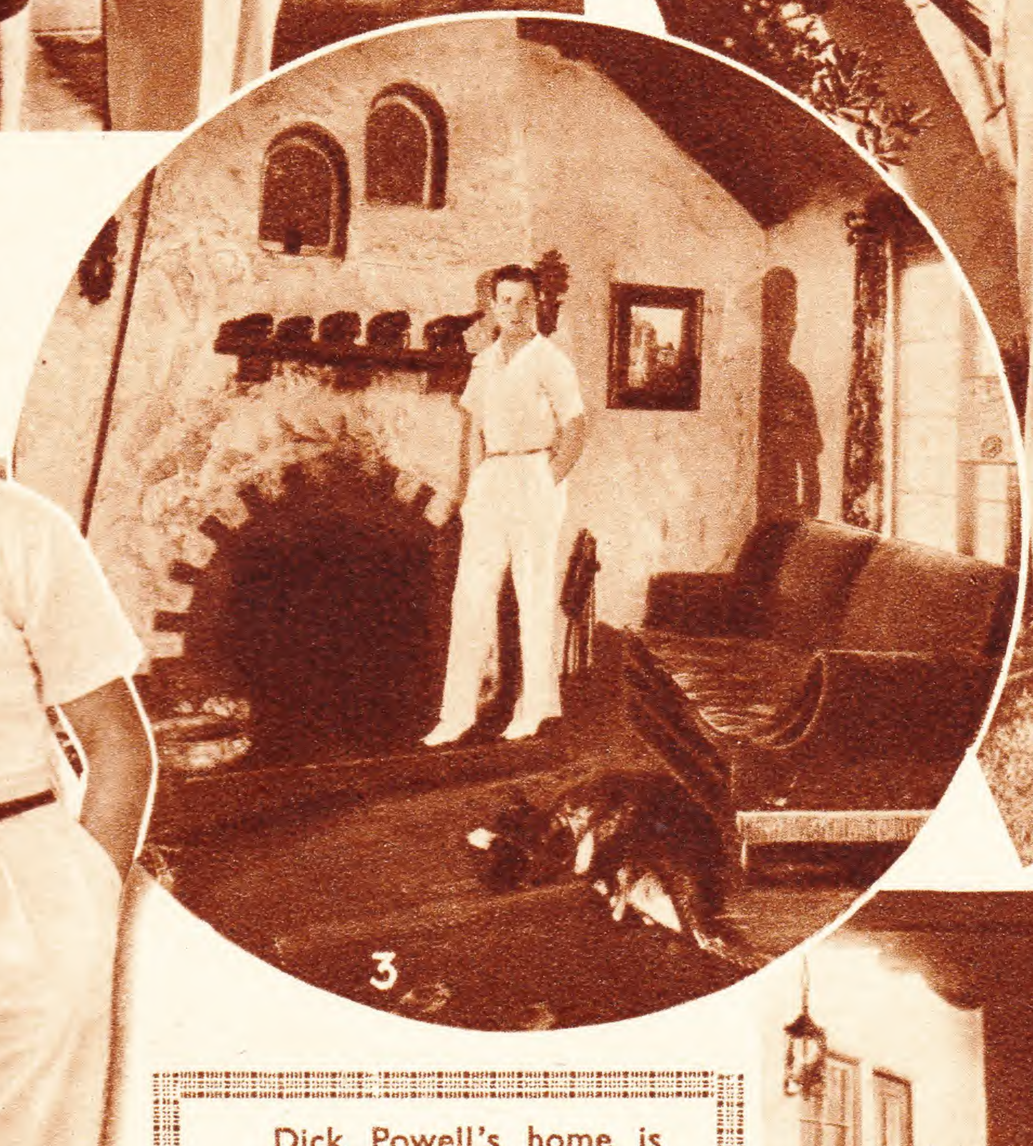


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3

Dick Powell's home is out at Tolucca Lake where he goes for complete relaxation. He enjoys the sun-splashed solitude (1).

He has a swimming pool (2), and here you see him sailing model yachts, with Director Lloyd Bacon. His study (3) is simple and masculine, while leading off it is a restful lounge (5) where he may relax at his ease. Nearby is a golf course, and (4) Dick is no mean performer, so they say at Tolucca.



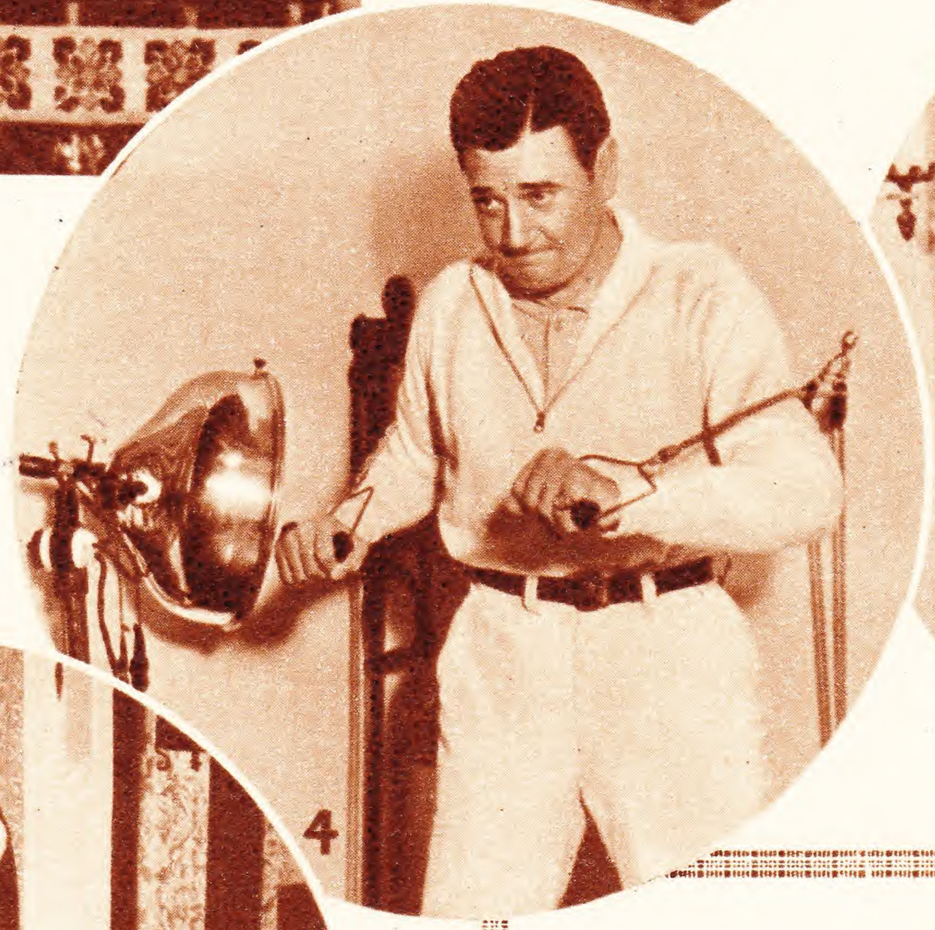
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Richard Dix At Home


1


2


3


4


5

Richard Dix is the owner of a ranch north of Hollywood. You have a welcoming smile from Richard and Mrs. Dix in (1). And, if they're loose, you'll get a riotous greeting from his two fine setters (2). Reading in bed (3) is one of Richard's most comfortable habits ; but he's never slack for long, as (4) proves. When (5) was taken, Richard was caught unawares in his dressing-room.

Margaret Sullavan At Home


1


2


3


4


5

Margaret Sullavan's home is at Bel-Air, away from most of the other stars who congregate in Beverly Hills. You'll find her at home in the easiest of garb always. (1) shows her in the " den " with its novel, nautical ornamentation. (2) This collie is one of 25 which she keeps in various kennels all over the U.S. (3) and (5) show Margaret in the sunlit window, and by the great open fireplace in her living-room. (4) is the Spanish entrance to her home.

Charles Boyer At Home

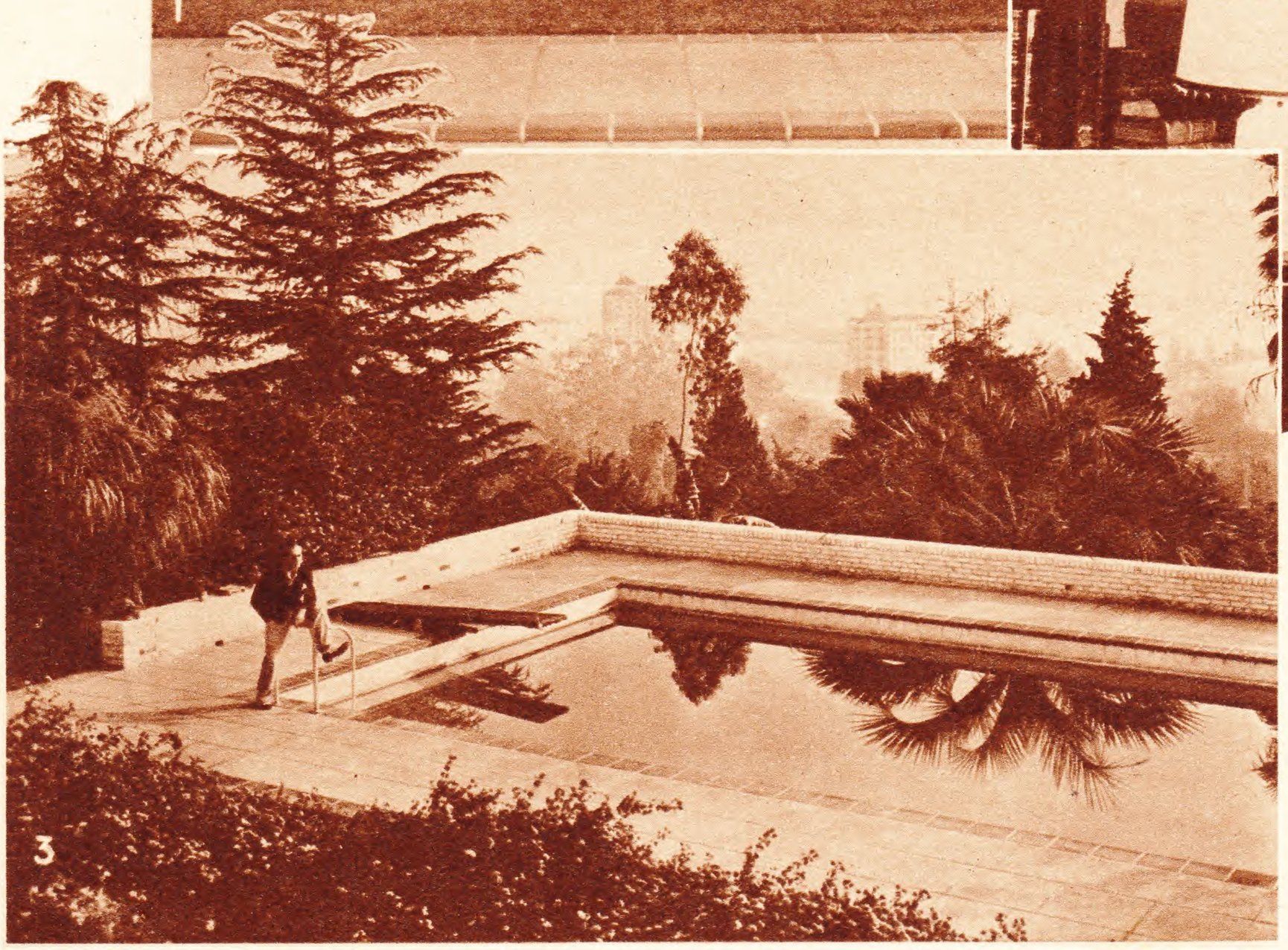


1

Although Charles Boyer spends half the year in France, he has taken a house in the hills overlooking busy Hollywood Boulevard. (1) Shows the back of the house, which faces the glorious swimming pool which is seen in (3). Note the skyscrapers in the background. (2) is the library in which Charles spends many happy hours.



2



3

Colleen Moore At Home

Colleen Moore's home is one of the most palatial in Hollywood ; but Colleen herself is a lover of the outdoors, and you can generally find her in the grounds. In (1) she is perched on the wall of the wishing well. She loves tennis and (2) shows her ready for a game. Afterwards she will plunge in the swimming pool (3), one of the finest in filmland.


1


2


3

Bette Davis At Home



Ease and comfort are the keynotes of Bette Davis' home life, as is shown in the informal picture (1) at the top of this page. There is comfort, too, in every aspect of the living-room (2), with its wide sofas and wooden beams and book-lined shelves. Bette is a great home-lover and her leisure is very rarely spent in going out and about to Hollywood's gay-spots. But (3) proves that Bette is no lazybones. She spends much of her leisure at the shore keeping hard and fit for work at the studios.



3



2

Gordon Harker At Home



Gordon Harker, prince of British screen "cockneys," is a lover of home and also of culture. Those people who know him by his screen performances and his inimitable cockney voice are always startled, on meeting him in person, to hear his off-screen voice—a deep, extremely cultured tone. The top picture (1) shows him with his favourite terrier, whose interest in the radio seems to be as great as that of his master. In (2) we discover him selecting a book from his library shelf; while (3) shows Gordon immersed in comfort—and his newspaper.







Irving Pichel



Helen Mack



John Halliday



Marsha Hunt

Familiar

You see them in film after film... figuring in fine performances; but, because they are not stars, you do not hear much about them. Now you can get to know the stories of these artistes who are the backbone of the films...

. . . By E. BROOK

Actor, director, and the author of "Modern Theatres," which is widely used as a text-book in university dramatic courses—that is the achievement of **Irving Pichel.** He intended to become a doctor, but financial difficulties made it impossible. Acting was his second string and he has made it a very successful one. He is happily married and has three sons, which he regards as more successful than his stage and screen career. His splendid physique and resonant voice make him a player difficult to forget; and he can be the idiot in *Murder by the Clock,* the nauseating Fagin in *Oliver Twist,* and the sinister Oriental in *The Cheat* with equal success.

* * *

Helen Mack was a precocious child. At seven she played her first stage part. At thirteen she was touring alone in a vaudeville skit, but she lied about her age, naughty girl! At seventeen she had appeared in more than forty plays. She had screen experience as a child but, when she came back as an adult, she found it disappointing. The first three films she made were failures and for two years she was not given a part at all. Then Radio gave her a chance in *Sweepings* and her fortune changed. She now has all the work she can wish for.

* * *

Thousands of people, **John Halliday** among them, made a fortune in gold mines in the early years of this century. Some, again John Halliday among them, lost it. Before that happened Halliday had had a stage offer from a producer who had seen an amateur production in which he played. He laughed at the offer at the time, but was glad to take it when his money was gone. He spent his childhood days in England, a fact which now enables him to play convincingly in American films with an English setting.



Aileen Marson



Kent Taylor



Una O'Connor



Arthur Hohl



Wally Patch



Helen Gahagan



Sidney Blackmer



Judy Kelly

FACES *on the* FILMS

Marsha Hunt is a pretty name, and the name well describes the girl. She tried to get work on the screen at the age of fifteen, but was rejected. Though she couldn't persuade the studios she could act, she knew she had looks ; so she became a photographer's model for magazine covers and posters. A film director bought one of these magazines and then noticed that the face on the cover appeared six times on a stretch of hoardings a hundred yards long. He got in touch with the original and offered her a job. The result was the leading feminine rôle in *The Virginia Judge* and a Paramount contract.

* * *

Few actresses have made more rapid strides in the entertainment world than **Aileen Marson.** Six years ago she won a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Three years ago she had her first leading rôle on the stage. Last year she became London's youngest actress-manageress, when she played the lead in the stage play *Vicky* and financed it with most of her savings. She was chosen after much competition to play the lead opposite Otto Kruger in *Living Dangerously,* the first British film made by that actor. Let us wish all good things to Aileen in her next stride, wherever it may take her.

Kent Taylor is a big name among juvenile screen actors to-day, but his first film engagement did not turn out very well. He was given a part which called for a song only and after rehearsing until he was note-perfect he went with the company on location. After four weeks the director decided to have the song delivered by a string orchestra and Kent came back with his long-rehearsed ditty still unsung. That might have discouraged some players, but not him. He specialized in "crowd" work, against the advice of his friends ; but it was his dogged perseverance which finally persuaded the casting department to give him important rôles.

* * *

Do you remember the Cockney Ellen in *Cavalcade,* and Wilson, the maid who glided, in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street?* That was **Una O'Connor.** She played in the stage version of the former film, was taken to Hollywood to duplicate her rôle in that film, and was given a Fox contract as a result. She had been on the London stage for some time before she was noticed, but *Cavalcade* made her an established actress. Her hobby is clay modelling and she has made busts of most of the well-known Hollywood players.



Marguerite Churchill



Alistair Sim



Helen Westley



Alan Dinehart



Alan Mowbray



Mona Barrie



Henry Mollison



Vince Barnett



Toby Wing

Arthur Hohl began his theatrical career by making a miniature theatre at the age of nine. He went into a dramatic school and finally played on the New York stage in 1913. His career was interrupted by the war, when he served in France, but he returned to the stage and made his first film in 1922. After that Hollywood saw him no more until 1932, when he played in *The Sign of the Cross*. Although he is usually the villain of the piece, his hobbies are most pacific—gardening and wood-carving.

* * *

A British film nowadays (not counting "super-productions" and costume pictures) is scarcely complete without comedian **Wally Patch.** He was originally a music hall athlete, then boxing instructor in the Army, then bookmaker and boxing promoter, and finally film actor. His bullying hall-porter in the talkie version of *Sorrell and Son* showed producers that he could be built up into one of our leading "character" actors; and Wally has been working hard ever since. He has two children, whose reaction to their father on the screen is not favourable.

* * *

As the wife of Melvyn Douglas, film actor, **Helen Gahagan's** name was familiar to film-goers. She had always turned down screen offers, until one day Radio sent her the script of *She* and told her of their difficulty in finding a suitable actress for the name part. The one chosen must have "great dramatic ability, with a regal loveliness touched with an unearthly quality, and be of statuesque bearing, with a speaking voice of great flexibility." Flattered, Helen succumbed, and now has a Radio contract. If you saw her as *She,* you will agree that the producers got what they wanted.

* * *

Sidney Blackmer studied law at college—but basketball, baseball, football and poker found him a much more apt pupil. But there's no money in any of them played professionally, so he turned his attention to the stage. Just when he was making a little headway along came the Great War, after which he had to make a fresh start. When success did come his way he played

opposite many of the famous actresses on the New York stage. He gave films a trial run in 1929 and since then has made the screen his second home.

* * *

Judy Kelly was an usherette in a Sydney cinema when she won a screen contest, the prize for which was a trip to England and the chance of a screen career. Judy seized her opportunity with both hands, worked like a Trojan and justified her selection. She has acted for most of the major British producers and some time ago it was announced that Hollywood had caught her. She didn't go, which is perhaps a pity, as the extra glamour she would have been given might have persuaded producers to give her rôles worthy of her talents and attractive appearance.

* * *

Once upon a time **Marguerite Churchill's** favourite movie player was George O'Brien. She decided he was an all-round embodiment of manly virtues. Finally she met him and, finding him in the flesh all he had appeared on the screen, she married him. And he got something of a prize, too. Marguerite won the first prize at a Kansas City baby show, and nearly twenty years later was chosen by American girls as representing "the ideal American girl." She is an accomplished musician and a serious reader, sticking principally to biography.

* * *

A new comedian has been found for British films—**Alistair Sim.** You will love him. He has usually a pronounced Scottish accent and always a head completely bald on top with bushy dark hair at the sides. Rather surprisingly he has already a reputation on the London stage as a Shakespearean actor and he has played on the New York stage. Following his striking success in a small part in *The Private Secretary,* he has been given a three-year contract by Julius Hagen, who will feature him in films specially suited to his original comedy talents.

* * *

Helen Westley, veteran actress of the New York stage and a recent recruit to films, has a doctrine which other players might do well to copy. She says: "Unless I believe what I am doing, I can't expect an audience to believe it, and in that case I would rather twiddle my thumbs and let someone else make the public yawn." Her screen characterizations



Eddie Nugent



Joe Morrison



Ray Milland



Willard Robertson



Grace Bradley

show that she carries out this statement, as they are always miracles of clarity and conviction. You will remember her as the dictatorial and hypocritical mother in *Splendour,* with Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea.

* * *

Alan Dinehart is famous as the only man who ever wrote, directed and produced a show for George M. Cohan. It was an achievement for the reason that this actor always writes, directs and produces his shows himself. Dinehart has written other plays and in 1934 was signed by Fox on a long term acting-writing-directing contract. He has the reputation for being one of the best dressed men on the stage or screen and pays British tailors a delicate compliment. He will wear only London-tailored clothes and shuns the offerings of haberdashers in New York and Hollywood.

* * *

The war left **Alan Mowbray** with the Military Medal, the Mons Star, the Victory Medal, the Croix de Guerre, and a few bits of shrapnel in his body. He became an actor by accident and one of his early rôles was understudying Nicholas in the play *The Dover Road,* the part which, eleven years later, he played in the film version of that play. He went to America almost by accident, played on the stage, and then secured the rôle of George Washington in *Alexander Hamilton.* Not so bad for an out-and-out Englishman!

* * *

On her way from Sydney, Australia, to London, **Mona Barrie** stopped in New York. A Hollywood talent scout saw her in a restaurant, persuaded her to make a screen test, and a week later she was in Hollywood facing the cameras. Since then she has played leading rôles in over twenty films. She is a business woman as well, owning a beauty shop in Melbourne, a farm near Toronto, Canada, and a fruit ranch in California. On studio instructions she "went blonde," but the outcry from her "fans" was so great that she is firmly determined never again to appear in a film except with her natural hair colouring.

* * *

Henry Mollison's name is familiar in the entertainment world. He is a son of the famous stage star, William Mollison, and the brother of Clifford, stage comedian, and William the younger, prominent stage producer. Henry has carried the fame of that name to America, first on the New York stage, and now in Hollywood, where he plays under the Universal banner. His



Kathleen Kelly



Dickie Moore

first film was *Mr. Cinders,* which was regarded more or less as a test. Captain Mazarin in *McGlusky the Sea Rover* followed, and then he was John Doughty, the treacherous lieutenant, in *Drake of England.*

* * *

Vince Barnett has suffered the big disappointment of being so successful at a job that it ceased to exist. He was at one time that strange animal known as a "professional insulter." He went to a party and was paid to insult a particular guest. But in time everybody knew him and took no notice of him. The result was that Vince stopped insulting and started filming. The bulk of the comedy in that grim film *Scarface* fell on his shoulders, and critics on both sides of the Atlantic were unanimous in their praise.

* * *

Boasting the real name of Martha Virginia and called "Hollywood's most beautiful chorus girl," **Toby Wing** got a Paramount contract following her work in *College Humour.* Her blonde good looks and beautiful figure have given her "show-girl" parts, but she yearns to play comedy rôles like Phyllis Haver or Joan Blondell. She learned to swim so that she could fill a rôle in *Come on Marines* without having a double—and saved a girl's life a fortnight later. She can cook, too. On the family maid's night out, Toby cooks dinner—and there are no complaints.

* * *

"If you are looking for the Fountain of Youth, become an actor," says **Eddie Nugent;** certainly his appearance bears out his statement. He is over thirty-two, but he can still play the part of a college boy and get away with it. He has been on the stage all his life, following family tradition, and made his first film in 1928. In case his air of perpetual youth lets him down, he has opened an antique shop to provide for his old age. He is quite an authority on old furniture and prides himself on a hobby which is profitable as well as amusing.

* * *

When *Love in Bloom* was shown in England, the voice of **Joe Morrison** singing Tschaikowsky's "None but the Lonely Heart" set many feminine pulses racing. Yet he had previously besieged the Hollywood studios in vain for a year, living on practically nothing. When he was down to his last twenty cents, an actor friend told him of a possible booking in Portland. Joe jumped at it and soon found himself in New York singing "The Last Round-Up." Hollywood talent scouts fell on his



George Barbier



Katherine de Mille

neck, and presently he was westward-bound, with a contract in his pocket.

* * *

Because he was an expert pistol shot, **Ray Milland** got his first chance in films. A German director who was making a film in England needed a good shot and tested a number of former soldiers, Milland among them. He had become an expert shot while serving with the Cheshire Yeomanry and the Household Cavalry, and he got the part. The star of the film fell ill and had to retire, so Milland eventually played the lead. Hollywood first saw him in 1930—but not until 1934, when he signed a Paramount contract, did he become really prominent.

* * *

In 1930 **Willard Robertson** was taken to Hollywood by Fox Films as a writer. But it is as a screen actor that he is known now. Acting was not a new venture for him. He had spent many years in stock companies in America, besides serving on Government Commissions. In five years he has played rôles, some large and some small, in sixty-five films, and he seems likely to play in as many in the next five years.

* * *

At the age of six **Grace Bradley** was a concert pianist playing in New York and neighbouring cities. Ten years later she was too old to be considered a child prodigy any longer, so she trained as a dancer and danced on the New York stage. Paramount talent scouts saw her in a night club, gave her a screen test and signed her to a contract. She is credited with the reddest hair in Hollywood, though you won't see that until colour films come in generally. But she *has* the most attractive husky voice, as you will agree if you saw her in *Stolen Harmony*.

* * *

Kathleen Kelly—British hope. All her life she wanted a stage career and she made her first acting steps in the third line of the chorus in a number of West End musicals. Then she had rôles in three Ian Hay comedies and, with that experience, she turned her attention to films. Her first big "catch" was the rôle of Richard Tauber's pianist-sweetheart in *Heart's Desire*. She is adding to her screen experience with less important films, and we hope that some day she will have the chance she wants to add distinction to worth-while British films.



Betty Grable

When **Dickie Moore** is old enough to be called John Richard Moore, Junr. by a college registrar, he is going to study law hard. That is what he says at the moment. He doesn't want to act all his life, though up to the moment it is the thing to which most of his time and attention have been given. He first appeared in a film at eleven months and has had a succession of screen mothers ever since, playing with some of the most glamorous stars of Hollywood. Just now his wide-open brown eyes and snub nose make every woman who sees him feel maternal.

* * *

There's an unwritten law in Hollywood which says you must never say "No" to Cecil B. de Mille. But one actress was brave enough to do so. She is **Katherine de Mille,** the famous producer's adopted daughter. He wanted her to play in films produced by him, and she refused because she wanted to make her career for herself, instead of having the suspicion of favouritism behind it. You saw her in *Viva Villa, All the King's Horses, The Crusades* and *The Black Room Mystery*. De Mille adopted her when her father was killed soon after the death of her mother.

* * *

George Barbier is seldom to be seen in a film without a cigar and very seldom is he allowed to smoke one to the end. His customary rôle is that of a hot-tempered business executive and practically every script he has had has called for him to bite his cigar in half and hurl it violently to the floor. He says that he used to smoke cigars for pleasure, but pleasure went when business came into it. Up to 1933 all his screen rôles had been for Paramount; but since then he has been loaned out to other studios.

* * *

A seventeen-year-old youngster did a rope-dance with Eddie Cantor in *Whoopee* and as a result was given a five-year contract with Goldwyn. That was in 1931. But the apparently fortunate little girl, whose name was **Betty Grable,** was doomed to disappointment. The shining promise of that contract was never fulfilled, and she disappeared from the news until she danced with Edward Everett Horton in *The Gay Divorce*. This brought her a Radio contract and she has been seen in *The Nitwits, Old Man Rhythm* and *If You Were Mine*. Better luck this time, Betty!



Myrna Loy



Madeleine Carroll



Claudette Colbert



Marlene Dietrich



Ginger Rogers



Carole Lombard



Elizabeth Allan

Screen BEAUTIES Unveil the SECRETS of Loveliness

FILM studios are similar to laboratories. In them, experiments are being carried out endlessly—with human beings. In the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, for instance, you will find a special room where exact plaster models of the heads of screen actresses are made and used for experiments in make-up and in hairdressing. Experimenting! Ever seeking that much-valued world tonic—BEAUTY. And they have now decided upon the ingredients that, apart from general make-up knowledge, create the most beautiful women. These are they:

Health and fitness; poise and grace; grooming; an attractive smile; clothes sense.

This is the general prescription. But, as a doctor will treat one temperament differently from another, this prescription is adaptable. There may be "mystery" added, or "piquancy". Marlene Dietrich's beauty prescription obviously contains "mystery". Myrna Loy's has "piquancy" in it. These things, say the film moguls, are the points that give loveliness to women; and film women are, without argument, the loveliest in the world.

Because of this—with the aid of the stars who personify the ingredients of Beauty to perfection—I am able, in this section of the FILM PICTORIAL ANNUAL, to help you personally with the cult of Beauty, desired of all women.

PETA (FILM PICTORIAL *Fashion and Beauty expert*).





Walking and playing tennis are both excellent pastimes and excellent health-givers, as Ginger Rogers proves so clearly with her health and loveliness that combine to make her one of the most glamorous and most charming of dancing stars on the screen to-day. Her dance steps, too, she practises in the open air whenever possible.



BE *an Outdoor* GIRL

says GINGER ROGERS

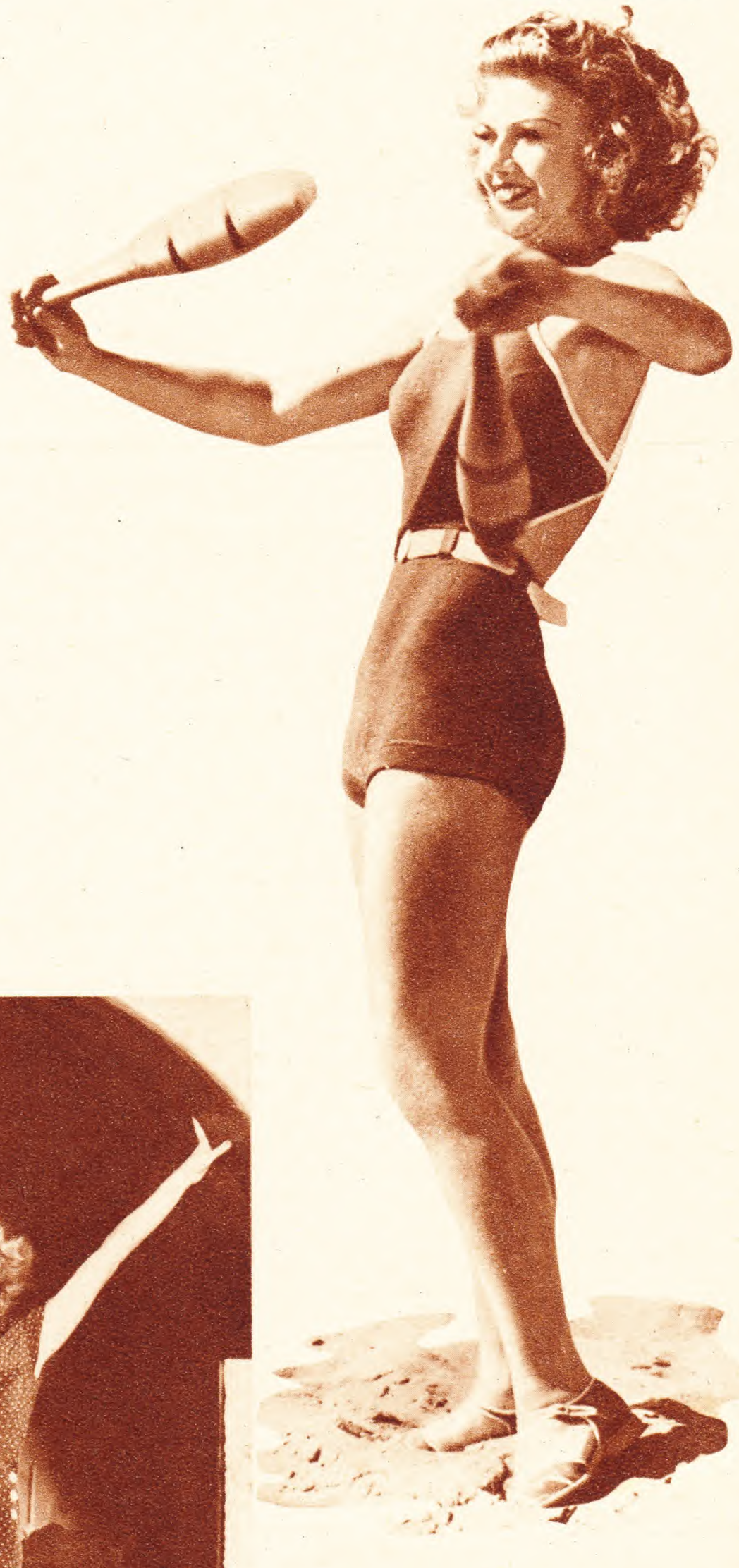
ASK Ginger Rogers what her beauty secrets are and she'll reply, "Me? I haven't any!" If Ginger's mother is anywhere around she'll add, "Ginger's just healthy." Which seems an inadequate way of describing this lovely red-headed, blue-eyed dancing star. For Ginger *is* marvellously glamorous. It is due, as her mother puts it, to being "just healthy."

Ginger Rogers' way of being "just healthy" is simplicity itself. No drastic diet. No expensive massage—just doing jolly things in the fresh air.

"I guess that, if you can enjoy yourself out in the open, you are bound to be healthy," says Ginger. "You just *can't* fill your lungs full of fresh air and not benefit in health—and that means, also, in complexion and brightness of eyes. It's the same with the exercise that love of the outdoors brings you. Walking makes your body supple and limber and is discouraging to plumpness. Swimming exercises every muscle in your body, so that you acquire more grace. Tennis makes you nimble of foot.

Ginger is outside her Hollywood home much more than she is in it. She practises most of her dance steps in the grounds of her lovely home. She walks for miles ; she swims ; she has an hour's horseback riding and plays a good game of tennis, all in one day.

"Just be an outdoor girl," is Ginger's method. Certainly this way of acquiring that definite asset to beauty, health, is a pleasant way ; and, as Ginger Rogers illustrates, an effective, "glamour-giving" one.







Horseback riding, swimming—and some strenuous exercises after her bathe—help to keep Ginger in dancing trim. Plenty of fresh air always, is the motto in her lovely Hollywood home. A stuffy home, says Ginger, means stuffy beauty. Fresh air, whether indoors or out, gives a clearer skin, better health and better looks.

ELIZABETH ALLAN

—British star who has made such a triumphant career for herself out in Hollywood, has found an interesting contrast between American and British beauty. She has, also, attained the highest peak of her own good looks. You can do the same.





Emphasis on eyes and mouth by means of judicious make-up has given Elizabeth Allan a more vital loveliness, as the contrast in these two photographs shows.

"THE American girls are the best groomed in the world. They have a remarkable knack of knowing how to wear clothes and how to apply cosmetics with artistry," said Elizabeth Allan, the British star who has made such a success in Hollywood. "Yet the English girl has the famous English complexion which gives a fresh aliveness that, unlike beauty itself, is not universal. How is that complexion acquired? Well, I, personally, know of nothing better than walking in a slow, fine English drizzle!"

So, the next time you feel that the American women are utterly marvellous and that you'll never be able to compete with them, just remember that an Englishwoman has an asset which they cannot hope to have themselves! Actually, Elizabeth Allan confided, she receives a most surprising number of letters from American girls and women, asking about complexions—which doesn't mean to say that the complexion of the average American woman is poor, but that it hasn't that dewy freshness of her English cousin. And *that* type of complexion is an invaluable asset in achieving the loveliest "YOU."

With such a background for beauty as a lovely complexion it is up to you to make the very best of yourself. Take a leaf out of the film star's Beauty Book, which is the average American woman's, too. This is done by analysing your facial contours and by applying your make-up to them appropriately. Elizabeth Allan has done this. Norma Shearer has done this. Anna Lee has done this. These are but three stars who have accentuated their good points to overshadow their less attractive ones. The photographs on these pages are proof positive of this.

Consider the shape of your face. Is it long? Is it round? Have you prominent cheekbones? There are ways of "making-up" to each of these contours.

The long face needs to acquire a slightly rounder, softer look. This is achieved by placing rouge fairly low on the cheeks *and well out from the nose*. The slightest dab of rouge added to the point of the chin will complete the more becoming contour of the face; just as the slightest dab of rouge on either lobe benefits your looks if your coiffure shows your ears. If the face is *thin* as well as long then a behind-the-ears coiffure is inadvisable. It is much better to frame the face with

Loveliest "You"



soft waves, and to help add breadth by cutting a fringe in extreme instances.

Brows should be neatly trimmed and of even thickness—not tapering. They should not be cotton-thread thin, either. Rather heavy brows "cut up" the length of a face when it is too long. Bright lipstick will also detract from the length of the thin, long face successfully.

The round face needs rouge placed high up on the cheeks and well in to the nose. There should be no dabs on chin or ear lobes.

Thin, straightish brows that taper slightly upwards at the outer tips, detract from too much roundness. Lipstick should be natural in appearance and applied only very slightly to the lower lip if the shape of your mouth is good.

A BACK-FROM-THE-FACE coiffure, with a side rather than a centre parting and no fringe, will tend to lessen too round contours of a face.

Prominent cheekbones are best left minus rouge altogether. *With* rouge, they are inclined to make the face look a little "common." Instead, make-up should be emphasized at the mouth and eyes. Use a vivid lipstick, and lashes and brows should be well defined and *definite*. The brows themselves look best when they are thickest near to the nose, tapering to thinness as they sweep outwards. The hair style should not be too severe and a cockscomb or half-fringe will detract from too definitely emphasized cheekbones.

If you will but analyse the shape of your face, applying your cosmetics accordingly, and planning the most beneficial type of coiffure to that shape, you will find within yourself a vivid appearance. You will develop an added loveliness that can, if you add good grooming and correct cosmetic colourings, be as striking a change as the "before" and "after" beautifying illustrated by the photographs of the stars on these two pages.







To-day Norma Shearer is a superbly groomed woman of great classical beauty. Less emphasis on the mouth and more on the eyes has helped her tremendously in achieving her present appearance. The "before" and "after" photographs of Anna Lee, Britain's glamour girl, prove that even in Britain we know plenty about this beautifying business! A brighter shampoo, deeper eye make-up, and a more vivid lipstick have helped Anna considerably; so has a more sophisticated coiffure.

POISE





Stand well, and your clothes look smarter, while your looks become lovelier looks. Poke your head forward and the chic effect of your clothes is lost—and all your beauty care just a waste of time! (Posed by Jane Hamilton, left, and Eleanor Whitney.)





These two exercises, demonstrated by Frances Drake (left) and Constance Godridge, help you to a straight back, and a graceful, upright carriage respectively. Worth being strenuous about each morning.

and GRACE

MADELEINE CARROLL'S serenity has been lauded to the skies. So much so that it etched a rather chilly personality in our minds ; a personality that wasn't entirely flesh and blood. That was, at least, until you met Madeleine. Then you found an intensely alive young woman, complete with the traditional English complexion, the bluest of eyes, the fairest of hair, the loveliest of cameo faces—and a far more vivid personality than that label of "serene" gave.

Madeleine Carroll was vital, with a great number of intelligent thoughts behind her cameo loveliness. All of which was proved soon enough when Madeleine began to "debunk" the tag of "serenity." Her light-hearted rôle in *The 39 Steps* with Robert Donat did some of the debunking. But even before that picture she had written, in no uncertain terms, in an exclusive article for FILM PICTORIAL, "I'm tired of being serene." She was. And she isn't serene! Not in the cold, aloof sense. But she *is* poised ; and she *is* graceful.

Madeleine Carroll is the most poised, graceful woman on the screen. Her walk and her carriage, added to her beauty, make her the perfect example of grace in a woman. Madeleine herself will tell you, "Poise and grace are, to my mind, anyway, essentials to any woman who values her appearance." To acquire them, Madeleine Carroll is your finest example.

A GOOD walk sets off, not only your figure and your looks, but also your clothes. You add value to the most modest of wardrobes if you keep your shoulders straight, don't push your chin out, and walk well. You will see by the two photographs, specially posed by Eleanor Whitney and Jane Hamilton, the handicap of a bad carriage and the undoubted advantages of a good one.

Poise and grace are not difficult to acquire. Two exercises and determination are all you need. The exercises are illustrated for you by Constance Godridge and Frances Drake. Do as Constance does and walk with bare feet—one placed directly in front of the other—with a book balanced flat on your head. This exercise will stop your head from poking forward ; and it will give you the swing from the hips (and not from the knees) that makes for grace and poise.

The exercise for keeping a straight back is done by grasping a stick straight out before you with both hands. Swing the stick up and over your head and around your shoulders, still grasping it firmly. Now pull the stick from side to side of your shoulders by first straightening the right arm out sideways and bending the left one at the elbow ; then straighten out the left arm so that it pulls the right one up at the elbow. This exercise, performed each morning, wipes out round shoulders and any unbecoming slouch you may have acquired.

are MADELEINE CARROLL'S watch-words for real feminine charm



Madeleine Carroll looked her most serene and most lovely self when she made *The World Moves On* in Hollywood.

Smart CLOTHES *are* BEAUTY'S *Background*

says CAROLE LOMBARD





A neat frock, or frock-suit, is an asset to your wardrobe. Each should be the type that can be made to look "different" by means of collar and cuffs.



I BELIEVE that every woman should be clothes-conscious. I do not mean *dominated* by dress, but with a balanced idea of the importance of her wardrobe in relation to the rest of her life. For the right clothes worn at the right time make just the difference between attractiveness and mediocrity.

Never be self-conscious of what you are wearing, or you will appear awkward. Never strive after effect by startling colours, daring styles, and outlandish hats. Never, if your income is limited, be wooed from the predominant colour-scheme in your wardrobe. (Every woman must work out which colour or colour combination suits her best, adding to her wardrobe only clothes and accessories that mix in with the clothes and accessories already there.)

Buy with an eye to renovation later on. An evening frock which can be turned, later, into a summer dress, for instance; a jumper-suit that can be made to look "new" with different collar and cuffs.

One thing is necessary in every smart woman's wardrobe—a tailored suit. This always looks good. You will find other points I consider important in dress, illustrated by the photographs.



Hats should be neat and rather "tailored," while details like your own initials embroidered on a plain dark frock add great smartness to the simplest dress.

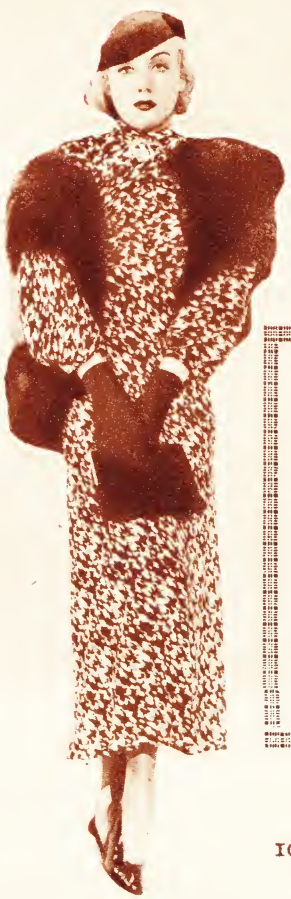




A plain black evening gown is worth pounds to your wardrobe. With etceteras, you can create many "different" gowns from it. If you hanker after a gown of beaded material, then be sure it is created in a simple style and that you leave jewellery alone when wearing it.







A tailored suit is, I consider, the greatest asset of all to smartness in a girl's wardrobe. Different shirts and blouses, new hats, gloves, bags and shoes, can ring the changes with very chic effect. So please add one suit at least. For the girl who loves exotically patterned materials, always choose plainness in style so that the material is shown up to best advantage. The simple tunic-gown for evening wear and the street dress of patterned crêpe-de-Chine are, as you will see, completely simple—and in style.

SMILE *and* SUCCEED

"LAUGH, and the world laughs with you ; weep, and you weep alone." That is now quite an old saying—though there is a lot of common sense to it.

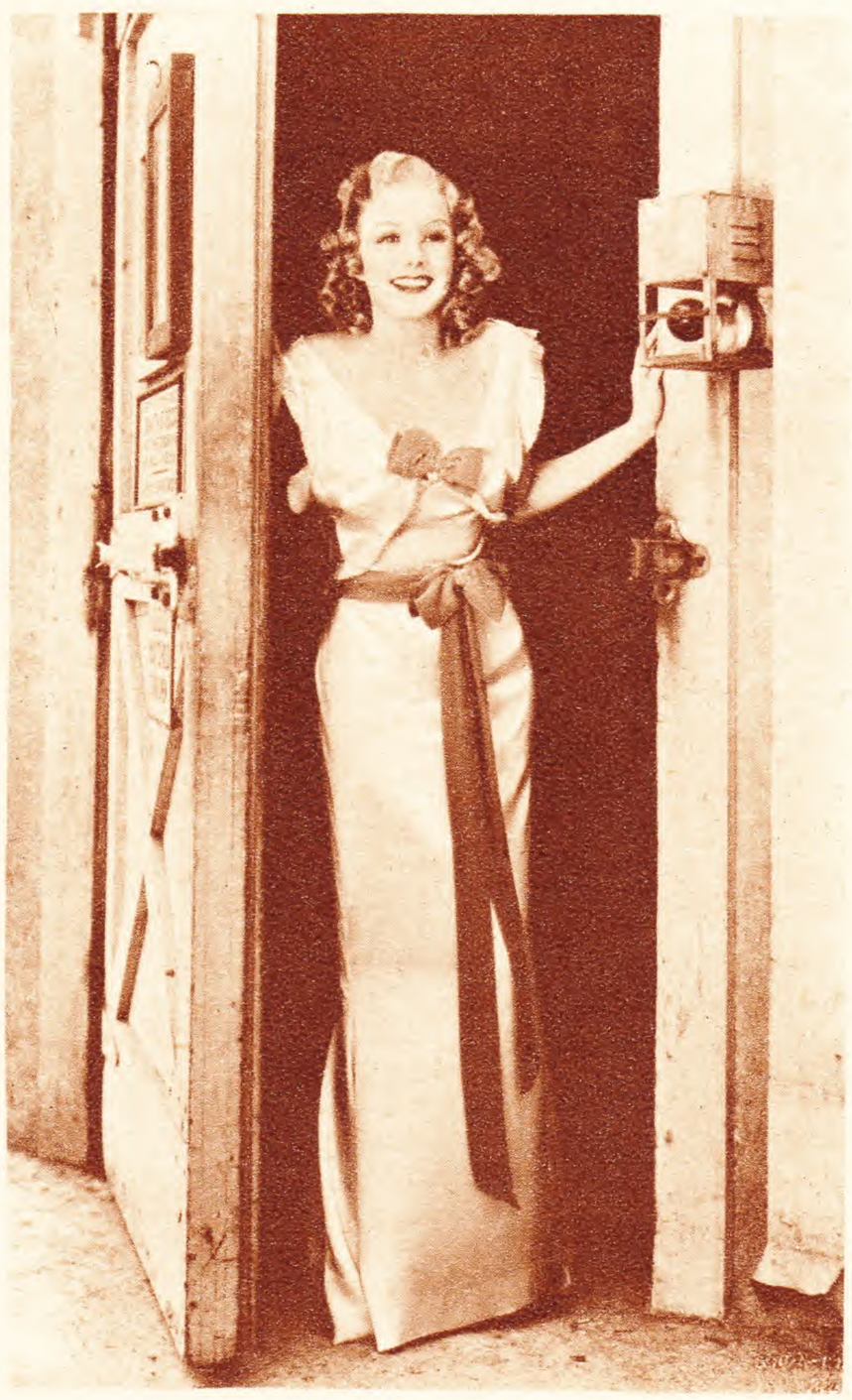
Just as a light-hearted film such as *Top Hat* seems to appeal to the public, wholeheartedly, so you will find the heavier types of films a little less warmly received in most instances. Not that all films should be light. The heavier types of screen drama are highly necessary, and most folk, including Claudette Colbert—whose smile has been voted the loveliest in all Hollywood—are quite feminine enough to take themselves to the pictures and "enjoy a good weep."

The brunette Claudette is not a bit ashamed of this. Indeed, there was one occasion when a Hollywood reporter caught her scuttling from the theatre after seeing Helen Hayes in *A Farewell to Arms,* and wrote that "the mascara was streaking Claudette Colbert's face through copious weeping." Did Claudette complain about the publicity given her feminine "weakness"? She did not!

"What I do object to, however," said Claudette, "is a perpetually woebegone expression. The woman—or man—who wears this through life doesn't stand nearly so much chance of getting on.

"You are probably going to tell me that it is easy for people who have achieved success to keep smiling. You must remember, however, that most folk haven't just 'got there' without a struggle. You will find that, in nine cases out of ten, it is the people who *have* kept smiling through a whole number of disappointments and vicissitudes who have reached the top in the end. Outwardly, I honestly believe that you must take your troubles with a smile on your lips (though, being human, you probably take it out on yourself by letting go in private. Which doesn't hurt anyone ; not even yourself).

"Yes, I am sure that, in every walk of life, it is a smile that counts for most. Take books, for instance. There have, I know, been many successful books recently that have dealt with the sordid side of life, just as there have been many films and plays. Yet, isn't it the book and the film in which the chief character has a certain smiling courage and, therefore, a lovableness about him or her, that has remained in public favour longest?"



CLAUDETTE adds a warning on smiling your way through life. "I wouldn't suggest," she says, "that folk should go about this world with a fixed grin. Not for anything. But I do feel that, if you can muster up a smile on your mouth and a twinkle in your eyes, you are going to get quite a lot more from life. More popularity, for one thing. It is always nice to meet someone looking cheery, isn't it? Another thing is that, if you can see the humour in things—and there IS plenty if you will only look for it—you are not going to be hurt so easily, or so easily 'put down' in your ambitions."

It must have cost Claudette Colbert something to keep





Jean Harlow (above) knows the value of a smiling greeting at the studio. Left and right, you see the two things, cosmetically speaking, that help your smile along. Rouge—well placed on the face, and matching the lipstick that is used ; a lipstick that is applied with care, and smoothed evenly across the curves of the lips to blend gently at the outer edges. (Posed by Shirley Ross.)

as CLAUDETTE COLBERT has done on her climb to stardom



smiling at one point in her career. You need a sense of humour to be handed out vamp rôles when you are longing to try your hand at modern, sophisticated screen stories. But Claudette continued to smile—and won!

Another thing her smile has done—besides putting her "on top of the world"—is that it has made her one of the most beautiful women on the screen to-day. In beauty, too, a happy expression matters.

Take the world popularity of little Shirley Temple. So laughing, so curly-headed, so mischievous, she appeals to us, certainly because of her charming childishness and her brilliance. But she appeals to us also because she is so *gay*. That child has always a laugh in her eyes—yet it cannot be easy, not nearly so easy as you probably think, for a screen kiddie to remain cheery all of the time. Film work is hard work for grown-ups; it can be irksome, with long waits between shooting. Imagine, then, how doubly hard it must be for children. Yes, Shirley must sometimes feel, "Oh, bother being made up, having my hair done. Why can't I just go out and play?" But—she keeps smiling.

Now you are probably thinking that all this depends upon the temperament with which you are born. It does—*up to a point*. But there are so many women about who "emote" heavy dramatic expressions in the misguided thought that they look mysterious, or glamorous, or something of that sort. If these women would only realize how a smile on their lips and a brightness in their eyes can *illuminate* their good looks.

After all, you get from life what you put into it. Put a smile into it, and you get a whole lot of happiness back!





Claudette Colbert's smile was recently voted the loveliest on the screen. And she believes, most wisely, in smiling her way through life. And please do remember that the provocative "chin veil" Margo is wearing on the left adds emphasis to your lips—so let them be smiling! It is wise, too, to study your application of lipstick, *sideview*. Carefully applied, it can add considerable charm to your profile. (Posed by Miriam Hopkins.)



Myrna accentuates her "good points"—lovely shoulders and arms—by wearing evening gowns that throw emphasis on them by means of cunning drapery and necklines.

Myrna Loy's

turned her from plain prettiness

A GAWKY girl with red hair and many freckles determined, at fifteen and much against her mother's judgment, to become a dancer. Gawky! Red-headed! Freckled! Doesn't sound much like a dancer, does it? Not a chorus-girl, who is renowned the world over for her grace and suppleness and beauty. But Myrna Loy is a person with ideas of her own—and they usually work out right in the end, because she knows what she wants.

Red-headed, freckled, she became a chorus-girl and, through constant practice and perseverance, shed her gawkiness. Then, without any flurry or fuss, Myrna set herself out to achieve something as an actress.

"If you work right along and mind your own business, fight firmly for your rights, but do not make too much fuss about it, sooner or later things will turn out all right—if you've really worked." That is the Myrna Loy philosophy, and it has carried her through pretty well—through that awful stage in her film career when she was faced with Oriental rôle after Oriental rôle, all because her eyes are wide and long and because Rudolph Valentino first cast her in a similar part in one of his films. It has also carried her right through the defence of the average film producer who thinks that symmetrical beauty is the only thing for a film heroine.

You can't call Myrna Loy beautiful in the strict sense of the word. Green eyes, red hair, freckles and a turned-up nose don't make up the perfect face by any set standards. People meeting Myrna Loy for the first time called her a charming girl, but never a lovely one. She wasn't—and she isn't. But she's got a whole lot of common sense that has helped her to make the best of herself without losing one iota of her charm.

SHE is by nature a calm person and, although modern living has produced the rushing and bustling maiden, Myrna remains steadily calm and unruffled. Asset number one. Then, it has been said that only silly girls giggle. Myrna giggles, delightfully and naturally, and isn't silly at all. She refuses to use exotic, heavy make-up. She refuses to hang her tapering fingers with rings, or her person with jewellery. She refuses to worry about those freckles. She uses a light dusting of powder on that attractively tilted nose of hers, a little orange-tinted lipstick on her mouth, and that is all. She is a natural person and likes her nails to be polished, but unobtrusive in tint.

She has no illusions about what has been termed her "plain prettiness." In the midst of so many exotic beauties, she stands out as refreshing and original.

If you haven't the exotic brunette beauty of a Dolores

Own Ideas

to a glamorous star of to-day

del Rio, or the vivid charms of a Ginger Rogers, you can learn a lot from Myrna Loy. If you will "play up" to your tilted nose, be frankly unworried about your freckles ; if your hair is a nice colour and you refuse to detract from it either by blondeing or by wearing it in some exotic coiffure ; if it is natural for you to giggle, and you don't worry about only "silly girls" giggling ; if, in fact, you attend to your grooming, and keep a level, calm head with it all, you'll be attractive.

Well-brushed hair, neat clothes with nothing flashy about them, perfectly manicured hands, and no striving after effect ; these are the things that are so especially appealing about Myrna Loy. These things make her, in effect, twice as lovely as many women with perfect features and wonderfully coiffured hair.

MYRNA will tell you that she doesn't worry over things. She doesn't. She worries neither over her work nor over her appearance—beyond doing her very best in her job and being neat and tidy. She will not, for instance, worry about wearing the most up-to-the-minute or "advance" fashions. If some style happens to take her fancy, she will wear it joyfully though it be months "old" as far as the fashion moguls are concerned.

Myrna, of course, emphasizes her good points all she can. Because she has lovely smooth shoulders and arms, she continues to wear evening gowns that expose them to the full—even though capes and flower necklets and epaulettes be considered "the thing" at this particular moment. The off-the-shoulder evening gown of black velvet, that you can see in these pages, is a favourite style of Myrna's.

She will wear jewellery only at night, and that with a very plain gown such as the white satin one shown here. Normally, Myrna hates the "fuss" that jewellery gives to clothes. She would never, for instance, wear jewellery with the tweed suit with its matching top coat —even though fashion decrees that jewellery and tweeds *do* go together this season. The fashion just doesn't appeal to Myrna, so she doesn't take any notice of it.

Because she adores scent—her dressing-table is laden with bottles of it in every shape and size—she will use it with every type of suit and gown, selecting the most appropriate one, of course.

Being herself, and allowing no influence from outside —no new fashion, no new make-up—to dominate her is Myrna Loy's creed on things general, and on things feminine. Original ideas, but quite simple ones to follow if you refuse to be enslaved by the belief that to be beautiful you must be blonde, or to be chic, you must be garbed "in advance."



Dressing "plainly," or with complete femininity, spells added charm to Myrna's personality because of its contrast.

The MYSTERY of

BEAUTY is "skin deep" in some instances ; in others it is so deep that it is mysteriously intriguing. If you have this "mysterious" element, then you have something that—because it does not rely on symmetry of features, or hair of any definite colouring, or a wondrously slim figure—is of more value to you than anything else in this beauty business.

If you *haven't* this mysterious glamour about you then nothing is going to create it for you. No clothes, no exotic posturing, no aping of whichever glamorous beauty you happen to admire most is going to give it to you. This "mystery of beauty" is just there—or it isn't. You need to make the best of it either way.

It is in Garbo! It is in Dietrich! It looks out of Garbo's sad eyes and mouth. It hovers around the glamorously-groomed Dietrich, something shimmering and vital. It is something which, born in you, can be enhanced to a Garbo or a Dietrich perfection.

The Marlene Dietrich of *Blue Angel* days is a different person, *outwardly,* from the Marlene of *Desire ;* the Garbo of *Love* is a long way removed from the exquisite woman she is to-day. Yet, in both Marlene and Greta, there was always that depth of feeling that made their faces so expressive, their gestures so appealing. But they have learned, in the years that have followed their early films, that grooming and beautifying can add to every woman just that little extra which makes them outstanding. So Marlene has beautified her eyes and emphasized her mouth ; she has enhanced the gold glints in her hair ; she has learned the type of clothes that best become her.

Garbo has done this, too. Her eyes and her mouth have both found added expressiveness. Because she loves Nature so deeply she has, perhaps, bothered less than any other woman in the film firmament over clothes and coiffures. She has always been *natural.* She will wear neat but severe clothes and flat-heeled shoes; and it is not much of a wave that finds its way into Greta's golden-brown hair.







You won't achieve "mystery" by dressing exotically, if you are really a neatly tailored type of girl, as Binnie Barnes (posing for you at left) shows clearly. Neither will you achieve it by dramatizing your actions too much if the more natural type is really "you." Gail Patrick (right) shows you the foolishness of this.



BEAUTY

Remote loveliness is the secret of MARLENE DIETRICH and GRETA GARBO and their type

Yes, it is because both Marlene and Greta have insisted upon remaining *natural,* insisted upon keeping the personalities with which they were born, that the "mystery" has been added to "glamorously beautiful." Neither Greta nor Marlene has tried to acquire a personality foreign to her.

Norma Shearer is probably one of the most admired women on the screen ; she would be "all wrong" if she tried to acquire the "mysterious" type of loveliness that belongs both to Marlene and to Greta, for her charm and beauty rely on her slick clothes, her good grooming, and her capably sweet manner. No "mystery woman" is Norma Shearer—and she knows it. She has emphasized her natural personality and does not swamp it by trying to acquire mannerisms that are foreign to her.

Then, you can't imagine Jean Harlow "mysteriously glamorous," can you? Jean, who is naturally modern, naturally bright and gay, and with a cute answer for everything, would be all wrong if she tried the "heavy" appeal that belongs naturally both to Marlene and Greta.

YES, the "mysteriously glamorous" woman is really not mysterious at all. She is the *natural* woman.

Enhance your natural personality to its fullest possible peak of perfection. Groom your looks to match and you will achieve much more attraction, much more loveliness, than if you blindly follow Greta Garbo's long bob or Marlene Dietrich's arched eyebrows. You will never achieve real loveliness—and certainly *never* a mysterious loveliness—if you ape anyone. Marlene can wear both masculine and very feminine clothes with equal success ; the contrast is superb *on her.* But please be careful how you swing from one extreme to the other in your own wardrobe. Without the Marlene personality, you won't get away with it. Garbo couldn't—and doesn't try to. She always wears simple clothes, because simplicity is in her nature. She is not exotically feminine—the snows and solitary spaces of Sweden do not breed this—and she does not try to be. She is just herself, with the emphasis laid on her best points—her eyes and her mouth. This should be a lesson to the "would-be Garbos" and the "would-be Dietrichs" : Be yourself, perfected in grooming and beautifying as befits your own individuality.





Perhaps the contrasting moods of Marlene and Greta help to give their loveliness something of mystery and much of glamour ?





Certainly the feminine and the mannish Marlenes are entirely different. So is the laughing, light-hearted Greta compared with the dreaming, thoughtful one.

At What Age Are Women Most Charming?



IT is difficult to talk of charm in terms of age. Charm, it seems to me, is largely up to the individual, but I think that the most charming women I have known have been matured women around thirty or over. Why? *It is because these women are experienced.*

You see, to have charm one must be educated, not in the academic sense of the word, but from the standpoint of having seen, done, and experienced things.

My guardian is in her thirties, and she is still very lovely. That, combined with the experience of her years, makes, I think, the perfect formula for charm.

Jeanette MacDonald

WOMEN, I am convinced, are more charming at thirty than at any other age. You see, by that time they will have "lived" if they are ever going to. That is one thing which charm requires most of all—*mellowness.* By "lived" I mean that a woman must have seen and done enough to enable her to know what she wants from life—and why.

No matter how beautiful a younger woman may be, her attractiveness can never take the place of experience that comes with knowing the fundamental human emotions. Knowing these goes a long way towards charm.

Jean Parker



AN impossible question to answer! Whoever heard of pinning charm down to a definite age? It just can't be done. The narrowest margin would include women from sixteen to sixty-five—and then it would depend entirely upon the women. So that even that margin would have to be flexible.

Just to show you how flexible that margin must be, let me tell you that quite one of the most charming people I know is little seven-year-old Cora Sue Collins. At the other end of that flexible age span is that grand old trouper of the stage and screen, May Robson. Age has simply nothing to do with her charm. She bubbles over with an abundance of it. I have seen her made up to play the rôle of a hundred-year-old woman, and whereas the grease paint and the make-up artistes have succeeded in making her look the part, nothing could hide that charming sparkle in her eye! It's just there. I guess May has always had it.

No, in my opinion beauty and age have little to do with charm. Charm is much deeper than that.

Robert Montgomery





Ginger Rogers

Ginger Rogers



Madeleine Carroll

Madeleine Carroll



Dick Powell

Dick Powell



Gary Cooper



Virginia Bruce

Virginia Bruce



Marlene Dietrich



William Powell

William Powell



Ruby Keeler

Ruby Keeler



Henry Wilcoxon

Henry Wilcoxon



Tullio Carminati

Tullio Carminati



Joan Bennett

-Joan Bennett



Anna Neagle.

Anna Neagle



Freddie Bartholomew

Freddie Bartholomew



Paulette Goddard

Paulette Goddard



Robert Taylor



Merle Oberon.

Merle Oberon



Lovable

Shirley Temple's charm captured a million "fans," growing and increasing until she was acclaimed the most popular of all stars —even above "Mickey Mouse" . . . . . .

by PATRICIA HILL

SINCE *Stand Up and Cheer* made Shirley Temple a star at five years old she has rapidly risen to be first favourite with the film fans of the whole world. She has won the hearts of young and old—of men and women, with perfect impartiality. And to-day, at seven and a half, with two years' stardom to her credit, she is just as winsome, just as unaffected, just as lovable as the little four-year-old Shirley who had never seen a motion picture camera.

That is the real miracle of Shirley Temple. That is why she captured *and kept* the affections of millions of filmgoers.

Her success started a new boom in child players. There have been several other children boosted into prominence during the past two years in an attempt to emulate Shirley's success. Each has had its own particular talents—childish charm, precocious cleverness, an air of grown-up "smartness" that has attracted filmgoers ; but not one has been, like Shirley, the completely natural child. Not one has approached the rare, happy quality in her which has given everyone who has seen her the longing to pick her up in their arms and hug her. It is no exaggeration to say that Shirley's charm has done as much to lift the world out of depression, by lightening the hearts of all who see her, as any of the wordy conferences that have been held by statesmen all over the world.

Unavoidably, her popularity has brought her the attention of fans and curious crowds. There was one time when she went shopping with her mother, was recognized and "mobbed" and suffered the tearing of her dress, and even the loss of a curl, which some avid admirer managed to cut off in the mêlée. There was another time when a crowd which had gathered to watch her shoot a "location" scene near Hollywood broke all restraint and surged round her in ungovernable and dangerous enthusiasm.

When, a little while ago, she went to Honolulu with her parents for a short holiday, the eager pressing thousands, who had waited for hours to see her arrival, got out of control and a riot followed.

None of this adulation has touched the child in Shirley. It has not spoiled her ; it *has* frightened her a little.

The astonishing hold she has obtained on the public has been proved in fact and figure. Already nearly

twenty books have been published about her ; one has passed the sale of a million copies. Altogether three and a half million copies of Shirley Temple books have been sold. She holds the record for all time for fan-mail—even in Hollywood—with 7,000 letters a week in her mail-box. Twenty thousand Japanese children, each contributing a tiny sum, gave her a life-size doll—sending it to NINKI-DAI-ICHI, which means "adorable" to any Japanese.

She draws a salary of £1,000 per week. Not long ago in a published statement about the affairs of the Fox Film Company it was pointed out that, during a lean period, the whole prosperity of this enormous concern, with all its ramifications, rested on the shoulders of "one old man and a little girl of six." The old man was the late Will Rogers.

MIRACULOUSLY, not a thought of her own importance has ever occurred to Shirley. Even when she went down to the famous Chinese Theatre in Hollywood and made the imprints of her tiny hands and feet in one of the concrete slabs outside the place she did not regard the experience as anything but an elaborate game. The cheering, surging crowds—the bright arc lights—the speeches and the flowers, all centring upon her own small person, did nothing but make her chuckle with a baby's delight in "fun."

That is the word. It has been the spirit of fun in Shirley all along that has kept her natural ; kept her in a class by herself, so unlike the posturing, self-conscious child actors to whom we are used on the screen.

Even all the petting which has inevitably come her way has made no difference to her. In every picture she has made, the grown-up stars have become her servants. Early on, when she made *Now and Forever* with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard, she had these two completely at her mercy. She enjoyed the game of making movies as never before. Gary still chuckles about the way she crowed over him one day. They had a scene together—a scene which had to be taken three times because he could not get his lines right. Shirley, who has an amazing memory, had her lines pat as usual.

"Why, Mr. Cooper," she cried delightedly, "I did mine in one . . . and you've taken three tries."

No—it was not conceit. Shirley is incapable of that. It was just more "fun" to Shirley to pull the leg of her tall, good-natured friend. That was, of course, on the Paramount lot. Shirley made another conquest there, for she appeared in the studio restaurant one lunch-time leading Marlene Dietrich by the hand. The unapproachable Marlene, whose luncheon hours at that time were dedicated daily to long, silent meals in the companionship of Josef von Sternberg. But she, with her adoration of her own little girl, was no more proof against Shirley's appeal than any of the millions who have come to love her on the screen.

Just try to recall how you felt the last time you saw little Shirley. It was not, surely, admiration that filled you ; it was not a feeling of wonder at her "cleverness" or her "cuteness"; it was, I am certain, the simple reaction to happiness ; that you would have loved to take up that bundle of golden fun and kiss her, in your



thankfulness for having shared that joyous quality in her. Perhaps some of you have felt a slight pang of envy for Mr. and Mrs. Temple who are able to do so.

It is to them—to her mother in particular—that we owe Shirley's complete and unspoiled naturalness. For Mrs. Temple has watched over her anxiously, trying always to make her regard her work as a game, and to protect her from the over-zealous petting. To her—and to Shirley's own sunny disposition—we owe the miracle that the seven-year-old Shirley of to-day is no whit more mannered, no more affected than the four-year-old whose only "public" was her father and mother and her two adoring older brothers.

She remains to-day to millions, as she has always been to her family, completely lovable.

It seems strange, when you consider this wonder-child's natural aptitude for acting, that she does not come from a theatrical family. But her father and mother both deny the existence in their ancestry of anyone even remotely connected with amateur dramatics.

The Temples, before Shirley came to fame, were a quiet-living family in Santa Monica, near Hollywood. Mr. Temple was branch-manager of a bank there. Indeed he still holds this appointment ; for Shirley's family do not intend to live on the earnings of their little girl. The money she makes is being carefully put into trust for her, so that when she grows up she will have a large fortune. You will remember that Jackie Coogan, whose wealth was made before he was ten years old, possessed a quarter of a million pounds when he came of age.

Mr. Temple believes firmly in teaching his children the meaning of thrift and wise spending. The family's new-found wealth and position has hardly altered their way of life at all. The only difference has been that they moved into a house surrounded by a walled garden. In their old home, with its windows open to the street, life became unbearable. Inquisitive strangers and star-gazers were constantly surrounding the house for a glimpse of their new idol.





Now that she is seven years old and more—her birthday was April 23—the question is arising on all sides: What will happen to Shirley Temple? In the past there have been child stars—Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy (now Peggy Montgomery) were two—who have faded from view as they grew older. Only one comes easily to mind who has carried on to greater stardom since she grew up—Madge Evans. And even she had a long period in which she was lost to films.

Will Shirley, with her lovable smile, her dimples, her golden curling hair, be lost as she grows up? In five years' time will any of us remember her?

DIRECTOR DAVID BUTLER, who guided Shirley in the making of *Bright Eyes*, gave his answer most emphatically. He said:

"People will not only remember Shirley Temple five years from now—they'll remember her fifty years from now. To the children of to-day she is Hollywood's small miracle. When they are grown to manhood and womanhood, even when they are grandparents, they will talk about this unusual child, making their comparisons of the future with her. There will be no awkward gap in Shirley's growing up. If she loses ' cuteness ' it will be to gain poise and a more highly developed appeal.

"If it depends on Shirley alone, you can count on her to develop with each passing year. But it isn't up to her alone. It will be the responsibility of the scenarists to keep pace with her in their stories. She is a star and must have vehicles suited to her talents. As she changes, so will the stories. Given the right material, as a prop for her amazing talent, there is no reason why this baby shouldn't continue to ' take a bow ' for many years to come."

Mr. Butler knows pictures. He knows Shirley. He is probably right. But there is in my mind one prayer —that as Shirley grows she will do nothing and be given no rôles to destroy the picture that everyone treasures to-day—the picture of the one film star who is completely lovable.

Shirley Temple has appealed to the hearts of every cinema-goer in the world because she is a *real* child. Her acting is not acting—it is natural play. She has none of the airs and graces which make so many film children unbearable. Study these pictures and you will realize even more vividly than ever the air of true happiness that surrounds her.

Clark GABLE—Plain

Here is the life-story of a MAN; a man who has knocked about, who has known hunger and despair and triumph; a man, therefore, who knows Life.... A man who is film-dom's favourite male star....

By AL GRAHAM

THIS is the story of Clark Gable, an average man, not the story of a dominating personality that flashed, rocket-like, to the starry heights of success. Not the story of a powerful individuality that crushed all obstacles in its ruthless march to fame. Not by any means the bombastic biography of a motion picture star.

It's the homespun story of a country kid, a normal young man with a sense of humour, a flashing smile and a bulldog determination, who plugged, and plodded, and struggled, and starved, and froze—but never lost sight of his goal and never lost his abiding faith that some day, sometime, somehow, he would "click."

And if the story of Clark Gable's life has a moral, it is the same old moral that has stared out of the prosy pages of copy-books in a million school-rooms:

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again!"

For even in this, Clark Gable is an average man.

He was born in Cadiz, a small Ohio town, on the first day of February, 1901. His father was William Gable, an oil contractor. His mother was Adeline Hershelmen Gable. He has no memories of her; nothing but a few faded water colours she painted in her girlhood. She died when he was seven months old.

His first conscious recollection is of watching a hen lost in a blinding snowstorm. His vantage point was the kitchen window of a Pennsylvania farmhouse. Behind him, his grandmother was stirring a kettle of old-fashioned tomato ketchup as it bubbled on an old wood stove; to this day the spicy smell of cooking tomatoes makes him homesick.

He spent the first five years of his life on that Pennsylvania farm, home of his mother's people. Good, solid, honest German stock they were. From them he learned the principles of life that were to remain with him always. He learned that there can be no harvest without first tilling of the soil, and a planting of seeds. He never forgot.

The farmhouse was a rambling structure. From the eastern windows one could see the sparkling waters of Conneaut Lake. There were no other houses near and no boys in all the neighbourhood. Clark had no playmates. He loved the summers, when he learned to swim in the lake, and chased squirrels in the hickory grove behind the house. But mostly he loved the winters, when his breath made smoke in the air.

On Sundays they hitched the mare to the trap and drove to church at Meadville, the nearest town. His grandparents were as honest in their religious duties as in all other matters of their life.

When Clark was five, his father married again. He wanted his boy. The grandparents agreed that it was right. On a certain day his father came and took him away, starry-eyed in excitement after the tearful, clinging farewell.

Clark liked his new mother from the first instant. She knew exactly how to treat a shy, homesick little boy. In the shelter of her understanding arms he found the heartease his nature needed. She was never a stepmother to him. She was his mother, the first he had known.

By this time the headquarters of his father's operations had been moved from Cadiz to Hopedale, another little Ohio town. The population was about 500, but to Clark it seemed more people than he believed possible. He made friends with the boys, especially Holly and Tommy, with whom he grew up.

When he was eight, Clark firmly decided to be a doctor. In this he was influenced by the bluff old family practitioner who treated him when he was run over by a farm wagon. He kept this ambition for several years. It was generally understood in the little family that he should be sent away to medical school as soon as he was old enough.

MEANTIME, in Hopedale, he did not shine as a social light. He grew rapidly and he never knew exactly what to do with his hands and feet. In athletics it was different. He played in all the school teams—football, baseball, basketball and track. But in the presence of girls he lost his composure and became a stumbling, stuttering, shy, awkward, overgrown youngster. He was never a good mixer.

When Clark was a junior in high school his father decided to abandon the oil business and go into farming. He bought a place near Ravenna, Ohio. One of his first purchases was an old Ford which Clark used to run back and forth to school in Claremont, and on Saturdays back to Hopedale to see the boys.

Clark never wanted to be a farmer. He was firm in


Man



Here is the Silver Falls Timber Company's saw-mill, where Clark Gable piled lumber, the lowest paid job at the mill.

his determination to study medicine. But medical school was too expensive for his father. Clark, nothing daunted, declared he'd work his way. Shortly after his graduation from high school, therefore, he set off for Akron to start his drive to fame and fortune.

He'll never forget his first hour in Akron. He was seventeen, and he'd never before been in a city. He had arranged to meet Holly and Tommy, who were coming on from Hopedale, but his train arrived an hour earlier than theirs. For an hour he sat in the station, watching the life of the city with the owl-eyed eagerness of youth. He was afraid to venture into the city alone.

That evening the three boys found rooms in a cheap hotel and wandered through the business district. Not one would confess to the others that he was scared to death. Clark was lucky ; he landed a job next day as timekeeper in a rubber factory. He told everyone he was twenty years old. His salary was the unbelievable sum of twenty pounds a month.

Almost immediately he enrolled in the medical class of the night school of the University of Akron. He planned to study there until he had saved enough money to enter the regular university classes. He had a set routine. All day he worked at his job in the rubber factory, and five nights a week he went to school.

That sixth week-day night, coupled with the fact that there was a popular stock company at a local theatre, was his undoing.

IN a restaurant one evening he chanced to sit with two young actors from the stock company. To Clark they seemed beings from another, unapproachable world. Nevertheless, he tried to appear casual as they all drifted into conversation. That night they invited him to watch the performance from back-stage.

Of all the experiences that have come to Clark Gable in the intervening years, that night in the wings of the little theatre is one he will never forget. For the first time the fragrance of grease-paint came to his nostrils ; for the first time he was conscious of the glare of the footlights ; for the first time he saw the sea of faces in the half-gloom beyond that blinding line of lights —and for the first time alien faces were not confusing but strangely friendly.

He knew, then, that he would never be a doctor. He knew that he was inevitably committed to the stage!

He spent many nights back-stage. He met the other members of the company. He joined in their mild Bohemianism. He mustered his courage one night and asked the manager for a job. He got it. They made him a call boy without salary. Without an instant's hesitation he threw up his night school ; but he kept his job at the rubber factory.

As the weeks went by he absorbed the tenets of the theatre. He drifted into playing lineless parts. He walked on the stage before an audience, and was not afraid. He learned the tricks of make-up. On a great evening he spoke his first line from the stage. He was playing a butler. The line was, "Good-evening, madam."

THEN his second mother died. Clark went on the stage that night with his eyes red from weeping ; but he went on. He was learning.

His father could not stand the memories of the farm. He sold it and went back into the oil business in Oklahoma. He urged Clark to join him. Reluctantly, because he believed it to be his duty, the boy obeyed.

In Bigheart, Oklahoma, centre of one of the current booms, young Gable entered another phase of his life—a phase he detested with all his heart. From dawn to dark he worked in the clanking roar of the oil-fields, grimy and greasy from head to foot. They paid him two pounds ten a day ; he would gladly have given the money for his old job in the theatre without salary. But he kept at it for a year, and then he rebelled.

He said good-bye to his father and went to Kansas City. There, almost at once, he landed a job as an actor in a little travelling theatrical company—and he knew that he was "home" again. Then began two years of varied experience. It took him through every state in the west, into hundreds of cities and towns and hamlets. The company played in tents, in barns, in churches and, occasionally, in theatres. They were

always broke. Sometimes they missed meals. But Clark was happy—happier, perhaps, than he would ever be again. To him it was the grand adventure, the satisfaction of his soul.

Eventually they drifted into Butte, Montana. Business had been consistently bad. It was March, but spring was coming late that year and it was bitterly cold. The company came to the end of the trail—stranded. Young Clark Gable, counting his assets as he stood on the railroad platform with the icy wind piercing to his skin, found that his riches amounted to a little more than sixpence.

In a hotel lobby, hungry, he started writing telegrams to his father in Oklahoma. He wrote exactly nine. One by one he tore them up. He knew that he could never go back to the oil-fields. He could not admit that he had failed.

TOWARDS evening a freight train came through. Clark, watching his opportunity, climbed into an empty box-car. The train started westward. Clark slept.

At three o'clock in the morning, stiff and sore, he climbed out of the car and found himself in the railroad yards of Portland, Oregon. His spirits rose. He had friends there. He went into the station to wash his face and hands. He intended to spend the sixpence for coffee and a doughnut. The porter came up and started to brush his wrinkled clothes ; Clark, with a grandiloquent gesture, gave him the sixpence. He knew, anyhow, it was only a question of a few hours until he located his friends. Before noon he found their home ; they had gone to New York the week before.

But the luck that followed Gable through all his adventures was still with him. Through a little theatrical agency, he landed a job with a fly-by-night company leaving that evening for Astoria, a small fishing town. The manager gave him a small advance, and Clark never will forget the dinner he ate that night in a white-tiled café! He had been hungry for days.

No salaries were paid in that little theatrical troupe. It was a profit-sharing proposition. His first week's work netted Clark about thirty shillings, but he never made so much again. On the ninth week, after fourteen performances of two different plays, he found that his share of the profits amounted to just five shillings. He knew it couldn't go on. He went back to Portland.

Show business was in a slump. There were no jobs and Clark had no money. In desperation he turned to a general employment agency and was spotted with a party of engineers leaving to survey some timber tracts in southern Oregon. He worked as a rod man. For nine more weeks he plodded through the heavy bush of the forest country, fighting insects and torn by a peculiar thorny bush which grows in that region. The men kept their hands bandaged all the time. And every day and every night, with a sodden persistence, it rained. Clark's clothes were never completely dry.

He left the engineering gang and drifted into a lumber camp at Silverton, Oregon.

That was in 1922. And there are some good stories told of "Billy" Gable at that time. He lodged at the Cottage Hotel in Silverton and was a great favourite with the other boarders. They used to listen to tales of his experiences with touring companies and they used to laugh at his mimicry. He became known, affectionately, as "Billy the ham actor."

It was the same at the saw-mills, where he worked for the princely salary of twelve shillings a day—the lowest wages paid at that time. They laughed the first day he came to work, for Clark Gable, the actor, had donned the most suitable clothes he could muster for the work —well-cut riding-breeches and riding-boots. He looked strange among the crew of old lumberjacks in their rough flannel shirts and corduroys. But they soon learned to respect the young man who, in spite of his dandified clothes, was able to put in just as good a day's work as the rest of them. And they liked him for his perpetual high spirits. And, though they listened to his great plans and day-dreams of bright lights on



Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery are great pals—and great marksmen. This picture shows them out for a little clay-pigeon shooting—Hollywood's newest craze.

Broadway, they would laugh good-naturedly enough. No one believed he would succeed.

Only Clark really believed in that great future. He worked on at the saw-mill until he had saved enough money to get back to Portland—and the theatrical employment agencies. Still there was nothing doing in show business. Finally, in desperation, Clark took a job in the want-ad. department of the Portland Oregonian. There was a method in this ; he knew he could see the "Help Wanted" ads. before they appeared in the paper. After eight weeks of diligent observation he landed an office job with the telephone company, and stayed there about a year.

But the stage was in his blood, and the smile was on his lips, and the vision was in his heart. He knew that all this was temporizing ; that he did not belong in an office. He saved his money carefully. Some day, he told himself, he would have enough to get to Los Angeles or Chicago. Then he'd make good!

He was attracted to a Little Theatre movement then popular in Portland. The manager was a clever young woman who also conducted a dramatic training school. Clark enrolled and spent every evening in the theatre. It was there that he received his first really professional theatrical schooling, for the Little Theatre was managed as carefully as any metropolitan showhouse.

He conceived a tremendous admiration for Josephine Dillon, the young woman who conducted the theatre and its affiliated dramatic school. A few months later, in Los Angeles, she became his wife.

But before that, in the autumn of 1924, he found he had saved enough money to get to Hollywood, and there he went. Motion pictures did not particularly attract him at this time ; principally he wanted a part on the stage. He found a room in a cheap hotel and began making the rounds of the theatres. He couldn't get a job.

Finally, after several weeks, his funds running low, he began haunting the studio casting offices. He believes he has occupied every bench and every chair in every casting office in Hollywood. That's why, to-day, he is one of the greatest champions of the extra players of motion pictures. He's been there; he knows what it means to be hungry.

His first break came unexpectedly. He was about to leave one of the casting offices one morning when an assistant called to him to wait. He was herded into a little room with a group of other men. They were all tall men, six feet or more in height. An assistant-director came in and looked them over, selecting twenty. Clark was one of the twenty. He felt like a show horse in a judging ring.

For the next three days, in an uncomfortable uniform as a grenadier, he stood with his companions in the back of an enormous set. Ernst Lubitsch was directing. Clark's job was to stand perfectly motionless, hour after hour. Every night he was paid thirty shillings, and he hated the motion pictures with a terrific hatred. But the job ended, and he went back to haunting the producers' offices. Once in a while he had a day's work, but seldom more.

It was his height that started him on the uphill road. Louis O. Macloon was producing *Romeo and Juliet* in a Los Angeles theatre. Jane Cowl was the star. Tall soldiers were needed, and Clark was chosen. He had nothing to do but carry a spear. But he loved it. This, indeed, was the theatre! After a successful Los Angeles engagement they went to San Francisco, then to Portland. It was the first time Clark had ever been in Portland with a job that he liked and money in his pockets. Back at Los Angeles, awaiting him, was his bride.

The show closed in Seattle and the cast was sent back to Los Angeles in a pullman car. It was a great experience for Clark. But he was getting desperate ; he knew that he must begin to progress.

He looked up Macloon and was offered another supernumerary part in the stage production of *What Price Glory?* He asked for something better. Miss Cowl had spoken a word for him to Macloon, and the producer finally gave him a speaking part. It was a comedy soldier and Clark got laughs from the audience. They were sweet music to him. That engagement was the turning point of his career, and his star went into the ascendant.

The principal characters in *What Price Glory?*, as everyone remembers, are "Captain Flagg" and "Sergeant Quirt." The man playing "Sergeant Quirt" left the company. Macloon put



Clark's great popularity was won—in the first instance—by his appearances in "tough" rôles, such as that of a daredevil pilot in *Hell Divers*.

Gable into the part. He doesn't remember how he got through the first night. It was his first big opportunity. When they told him he was satisfactory and that he could keep the part, the relief was so great that he was ill.

After fifteen weeks he went into *The Copperhead* with Lionel Barrymore. To Clark Gable then, as now, Barrymore was an idol. For weeks of that engagement Gable never failed to stand in the wings, when he was not on the stage, watching Barrymore, trying to absorb his technique, marvelling at his genius. He felt that way in later years when he worked with Barrymore in the motion picture, *A Free Soul*.

By the time he was playing the old grey-bearded judge with Pauline Frederick in the stage play of *Madame X*, Clark felt that he was beginning to arrive. He even bought a second-hand automobile and was able to smile when something fell off it every time he turned a corner. He went into *Lucky Sam McCarver*, then *Lady Frederick*. He played a drunken sailor in *Lullaby*. The engagements did not dove-tail, and in the vacant stretches he worked as an extra in motion pictures, playing college boys and soldiers and well-dressed young men.

Still, with all this break of luck, Clark found that he was barely able to meet his expenses. He wanted desperately to save enough money to get to New York, but he could make no progress.



Women made Clark Gable a star. Just look how the extras crowded round for autographs when he was making *Dancing Lady*.

It was the report of big money being paid to top-notch actors in motion pictures that first started him thinking along picture lines. He needed money, and pictures seemed one way to get it. He was able to influence a director to give him a screen test. He approached it with confidence and gave what he thought was his best. When he saw himself on the screen he wanted to hide under his chair. He seemed to be all hands and feet. He was awkward. Then and there, in the little dark projection room in the studio, died his hope of ever attaining anything of consequence on the screen.

But that experience didn't break his spirit. He determined to work twice as hard, to economize, to save enough money to get to New York. His first assault on the film citadel had ended in disaster, but his hopes were far from dead.

He landed a job playing the comedy lead opposite Nancy Carroll in the stage play, *Chicago*. That was the turning point of Miss Carroll's career. She stepped from that part into leading rôles in motion pictures; Gable stepped from it into a stock company in Texas. He went to Houston as second man and heavy. After twelve weeks he became leading man in the company and stayed there thirty-seven weeks. His salary was forty pounds a week, and he saved diligently.

It was at about this time that his first marriage came to an end. He and Josephine Dillon separated and a divorce followed. It was a hard blow for Clark, yet he was not depressed by it. He strove harder at his work—learning all the while—determined to forget this heartache.

Then came the realization of his dream—New York!

It didn't matter to him that he had very little money and no job. The only things that mattered were the hustle and bustle of the metropolis, the crowds on Broadway, the great theatres, the restaurants. He walked down Broadway, one of that throng, with a song in his heart and an abiding faith. New York was never strange to Gable, although he never had been



Clark's greatest joy is to get away on a shooting trip into the mountains. Here you see him overhauling his gear and laying plans for an expedition.

there before and had no acquaintances. It seemed to him, from that first moment in the echoing clamour of the Pennsylvania station, that he "belonged," somehow.

An agent sent him to Arthur Hopkins, and Hopkins gave him his first New York theatrical job—the leading rôle in *Machenal*. To Gable this was heaven. For twelve weeks he trod the boards, leading man in a New York show. To the country boy who had slaved in the oil-fields and the lumber camps, starved in the towns of the west, been kicked around by fate and seemingly destined for failure, it was almost unbelievable.

But from his first appearance on Broadway, he "clicked." Just as he had dreamed he would do, through all those heart-breaking years. After *Machenal*, in rapid succession, he played in *Conflict*, *Gambling*, *Hawk Island* and *Blind Windows*. He lived in a great hotel, had many friends, worked hard and played hard, and was a little dizzy with excitement most of the time.

In May, when the New York theatrical season ended, his old friend Macloon in Los Angeles offered him a summer engagement in *The Last Mile*. It seemed to Gable a grand way to spend the summer ; but before he left for the coast he arranged to start rehearsals in New York in September in *Shoulder Arms*.

He never went back to New York—except on holiday. His star had risen.

His playing of "Killer Mears" in *The Last Mile* attracted the attention of all motion picture producers to young Gable. He was flooded with offers for screen tests. Talking pictures had come in, but Gable still had little hope for success on the screen. The memory of that first screen test was still too vivid. However, Lionel Barrymore, then directing, induced him to try it.

The first result was a cowboy heavy part in *The Painted Desert* for the Pathé company. It was a not unpleasant experience. Gable began to get mildly interested in the films.

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios called him for a part in *The Easiest Way*. He played it. But when they offered him the rôle of the gangster in Joan Crawford's picture, *Dance Fools, Dance,* he did not immediately accept. He said he wanted to consider it.

SEPTEMBER was just around the corner. Back in New York they were waiting for him to begin rehearsals for *Shoulder Arms*. They were holding the part. They were wiring him. When would he arrive?

If he took the job in the Crawford picture he could not play in the show. They'd get somebody else. He might not be able to get such a break on the stage all season. On the other hand, the lure of the studios had begun to creep into his blood. There was a fascination about picture-making. He was almost sure that he liked it.

One night, with a group of friends, he tossed a coin. It was a penny that had been given him "for luck" by

a player in *The Painted Desert*. All actors are superstitious to some degree, and Gable is no exception. If the coin were truly "lucky," it would show him the way.

"Tails, the stage ; heads, pictures!"

He flipped the coin. It came up heads. He walked to a telephone and told the studio he would stay.

Clark Gable's lucky penny certainly gave him the right answer ; but it was something more than luck which, within a few months of that fateful decision, saw Clark promoted to stardom and to the highest favour with the "fans" any actor had known since Valentino died. The "fans" themselves compelled Hollywood to make Clark a star.

Nothing like it has been known in filmland before or since. Once established, a star has always received huge consignments of fan mail ; but Hollywood has had no other experience of a small-part player being picked out by the "fans" for extravagant praise and demands that he shall be starred.

His course in pictures ran a strange gamut after his early sensational success. He was cast in such diverse parts as those he played in *Hell Divers* and *Polly of the Circus*. In the one he was a tough flying man, in the other a clergyman. In *Red Dust*, opposite Jean Harlow, he was a raw, elemental being whose life in the jungle was lived with no polite pretences, while opposite Helen Hayes in *The White Sister* he played with tenderness and restraint one of the most delicate love stories the screen has produced.

Clark was a growing, steadily improving star, in those years from 1931 till 1934. There was nothing spectacular about his career, however, and the people who had made him an overnight sensation a few years before began to feel that he was, perhaps, just another actor. They expected a continuous firework display from Clark and they began to be disappointed.



Clark is a lover of dogs, and these fox-hounds, taken to the studios for a film, quickly found a friend.

Then came *It Happened One Night*. Here was a new, an entirely different fame for Clark. Here was the tough, rough-shod conqueror of women, playing a light-hearted rôle—and playing it with all the mastery of a Robert Montgomery or a William Powell. That picture gave us a new Clark Gable. It was the most brilliant film of its year and of many another year. It won honours all round . . . honours for Clark, honours for Claudette Colbert, honours for the director and the writer. And, at a moment when Clark's career seemed halted, it gave him a new impetus and the chance to strike out in yet another direction.

For Clark has been in danger of being "typed." "Fans" didn't like him in goody-goody rôles and so there was a tendency to keep him for ever in the "tough" parts which had first fashioned his fame. Now he is able to alternate those with more finished, more sophisticated, lighter rôles. You have him in *China Seas* and in *Mutiny on the Bounty ;* and you have him in films like *Forsaking All Others* and *After Office Hours*. Each rôle adds to the lustre of his stardom.

If anything, his tastes have become simpler as his success mounted. He takes little part in the dizzy social life of the screen capital. He has a few intimate friends, and they are his life. Sometimes with them, but more often alone, he goes into the mountains whenever he has the time, fighting through the brush with his dogs and his gun, and usually coming back with game. Always, in the autumn, when the deer season opens, he takes a trip into the wilderness of the High Sierras of California or the mountainous country of Arizona, and spends a week or two in camp.

He plays a fairish game of bridge and doesn't care much for it; he smokes a pipe with a medium brand of tobacco; he's crazy about dogs and horses and guns ; he plays a pretty good game of golf and has been known to throw away his clubs and vow never to touch them again; he loves fast automobiles and spends hours at his radio.

For in all these things, as in his life, Clark Gable is still pretty much an average man.

This is Why HOLLYWOOD







George Murphy, with whom Nancy Carroll has made films so often, paid a visit to Palm Springs, too—and did these stars have fun ? Swimming, cycling, riding in an old-fashioned " buggy " . . . . and still they call it going for a " rest."

Goes to PALM SPRINGS

Nancy Carroll posed for these pictures which just "go for to show" the good times that stars can have when they're off duty. Many of them spend their leisure at Palm Springs . . . . and can you wonder? It seems to be the ideal playground; although, even there, autograph-hunters cannot be completely eluded, as Nancy found in one of the pictures on this page.







Movie-Making Round

UNABLE, after the Armistice, to settle down to office life in London, I invested my war gratuity in a single ticket to Saskatchewan in Canada and became a farmer's boy, hoeing, ploughing, reaping. Deep down in me somewhere was the determination to become a film star, so when I learned that a "location" unit from London, England, was in Hollywood, I decided to try my luck.

That was my first step in the game of movie-making round the world. My hopes of becoming another Wallace Reid were soon dashed. They gave me a test, shook their heads and did not even bother to supply any "regrets."

Cameras interested me, and I asked to be allowed to join a camera crew. Very soon I bore on my shoulders honourable scars made by carrying cameras from place to place. Then, by accident, I was promoted to the rank of first cameraman during a location trip at sea. I was sick, but the chief was sicker, and the job was handed to me.

After that I came back to England and for four years I remained here, working at Worton Hall for the same company as in Hollywood as a cameraman.

Since then I have travelled, often at very short notice, to some odd corners of the earth—Nigeria, Canada, Malta, India, North, East and South Africa. This does not include the grand tour made by King Edward VIII, as Prince of Wales, in 1925.

On that occasion my job was called "Official Cinematographer to His Royal Highness," and my principal duty was to make a complete series of short films of the Prince's adventures—a duty performed, be it said, with such zeal that it is surprising I was not thrown to the Zulus.

Included among these scenes was the film record I took of the "Crossing the Line" ceremony in H.M.S. Repulse, which ship served as our transport for the period of the trip.

Perhaps the most fascinating part of a job like mine is that one acquires a smattering of so many interesting trades and callings. In the course of preparing and directing outdoor or colonial dramas one may tackle ship construction, in order to refit ships for blowing-up purposes, as we did in *"Q" Ships*, filmed off Portland Bill. For this film I also made a comprehensive study of submarines. One studies engineering, the working of aeroplanes, the operation of machine-guns, tanks, railroads, and gold mines, the work of the Camel Corps in North Africa, how to organize gunfire and barrages, the technical side of demolition of ships and other large objects to ensure realism when photographed. One has learned the job of trapper, lumberjack, chemist, first-aid man. One has made a study of period costumes and



Filming a scene for *Soldiers Three* on the North-west frontier of India. A Gaumont-British unit, under Geoffrey Barkas, made the trip to India for this picture and worked under severe difficulties in a country where lawless border tribes are always apt to attack any party that seems to promise rich loot.

the WORLD

An interview with Geoffrey Barkas who has commanded film units in every quarter of the globe—and has had stranger adventures than any man in filmland.. by JEAN MACDOUGALL

history ; native languages of all descriptions ; Army, Navy and Air Force procedure ; and the knack of reading every kind of railway time-table in every part of the earth.

My first big job of organizing and photographing outside England was in Ontario, Canada, making a series of short films, dealing with the lives of trappers, prospectors and fire-rangers.

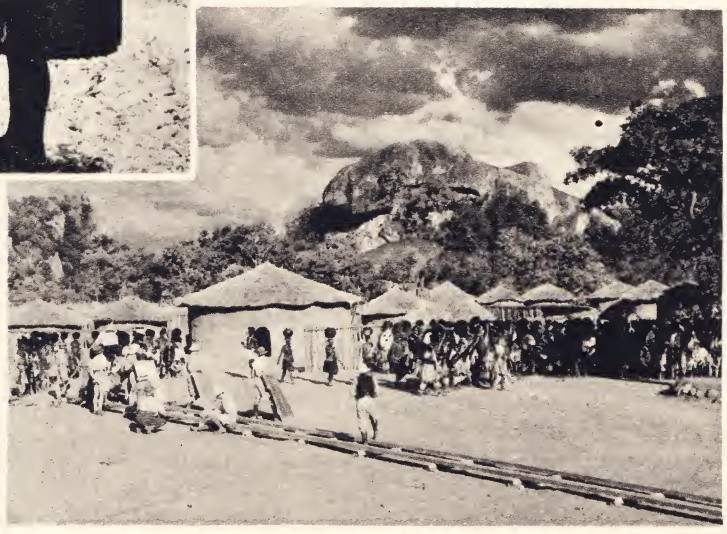
I have some wonderful memories of the year spent in the lake and forest districts of Ontario, shooting rapids in a canoe, driving dog-teams over the ice in winter, practically cut off from outside communication and dependent on the "natives" for entertainment round the camp fires at night.

Another interesting trip was to Nigeria, for *Palaver,* a dramatic film of life among the pagan tribes in the hilly country of West Africa.

That was my first experience of organizing and directing full-length dramatic pictures with white artistes among really primitive native races. In contrast to the large units sent on such productions to-day, there were three of us, all told to produce that film. My wife, who acted as continuity girl, also took charge of the com-







With the '*Rhodes*' unit in South Africa. Geoffrey Barkas is seen at top directing a big crowd scene—his "crowd artistes" being natives—some of whom are seen in the picture directly above, inspecting the G.B. unit's special signpost. (Right) A replica of the great Royal Kraal of King Lobengula—the famous chieftain and friend of Rhodes—was built in the veldt. Note the rails in the foreground—for taking pictures with the camera moving.

missariat and the pay-sheets, while the cameraman became truck driver, mechanic, foreman of coolies and general transport manager.

Tell England took me out to Malta and was one of the several war films in vogue at that period. It was the story of the Gallipoli episode in the War, but, as it was not feasible to go out to Turkey at the time, we decided on Malta as a good enough spot for the reconstruction of certain historical episodes.

My first trip to India was to dramatize the celebrated Houston-Mt. Everest flight which was later screened as *Wings Over Everest*. There being nothing at all heroic about me, I was content to direct operations mainly from the ground or from a modest height over the foothills. But it was thrilling to watch the 'planes going up and up—being lost in the clouds—and then to wait and wonder how they might be faring over the roof of the world.

There were a few tense moments in the life of Cameraman Sydney Bonnett, too, when his oxygen pipe broke and, while still operating the camera, he had to repair the damage in rapid time—or die from want of oxygen in the thin, cold silence high over the Himalayas.

Handling the exteriors for out-door or historical dramas such as *Soldiers Three* and *Rhodes of Africa*, which two films for Gaumont British have come largely into my province, is suggestive of a gigantic jig-saw puzzle.

At home, once the story is decided upon, various officials must be consulted and permits for photographing obtained from them. Costumes for the native extras have sometimes to be provided, and even their war implements on occasion. One must find transport for men, equipment and food. Laboratory facilities must be arranged for, so that the negative can be developed. The cheapest laboratory on record is the one we constructed in Nigeria, during *Palaver*. This cost eleven shillings and ninepence, and was made of mud and straw. It was every bit as effective as the most luxurious labs at home.

. Our chief interest for *Soldiers Three* was the battle that took place near the Khyber Pass. The road over the pass is, technically, British-controlled, but British jurisdiction extends only on the strips of land that lie five yards on either side of the roadway. Hence, if warlike tribes decide to take pot-shots at you from the other side of the five-yard limit, you have no redress whatever.

The period of the film is in the 1890's, so we took along army uniforms of that time and dressed up the men of the 2nd Battalion of the Welch Regiment who were then stationed in the region of the Khyber Pass. As we were about to begin our mock war, a real one broke out some miles down the road, and the troops were obliged to down their out-of-date arms for those of to-day, quell the rising—and then returned to complete their job of work for *Soldiers Three*. Another time the women and children of the 1st Devon Regiment served as extras.

It was during this trip that I received a cable from the studios to proceed to Africa and direct the outdoor scenes for the *Rhodes* film. This meant that, instead of being able to run around London, visiting museums, research had to be done by cable.

As soon as we reached Africa I had the help and co-operation of the Government Departments, and this was one of the most engrossing of all location trips I have ever made.

The *man* Rhodes has never been portrayed in cold print as he really was. It was by going to the diggings and talking to old men who knew him, by seeing the little dirty bits of paper treasured by those who now hold them, that served as cheques and "orders" of Cecil Rhodes, that one understood the real man.

He was a man who carried no money whatever on



During the making of *Soldiers Three* in India these women and children (wives of men of the 1st Battalion Devon Regt.) were employed in extra work.



Geoffrey Barkas and cameramen at Portland when *Q Ships* was made. Note the high platform constructed so that shots could be taken of the craft submerging.



Geoffrey Barkas, Mrs. Barkas and one assistant formed the complete unit for *Palaver*. Here they are seen examining tests outside the " dark room," which cost 11s. 9d. to build.



Picturesque moment during the making of *Palaver* in Nigeria some time ago, one of Geoffrey Barkas's first trips.



Nigerian " extras " draw their pay after a day's work on *Palaver*. Mrs. Barkas acted as treasurer.

him. If he wanted money paid to anyone he would tear off a piece of paper from a pad, or even utilize the back of an envelope, and scribble a brief command to pay, initial it and hand it to whoever wanted it with instructions to present it at Rhodes's Bank. In the same way he would procure labour for his schemes. The incredible thing is that never once were his terse, unconventional demands dishonoured.

We discovered that there still lived Ndaniso Kumalo, nephew of old Lobengula, King of the Matabele, whom Rhodes had known so well. Kumalo was a young captain of Indunas in Rhodes' day and told us many things about him we might never otherwise have discovered. We brought him back to London, to work in the studios, and a grand, wise old man he proved to be. Civilization, though wonderful to him, did not awe him at all. Only one thing moved him—the sight of King George.

For that he came. And there were tears in his eyes when he did actually meet the late King, in the courtyard of Buckingham Palace.

When he returned to Matabeleland he had a large, circular audience hut built, for the especial purpose of describing his adventures to his subjects.

I MADE yet another trip to Canada early this year to spy out the land for the film dealing with the pioneer work of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Although the story is mainly fiction—a human drama in a great setting —the backgrounds and many of the incidents are based on history and, as these took place within the memory of men who are alive, our work was fairly straightforward.

Yes—it's an interesting life, not knowing where you will go next, or when. The worst part is packing. But then there is always something.

British Studios - Then



The cornerstone in the development in British studios was laid by Alexander Korda, says our contributor.

IF, in the years that passed before 1933, British films were advancing steadily in public favour and were putting behind them the old "glasshouse days" when moving pictures were made in what now seems a most slap-dash manner—then the three years 1933-36 have witnessed the *development* of a real "live" industry.

Side by side with the actual making of films, which to-day accounts for so many thousands of workers, artistes, directors, writers and technicians, is the vast expansion of studio building.

At Denham, Alexander Korda has erected the most up-to-date studios of the time. Three thousand workmen were employed daily over a period of eight months, not including the specialized men, engineers, electricians and technical supervisors.

Is it stretching the point too far to say that the cornerstone in this development in studios was laid by Korda and Charles Laughton when they joined forces in a gamble over *The Private Life of Henry VIII?*

Frankly, this seems to me the start. In 1933, when the American invasion of Britain really began, the studios were much as they had been since the beginning of talkies.

Gaumont-British had opened their new studios the year previously at Shepherd's Bush. At the time these were the most up to date of any in the country. They consisted of five large floors and one recording studio, with two more floors at their "little sister" establishment at Islington.

At British International, in 1933, Ben Lyon, Bebe Daniels, Sally Eilers and Thelma Todd taught the boys of the unit to speak American, and the cook in the restaurant learnt to concoct unheard-of American dishes. At that time B.I.P. had nine stages, two of them the original silent studios, the others constructed when "sound" arrived, in 1928.

British and Dominion, next door, had three floors ; Audible Filmcraft, beside the railway station, had one. We know that building to-day as the J.H. Studio, an offshoot of Julius Hagen's establishment at Twickenham. Over the road the old Blattner Studio, a real veteran of the British film industry, worked unobtrusively, mainly used for experimenting purposes. Farther down the road, nearer the village, was the Spicer Dufay Company, also experimenting with colour for films.

Ealing had built two very efficient floors on the site of the old Barker studio, with all kinds of new ideas for co-operation, even to mottoes on the wall, and a system of inter-connected telephones and messenger boys on bicycles.

Beaconsfield, with one studio, was much as it had been when first erected through the inspiration and co-operation of Edgar Wallace, who was one of the founders of the British Lion Company. Twickenham and Teddington and Sound City had one floor each. The famous "silent" studios at Cricklewood, where Stoll produced many "epics" of the old days, possessed two stages, modernized and equipped with sound.

Walton, the first of all British studios, had acquired a new floor when talkies arrived, erected in the gardens of the six houses that comprised the studio buildings.

At Wembley, where pictures had been made in some of the Exhibition buildings, there had been a fire. A reconstructed studio was built on the site of the old one. This was then known as Associated Sound Film Industries. Now it is where Fox make their British quota films.

Welwyn, known in 1933 as the home of British Instructional Films, where Mary Field worked on those interesting nature films, had one floor, under the auspices of B.I.P. at Elstree.

In the summer of 1933 Korda began *The Private Life of Henry VIII.* It was completed only through the co-operation of everyone in the company, who agreed to forgo their salaries and work on a "profit-sharing" basis —always provided there were any profits.

EVERYONE knows the sensation that followed the release of this film, in England, America and on the Continent. Britain had really entered the universal field at last. The players in the film, almost without exception, became stars and feature players of repute since 1933. Alexander Korda became a power in filmdom.

The following year other companies, probably egged on by Korda's competition, turned out some of the world's best films: *The Man Who Knew Too Much, The Scarlet Pimpernel, Nell Gwyn, Blossom Time, Little Friend, Jew Süss, Man of Aran,* and several others.

Nineteen thirty-five was notable for the development of stars rather than the discovery of new ones ; and

and Now

The past two or three years have seen, in the world of British films, an unparalleled series of developments. Money and enterprise have poured into the industry, and to-day, says "The Nomad," noted gossip writer of FILM PICTORIAL, you wouldn't recognize the British film industry of three years ago.

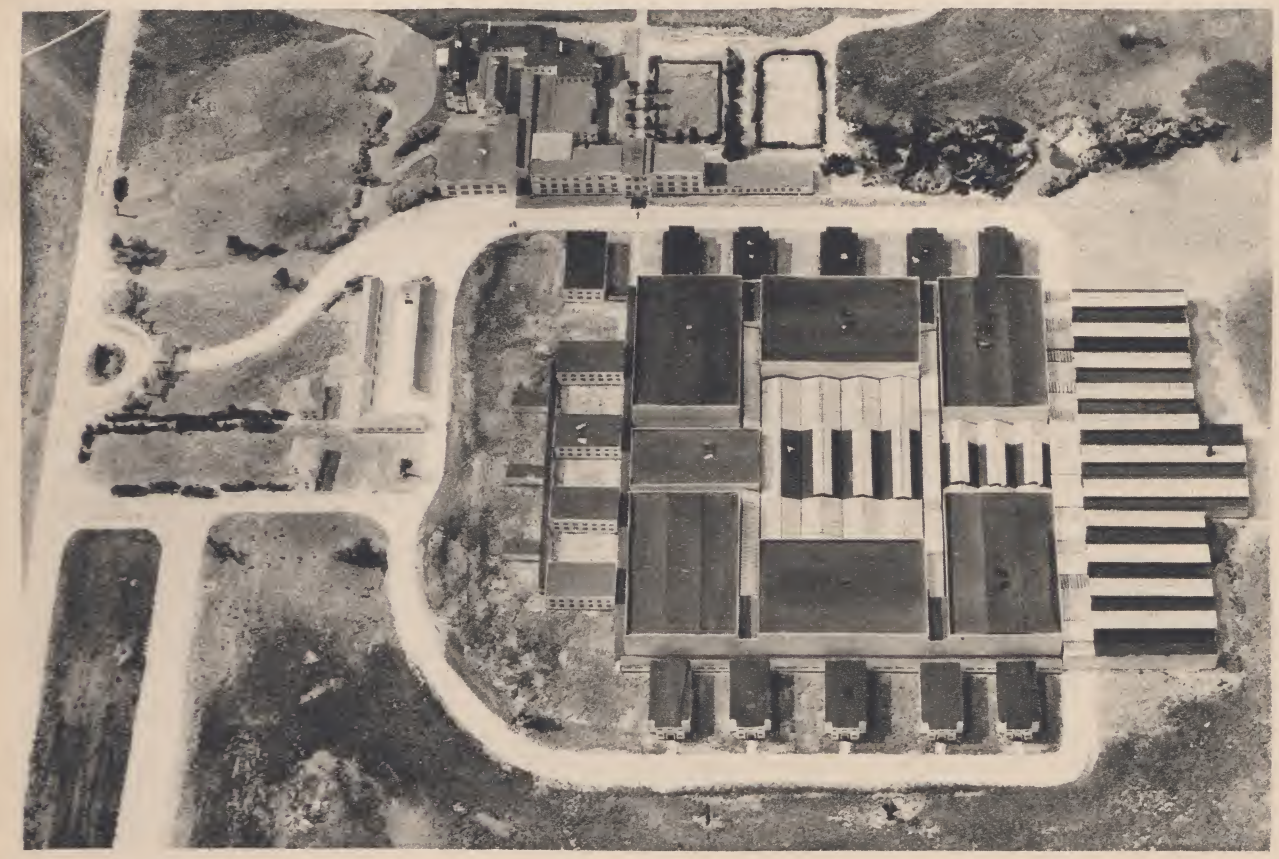
1936 has been described as the "great year for independent companies."

You may wonder what all this has to do with bricks and mortar. Each one of these things has contributed to the present flourishing condition of the British film industry. The higher standards of production have brought about world-wide distribution for British films. American stars, writers and technicians no longer wonder whether they ought to risk working for British companies. And the world of finance does not hesitate to "back" film companies.

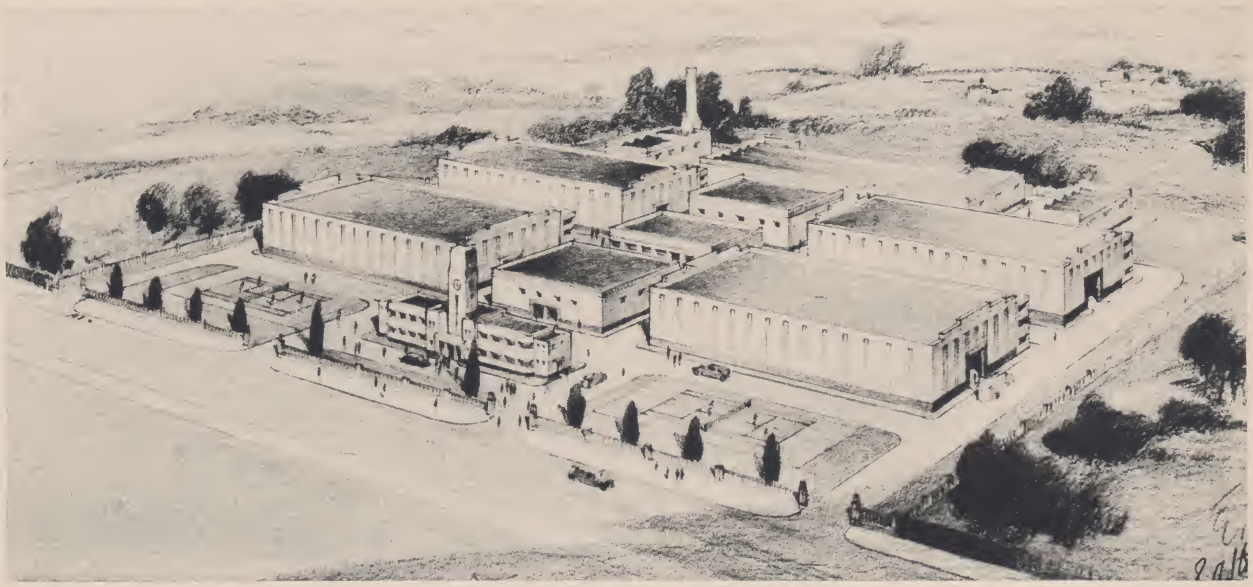
Korda—that man is always in at the start of something—concluded an agreement with a big insurance company for financial backing to a tremendous extent. Paul Soskin, one of the brightest newcomers to films, has an influential uncle who has such confidence in his nephew's filmic ability that he has financed the construction of the Amalgamated Studios at Elstree.

Lady Yule, widow of the famous ship-owner, and Arthur Rank, the millionaire, are behind British National Films. Basil Dean has the co-operation of the Courtaulds who manufacture silk ; Herbert Wilcox has a working agreement with C. M. Woolf, one of the most astute men in Wardour Street.

The new studios are in different corners of the outlying districts of London. The Denham Studios, with ten stages, cover an area of twenty-eight acres, which is the ground actually built on. Exterior lots and gardens



The Pinewood Studios at Iver have been erected by British National Films, a new company. Here are four sound stages with a country club attached, complete with tennis courts and swimming pool.



Absolutely up to date are the Amalgamated Studios at Elstree, built by the Soskin interests. The above is an architect's plan for the building. The company plans to spend half a million pounds on the project.

account for roughly about 165 acres more. The dressing-rooms are the last word in luxury ; they include sixteen suites for the big stars, with smaller suites for lesser stars. Special accommodation has been arranged for crowd workers to spend their days in as much comfort as possible.

The water required for cooling the giant Diesel engines which supply the electric power, is drawn from the river running through the grounds ; 45,000 gallons an hour is pumped through to the power-house. In addition, the river provides fishing for members of the company.

Jack Oakey, who designed Warner Brothers' Studios at Burbank, in California, has been responsible for the entire construction of the Denham establishment, and has installed a new system of air-conditioning, by which the bad air of the studios is drawn off through channels as it reaches the ceilings, and cool fresh air driven in through wall tunnels. Ingenious and health-giving, and a boon to those of us who spend our days—and often half our nights—under the arc lamps.

At Iver, about an hour's run from London, are British National's new studios. These are known as Pinewood Studios and are being erected in conjunction with Mr. Charles Boot. Present plans are for four floors; but stowed away in a safe in the London offices of the company are plans for extending this number to sixteen, if and when necessary.

When completed, Hatherdene Hall, as it was originally named, will be a complete country club with facilities for making films under ideal conditions. Film-makers will be able to play tennis, swim in the pool or laze under the trees when they have the opportunity.

An outstanding feature of the many new studios under construction is that each "unit" is self-contained, covering all the departments necessary for making movies — cutting-rooms, camera-rooms, projection theatre, restaurant, workshops, dressing-rooms and property-rooms.

These are necessary nowadays owing to the fact that there are so many independent producing companies who prefer to "rent" a studio for making their films, rather than to own a building which runs them into thousands of pounds for overhead charges.

The Amalgamated Studios at Elstree are being built on these lines, too, by the Soskin interests—Nephew Paul and Uncle Simon Soskin.

When completed these will rank among the largest in Europe. There are eight sound stages, each convertible into two smaller ones when required, and two pre-view theatres with seating for a thousand people each. There are dressing-rooms and other necessary departments. In all there will be accommodation for four complete production units at one and the same time ; and the company plans to spend at least £500,000 in construction. Paul Soskin intends to make four to six films a year there, under his own supervision. The rest of the floor space can be rented by all comers.

Sound City, at Shepperton, has erected five new floors which, with the original two, give facilities for producing about fifty films a year.

HERE is an ideal spot for making films. The grounds of the original estate are laid out in gardens, terraces, lakes, and a river runs through part of the garden. Fields, a church and several bridges are all useful for exteriors.

These studios are also mainly for renting by independent producers—especially Stafford and Wainwright. They will be used largely to supply the necessary British films which American companies are bound by the quota law to exhibit on the screens in this country.

Irving Asher has built another large floor at Teddington. This is convertible into two, and has the attendant enlargements of workshops and other equipment.

Probably the most romantic of all British film stories is the rise of Julius Hagen, from the renting side of films in Wardour Street, via the production of "quota quickies" at the studios he acquired at St. Margaret's, Twickenham. By working night and day shifts at the same time he accumulated sufficient capital to construct an additional floor, which was put into commission in 1935.

Then came the fire at the end of 1935, which totally destroyed the old building—where "Joe Stern" worked as a property-man and assistant-director before he went to Hollywood and became Joseph von Sternberg. This necessitated finding another studio. Hagen bought the old Audible Filmcraft studio at Elstree, where Korda had made part of *Things to Come*, and where many independent producers have worked during the last two years. Before then the studio had stood empty and forlorn, till someone bought it and made it sound-proof.

THIS has now become the "J. H. Studios," and Hagen has land to extend as soon as the necessity arises.

Joe Rock, for some time an associate producer at Gaumont and before that in Hollywood, bought the old Blattner Studios. He re-equipped them and extended the floor space. Here he made the Harry Roy film last year.

British International and British and Dominion both suffered from a disastrous fire last February, which necessitated a good deal of re-building and consequent enlarging of their premises at the same time. Welwyn, with an additional floor, is used as a "renting" studio.

Gaumont acquired land at Northolt in 1935, where they erected many permanent exterior sets, in the Hollywood fashion. They have ample room, on their eighty acres, to build more studios when Shepherd's Bush overflows, as it is bound to do in the course of time.

Ealing doubled its floor space during 1934, with an attendant number of new dressing-rooms and other equipment, as well as transforming into "exterior sets" some of the gardens which used to surround the buildings.

An old studio to take on a fresh appearance is Worton Hall, where in the silent days of long ago G. B. Samuelson made his films. Korda rented this for twelve months and erected an enormous floor. Previously two new stages had been erected, a large and a small recording stage. Now Douglas Fairbanks Jnr. is installed there, since he formed his own company, known as Worton Hall Films.

All these additions are the last word in modern efficiency. Hollywood and Britain are on an equal footing.





Visiting this country in 1933, Constance Bennett said most emphatically that she would never make a film in Britain. In 1936 she came to make *Everything is Thunder* for Gaumont-British—a pointed proof that British pictures have risen in esteem. (Left) During the building of five new sound stages at Sound City, Shepperton.

Very "Moving" Pictures

are these of Jean Parker and Mary Carlisle in a studio leisure-hour







Jean Parker, the brunette, and Mary Carlisle, the blonde, are two of the most sparkling starlets at M.G.M. studios. Both of them have recently visited England to make pictures.

Biographical Index

The following is an index for FILM PICTORIAL ANNUAL FOR 1937, together with short biographical notices about the prominent film personalities mentioned throughout the book. It constitutes an invaluable guide to the famous in Screenland.

Actress, The. 15.

After Midnight. 15.

After Office Hours. 139.

Alexander Hamilton. 94.

ALLAN, Elizabeth. Picture, 28; 51; picture, 97; article and pictures, "The Loveliest You," 100, 101.
Born Skegness, April 9, 1910. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 6 in. In 1933 she was released from a British contract to go to Hollywood and has made good under the M.-G.-M. banner.

All the King's Horses. 96.

ANGEL, Heather. 68; autograph portrait, 45.
Born Oxford, February 9, 1909. Dark hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. Married to Ralph Forbes. She made her first film in 1930. She went to Hollywood in 1933, and has enjoyed considerable success. It was in Hollywood that she found romance in the person of Ralph Forbes.

ARGYLE, Pearl. Picture, 53; picture, 67.
Born Johannesburg, November 7. Dark hair and eyes. Primarily a dancer, she is at last making a name on the screen, after many disappointments.

ARLISS, George. Picture, 19.
Born London, April 10, 1868. Grey hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 9 in. Married to Florence Montgomery. Described as "the first gentleman of the screen," he has starred both in British and American films, and is one of the screen's most beloved artistes.

ASHER, Irving. 148.
Born San Francisco, September 16, 1903. Married to Laura La Plante. He has worked his way from a humble beginning in motion pictures to the important post of managing director of Warner Bros.'-First National Studios at Teddington.

ASTAIRE, Fred. Picture, 22; picture, 24; autograph portrait, 34.
Born Omaha, Nebraska, May 10, 1900. Dark brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 9 in. Married to Phyllis Livingston-Potter; one son. His flying feet in a Radio musical film are guarantees of excellent entertainment and box-office success.

BACON, Lloyd. Picture, 83.
Born San Jose, California, 1890. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 10 in. He played on the stage and then in films. In 1921 he had his first director's job, and since 1932 has directed exclusively for Warner Bros. and First National.

BARBIER, George. Picture, 95; 96.
Born Philadelphia, November 9. Grey hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 9 in. Married.

BARKAS, Geoffrey. Article and pictures, "Movie-Making Round the World," 142–145.
The man who directed *Palaver* and *Q Ships*, and has recently handled all outdoor and overseas location work for important Gaumont-British films.

BARNES, Binnie. Pictures, 110.
Born London, March 25, 1906. Red hair, dark eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 5 in. Married to Sam Joseph. She started her film career in British films, but has been captured by Hollywood on a Universal contract.

BARNETT, Vince. Picture, 92; 95.
Born Pittsburgh, July 4, 1903. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 6 in. Married to Genevieve Meier.



George Arliss.

Barretts of Wimpole Street, The. 17; 91.

BARRIE, Mona. Picture 92; 94.
Born London, December 18, 1909. Brown hair, hazel eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 5 in. Married to Paul Bolton.

BARRYMORE, John. Picture, 25.
Born Philadelphia, February 15, 1882. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 8 in. He has been on the stage since 1903 and in films since 1912.

BARRYMORE, Lionel. 137; 138.
Born Philadelphia, April 28, 1878. Dark hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married to Irene Fenwick. Another brilliant member of a brilliant family. He made his first film in 1909, but went back to the stage. In 1915 he tried again, but it was not until some ten years later that he really took the screen seriously.

BARTHOLOMEW, Freddie. Picture, 24; 51; autograph portrait, 125.
Born Harlesden, London, February 8, 1924. Brown hair, blue eyes. His playing of the child David in *David Copperfield* gave him a contract with M.-G.-M., and a very promising future on the screen.

BAXTER, Warner. Picture, 49.
Born Columbus, Ohio, March 29, 1892. Dark hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 10 in. Married to Winifred Bryson. After fourteen years in films he is still one of the biggest box-office attractions on the screen.

Beau Geste. Picture, 23.

BEERY, Noah. Picture, 19.
Born Kansas City, January 17, 1884. Black hair, brown eyes. Ht. 6 ft. 1 in. Married to Marguerite Lindsay; one son. Fifteen years on the stage preceded his entry into films in 1912. He has recently played in British films.

BEERY, Wallace. Picture, 22; 50.
Born Kansas City, Missouri, April 1, 1889. Ht. 6 ft. 4 in. Married to Rita Gilman; one adopted daughter. It is difficult to believe that this doughty exponent of "tough" rôles was once a female impersonator. He is now one of M.-G.-M.'s best box-office draws.

BENNETT, Constance. Picture, 149.
Born New York, October 22, 1906. Fair hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in. Married to Marquis de la Falaise; one adopted son. Although she played in silent films, it was talkies which made her one of the foremost screen stars. Early this year she visited England to make a film for Gaumont-British.

BENNETT, Joan. Autograph portrait, 123.
Born Palisades, New Jersey, February 27, 1911. Golden hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 3 in. Married to Gene Markey; two daughters, one by a previous marriage. She is rapidly reaching the considerable popularity enjoyed by her elder sister, Constance.

BENNY, Jack. 51.
Born Chicago, February 14. Dark brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 9 in. Married to Mary Livingstone; one child. This popular American radio artiste is pleasing British and American audiences alike in M.-G.-M. films—particularly *Broadway Melody of* 1936.

BERGNER, Elisabeth. Picture, 21; autograph portrait, 39.
Born Vienna, August 22, 1900. Reddish-brown hair, brown eyes. Married to Dr. Paul Czinner. British cinema-goers in general first saw her in *Catherine the Great*, but it was her performance as "Gemma Jones" in *Escape Me Never* which made her a popular star.

BEST, Edna. Picture, 28.
Born Hove, March 3, 1900. Fair hair, blue eyes. Married to Herbert Marshall; one daughter. Although she has played in several films, her most successful métier is the stage.

Big Broadcast, The. Picture, 28.

Bill of Divorcement, A. Picture, 25.

BLACKMER, Sidney. Picture, 91; 92.
Born Salisbury, North Carolina, July 13, 1898. Dark brown hair and eyes. Ht. 6 ft.

Black Room, The. 96.

Blossom Time. 146.

Blue Angel, The. 110.

BOLES, John. 70; picture, 70.
Born Greenville, Texas, October 28, 1900. Brown hair, grey-blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. 1 in. Married to Marceline Dobbs; two children. Though he can play "straight" parts with equal facility, it is in singing rôles that he has had his greatest successes.

BOYER, Charles. Picture-feature, "Charles Boyer at Home," 86.
Born Figeac, France, August 28, 1899. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 9 in. Married to Pat Paterson. He went to Hollywood to play in foreign versions, and made three films in English; returned to the Continent and there played in English versions of French and German films; now he has a contract which keeps him in American productions.

BRADLEY, Grace. Picture, 93; 96.
Born Brooklyn, New York, September 21, 1913. Red hair, hazel eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 2 in.

Bright Eyes. 131.

Broadway After Dark. 14.

Broadway Melody of 1936. Picture, 29.

Broken Barriers. 14

BROWN, Johnny Mack. Picture, 19.
Born Dothan, Alabama, September 1, 1904. Black hair, brown eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married; two children. He played in college theatricals, then on the stage proper, and in 1927 entered films.

BRUCE, Virginia. Autograph portrait, 117.
Born Minneapolis, September 29, 1910. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in. Her marriage to the late John Gilbert gave an impetus to her screen career.

BUCHANAN, Jack. Picture, 20; picture, 27.
Born Glasgow, April 2, 1891. Dark hair and eyes. Ht. 6 ft. 2 in. He has extended his immense stage popularity by a succession of musical films.

BUTLER, David. 131.
Born San Francisco, December 17, 1895. Black hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. He directed Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in some of their most successful films.



Charles Boyer.

BUTTERWORTH, Charles. Picture, 49.
Born South Bend, Indiana, July 26. Sandy hair, blue eyes. Married to Ethel Kenyon. His air of amiable goofiness has contributed comedy sequences to many films since his first in 1930.

BYRON, Arthur. Picture 29.
Born Brooklyn, New York, April 3, 1872. Grey hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 10 in. Married to Kathryn Keys; three children. He made his stage début in 1889, his first film in 1932. He is an excellent and popular character actor.

CAGNEY, James. Picture, 20.
Born New York City, July 17, 1904. Red hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 8 in. Married to Frances Vernon. He has been playing "tough" rôles for Warner Bros. since 1931.

CANTOR, Eddie. Picture, 20; 96.
Born New York, January 31, 1893. Black hair, dark brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 8 in. Married to Ida Tobias; five daughters. His goggle-eyes and distinctive type of comedy have graced many Sam Goldwyn productions, beginning with *Whoopee.*

CARLISLE, Mary. Pictures, 150; picture, 160.
Born Boston, Mass., February 3, 1912. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 1 in. M.-G.-M. contract player, recently in England to play in *Love in Exile*, with Clive Brook and Helen Vinson.

CARMINATI, Tullio. Picture, 28; autograph portrait, 122.
Born Zara, Dalmatia, September 21, 1894. Dark hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 9 in. Made his first film in 1933, but his rôle opposite Grace Moore in *One Night of Love* gave him world-wide popularity.

CARROLL, Madeleine. Picture-feature, "Madeleine Carroll at Home," 80; picture 97; article and picture, "Poise and Grace," 103; autograph portrait, 114.
Born West Bromwich, Staffs., February 26, 1906. Ash-blonde hair, blue eyes. Married to Captain Philip Astley. Although she has had a Gaumont-British contract for some time, she prefers to go to Hollywood so that she may work harder.

CARROLL, Nancy. 137; pictures, 140, 141.
Born New York City, November 19, 1906. Auburn hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in. Her first silent film was *Ladies Must Dress;* her first talkie *The Shopworn Angel.*

Catherine the Great. 21.

Cavalcade. 91.

CHANDLER, Helen. Picture, 29.
Born Charleston, South Carolina, February 1, 1909. Ash blonde hair, blue-grey eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 3 in. Married to Bramwell Fletcher. She made her screen début in 1927 and recently has played in British films.

CHANEY, Lon. Picture, 6.
Born Colorado Spring, April 1, 1883, died August 26, 1930. Black hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 9 in. He was Karloff's predecessor as a master of make-up. His portrayal of the bogus cripple in *The Miracle Man* made him famous.

Channing of the North West. 14.

CHAPLIN, Charles. Picture, 29.
Born London, April 16, 1889. Dark brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 6 in. For four years no Chaplin film was made. Then came *Modern Times*, his latest, and some say his best.

Cheat, The. 90.

China Seas. 139.

CHURCHILL, Marguerite. Picture, 91; 93.
Born Kansas City, December 25, 1910. Auburn hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 6 in. Married to George O'Brien.

CLIVE, Colin. Picture, 27.
Born St. Malo, France, January 20, 1900. Dark brown hair, brown eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married to Jeanne de Casalis. He made his stage début in 1919 and his first film in 1931.

CODY, Lew. Picture, 7.
Born Berlin, New Hampshire, February 22, 1891, died May 31, 1934. Black hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 11 in. He was originally intended by his French parents for the medical profession, but became an actor instead. His first film was *The Mating*, in 1915.

COLBERT, Claudette. Front cover; picture, 23; 69; picture, 70; picture, 97; article and picture, "Smile and Succeed," 106, 107; 139.
Born Paris, France, September 13, 1905. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in. Married to Dr. Joel Pressman. Her excellent work in *It Happened One Night* made her one of Hollywood's premier actresses. She is also now considered Hollywood's best-dressed woman.

College Humor. 95.

COLLIER, Constance. 51.
Born Windsor, January 22, 1878. This fine character actress made her first film in 1917, and was not impressed. Last year, however, M.-G.-M. persuaded her to sign a contract under which she is making a great screen success.

COLLINS, Cora Sue. 112.
Born Clarksburg, Virginia. Dark hair, brown eyes. She has played more famous actresses "when young" than any other child player in Hollywood.

COLMAN, Ronald. Picture, 23; picture, 28.
Born Richmond, Surrey, February 9, 1891. Dark brown hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 11 in. He made his first Hollywood film in 1923, and is still one of the most popular leading men in the industry.

Come On, Marines. 95.

Condemned. Picture, 28.

COOGAN, Jackie. Picture, 29; 131.
Born Los Angeles, October 26, 1914. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 6 ft. His work as a child player gave him financial independence on his coming of age. He has made one film as an adult.

COOPER, Gary. Picture, 21; picture 29; autograph portrait, 116; 130.
Born Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. 2 in. Married to Sandra Shaw. He has a Paramount contract and an assured place in the roster of Paramount stars.

COURTNEIDGE, Cicely. 19.
Born Sydney, New South Wales, April 1, 1893. Brown hair and eyes. Married to Jack Hulbert; one daughter. This British comedienne has recently broadened her market and added to her experience by playing in *The Imperfect Lady*, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film made in Hollywood.

CRAWFORD, Joan. Picture, 19; autograph portrait, 43; 49; picture, 112; 138.
Born San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1908. Auburn hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in. Married to Franchot Tone. Joan's name heading the cast of a film is a guarantee of brilliance, sophistication and exciting clothes.

CROSBY, Bing. Picture, 28.
Born Tacoma, Washington, May 2, 1904. Light brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 9 in. Married to Dixie Lee; three sons. He has crooned his way into great popularity.

Crowd Roars, The. 20.

Crusades, The. 96.

Dance, Fools, Dance. 138.

Dancing Lady. Picture, 137.



Sally Eilers.

DANIELS, Bebe. 146.
Born Dallas, Texas, January 14, 1901. Black hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 3 in. Married to Ben Lyon; one daughter. She has been on the screen now for over twenty years, an enviable record for a young woman of 35.

David Copperfield. Picture, 24.

DAVIS, Bette. Picture, 29; picture-feature, "Bette Davis at Home," 88.
Born Lowell, Mass., April 5, 1908. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 3 in. Married to Harmon O. Nelson. A Warner contract player, she is the typical American girl. Has come to the fore as a dramatic actress.

DEAN, Basil. 147.
Born Croydon, Surrey, March 26, 1887. Married to Victoria Hopper. He is a well-known stage producer as well as being the founder of Associated Talking Pictures in 1931.

DEAN, Priscilla. 9.
Born New York, November 25, 1896. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 5 in. She made her stage début at the age of four and her screen début at twelve. She was formerly a very prominent film player, but now is seen only seldom on the screen.

DEL RIO, Dolores. 109.
Born Durango, Mexico, August 3, 1905. Black hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 3 in. Married to Cedric Gibbons. Her lithe beauty makes her an ornament to any film in which she appears.

Demi Bride, The. 15.

DE MILLE, Cecil B. 23.
Born Ashfield, Massachusetts, August 12, 1881. Grey hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 11 in. Married to Constance Adams; one adopted daughter. One of Hollywood's most famous directors, he has a long list of films to his credit, including some of the most spectacular in screen history.

DE MILLE, Katherine. Picture, 95; 96.
Born Vancouver, June 29. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in.

Devil's Circus, The. 15.

DIETRICH, Marlene. Picture, 21; 70; picture, 71; picture-feature, "Marlene Dietrich at Home," 76; picture, 97; 97; article and pictures, "The Mystery of Beauty," 110, 111; autograph portrait, 118; 130.
Born Berlin, December 27, 1902. Red-gold hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 5 in. Married to Rudolph Sieber; one daughter. *The Blue Angel* made in Germany brought her a Paramount contract. Her American fims have made her one of the foremost film players in the world.

DINEHART, Alan. Picture, 91; 94.
Born St. Paul, Minnesota, October 3, 1889. Brown hair, grey eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married to Mozelle Brittone.

Disraeli. Picture, 19.

DIX, Richard. Picture-feature, "Richard Dix at Home," 84.
Born St. Paul, Minnesota, July 18, 1894. Dark brown hair, hazel eyes. Married to Virginia Webster; twin sons. He made his first film in 1921 and was a star of the silent days.

DONAT, Robert. Autograph portrait, 37; picture-feature, "Robert Donat at Home," 81; 103.
Born Manchester, March 18, 1905. Dark brown hair and eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married to Ella Veysey; two children. *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and *The Ghost Goes West* added to the popularity which *The Count of Monte Cristo* had given him.

DOUGLAS, Melvyn. 92
Born Macon, Georgia, April 5, 1901. Blond hair, brown eyes. Ht. 6 ft. 1 in. While playing on the stage in *To-night or Never* he was given a contract and repeated his performance in the film version with Gloria Swanson.

Dover Road, The. 94.

DRAKE, Frances. Picture, 102, 103.
Born New York City, October 22, 1914. Brown hair, grey eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 2 in. This American girl was discovered by talent scouts in British films. She went out to Hollywood under contract to Paramount, for whom she changed her name from Dean to Drake.

Drake of England. 95.

DRESSLER, Marie. Picture, 22.
Born Coburg, Canada, November 9, 1869, died July 28, 1934. Red hair, green eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 7 in. She had had forty-seven years' experience of stage, screen, circus and vaudeville, but it was in talkies that she found her true métier. She was Hollywood's best-loved personality, and her passing was mourned by everyone.

Dreyfus. Picture, 24.

DUNN, James. Picture, 23.
Born New York City, November 2, 1905. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. His second attempt to break into films gave him the lead in *Bad Girl*, with Sally Eilers, and he has had an unbroken run of success since.

Easiest Way, The. 138.

EDDY, Nelson. Autograph portrait, 47; picture, 160.
Born Providence, Rhode Island, July 29, 1901. Blond hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. His fine voice and romantic appearance have ornamented several Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films, notably *Rose Marie*, with Jeanette MacDonald.

EILERS, Sally. 146.
Born New York City, December 11, 1908. Auburn hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 3 in. Married to Harry Joe Brown; one son. She began her screen career in 1929, but it was not until the release of *Bad Girl*, in 1931, that she attained her present popularity with cinema-goers.

ERWIN, Stuart. Picture, 28.
Born Squaw Valley, Fresno County, California, February 14, 1904. Light brown hair, greenish eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 9 in. Married to June Collyer: two children. He made his first film in 1928 and has made a speciality of dumb, slightly bewildered, comedy parts.

Escape Me Never. Picture, 21.

Everything is Thunder. 149.

Excuse Me. 14.

FAIRBANKS, Douglas, Jun. Picture, 29; autograph portrait, 38; 149.
Born New York City, November 9, 1909. Fair hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Last year formed his own producing company in England and made *The Amateur Gentleman.*

Farewell to Arms, A. 106.

FARRELL, Charles. Picture, 20.
Born Onset Bay, Massachusetts, August 9, 1902. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 6 ft. 2 in. Married to Virginia Valli. He sky-rocketed to fame with Janet Gaynor in *Seventh Heaven*, and together they formed a team which was universally popular.

FIELDS, Gracie. Picture, 26; autograph portrait, 36.
Born Rochdale, January 9, 1898. Auburn hair, hazel eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 7 in. Married to Archie Pitt. She is pleasing all her "fans" by making more frequent screen appearances. Her first was *Sally in Our Alley* and her latest *Queen of Hearts.*

FIELDS, W. C. Picture, 24.
Born Philadelphia, February 10, 1879. Blond hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 8 in. His characterization of "Micawber" in *David Copperfield* set the seal on a very successful career.

Flesh and the Devil. Picture, 26.

Flying Down to Rio. Picture, 22.

Forsaking All Others. 139.

Forty-Second Street. Picture, 28.

FRANCIS, Kay. Picture, 22.
Born Oklahoma City, January 13, 1903. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 5 in. The lead in *Gentlemen of the Press*, in 1929, was her first film part. She has a Warner contract and is one of their most popular actresses, as well as one of Hollywood's best-dressed women.

Frankenstein. Picture, 27.

FREDERICK, Pauline. 137.
Born Boston, August 12, 1886. Dark-brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in. She was one of the greatest dramatic actresses of silent films, but since the advent of talkies has been less seen in films.

Free Soul, A. 137.

GABLE, Clark. Picture, 18; picture, 32; 32; 50; life-story with pictures, "Clark Gable, Plain Man," 132-139.
Born Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901. Brown hair, light grey eyes. Ht. 6 ft. 1 in. First of all typed as a strong "he-man," he has since played light comedy rôles, notably in *It Happened One Night*, with Claudette Colbert.

GAHAGAN, Helen. Picture 91; 92.
Born Boonton, New Jersey, November 23, 1900. Brown hair, blue eyes. Married to Melvyn Douglas.



Helen Hayes.

GARBO, Greta. Picture, 18; picture, 21; picture, 26; 49; article and picture, "The Mystery of Beauty," 110, 111.
Born Stockholm, Sweden, September 18, 1906. Golden hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 6 in. The Queen of Movieland, but the most retiring artiste in all filmdom. Notwithstanding her shyness, she is the most-talked-of and written-about on the screen.

Gay Divorce, The. Picture, 24; 96.

GAYNOR, Janet. Picture, 20.
Born Philadelphia, October 6, 1907. Golden-brown hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. *Seventh Heaven* made her a star overnight and gave her the title of "world's sweetheart." Until *The Farmer Takes a Wife* last year she had been faithful to unsophisticated rôles.

Ghost Train, The. Picture, 19.

GILBERT, John. Picture, 6; 15; picture, 26.
Born Logan, Utah, July 10, 1897; died January 9, 1936. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 11 in. He will be best remembered by his admirers for his films with Greta Garbo in the silent days. His work with her in the talkie, *Queen Christina*, was highly praised, but did not bring him back to his former popularity.

GODDARD, Paulette. Autograph portrait, 126.
Born Great Neck, Long Island, June 3, 1911. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in. Charles Chaplin's newest leading lady in *Modern Times.*

GODRIDGE, Constance. Picture, 102; 103.
Born Coventry. Blonde hair, blue eyes. She won a Gaumont-British scholarship, giving her a year's tuition in their studios. She has now played in several films and seems a find for Britain.

Good Companions, The. Picture, 25.

Goodnight Vienna. Picture, 27.

GRABLE, Betty. Picture 96; 96.
Born St. Louis, Missouri, December 18, 1915. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 3 in.

GRIFFITH, D. W. 9.
Born La Grange, Kentucky, January 22, 1880. Brown hair, grey eyes. His work has from time to time revolutionized the film industry, and such films as his *Birth of a Nation* and *Intolerance* are landmarks for all time.

HACKETT, Raymond. 16; 17.
Born New York City, July 15, 1902. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 10 in. He made his first film as a child, but began his adult screen career in the Gloria Swanson film, *The Loves of Sunya.* He has not been seen on the screen recently.

HAGEN, Julius. 93; 146; 149.
Born 1884. Married. He entered the film business in 1913, and in 1928 he founded the Twickenham Studios, which have since turned out some of the most successful British films.

HALLIDAY, John. Picture, 90; 90.
Born Brooklyn, New York, September 14, 1880. Grey hair, hazel eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married to Eleanor Griffith.

HAMILTON, Jane. Picture, 102; 103.
A Radio starlet who is being groomed by the studio.

HAMILTON, Neil. Picture, 23.
Born Lynn, Massachusetts, September 9, 1899. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 11 in. Married to Elsa Whitmer; one adopted daughter. He is one of the most consistently popular players in Hollywood since making his first film in 1923.

HARDING, Ann. Picture, 28.
Born Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7, 1904. Blonde hair, blue-grey eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 2 in. Her ethereal charm has made her popularity survive a succession of slightly gloomy rôles.

HARDWICKE, Sir Cedric. Picture, 24.
Born Lye, Stourbridge, Worcs., February 19, 1893. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 11 in. Married to Helena Pickard; one son. Already very popular on the London stage, his films for British and Dominions have given him a wider appeal and a greater popularity.

HARKER, Gordon. Picture-feature "Gordon Harker at Home," 89.
Born London, August 7, 1885. Fair hair, hazel eyes. He made his first film in 1927 and has made his name as an impersonator of Cockney characters.

HARLOW, Jean. Frontispiece; picture, 23; 49; picture, 51; picture 106; 111; 139.
Born Kansas City, March 3, 1911. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 2 in. She has been publicized as the original and only natural platinum blonde, and as such she startled the world in *Hell's Angels*. Now she announces that she will revert to her natural hair colouring—light brown.

HAYES, Helen. 106; 139.
Born Washington, D.C., October 10, 1901. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 1 in. Married to Charles MacArthur; one daughter. She has announced her determination to make no more films, after a short and brilliant screen career.

Heart's Desire. 96.

Hell Divers. Picture, 136; 139.

Hell's Angels. Picture, 23.

HEPBURN, Katharine. Picture, 25; 69; picture, 70.
Born Hartford, Connecticut, November 9, 1909. Auburn hair, green eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 5 in. A supporting rôle in *A Bill of Divorcement*—and a new star was born. Her arresting personality makes a new film of hers something of an event.

He Who Gets Slapped. Picture, 6; 14; 15.

His Secretary. Picture, 7; 15.

HOHL, Arthur. Picture, 90; 92.
Born Pittsburgh, May 21, 1889. Ht. 6 ft. 2 in.

HOLMES, Phillips. Picture, 49.
Born Grand Rapids, Michigan, July 22, 1909. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. He made his screen début without previous acting experience in 1928. In 1934 he played in the British film, *Ten Minute Alibi*.



Ruby Keeler & Al Jolson.

Honourable Mr. Wong, The. Picture, 25.

HOPKINS, Miriam. 94; picture, 107.
Born Bainbridge, Georgia, October 18, 1904. Silver-blonde hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. Her first film was *Fast and Loose*, in 1930. Last year she played the title rôle in *Becky Sharp*, the first all-technicolour film.

HOWARD, Leslie. Picture, 10; picture, 29.
Born London, April 3, 1893. Blond hair, brown eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married to Ruth Evelyn Martin; two children. He made his first film in 1930, and has played with equal success in British and American productions.

HULBERT, Jack. Picture, 19.
Born Ely, Cambs., April 24, 1892. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married to Cicely Courtneidge; one daughter. He made his first stage appearance in 1911, but changed over to films in 1932, to the great pleasure of cinema-goers.

HUNT, Marsha. Picture, 90; 91.
Born Chicago, October 17, 1917. Black hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 2 in.

If You Were Mine. 96.

Inspiration. Picture, 21.

It Happened One Night. 139.

Jazz Singer, The. 16.

Jew Süss. 146.

JOLSON, Al. 16.
Born Leningrad, May 26, 1886. Black hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 8 in. Married to Ruby Keeler; adopted son. He is recognized as the greatest "mammy" singer in America; his best-known film is *The Singing Fool*.

KARLOFF, Boris. Picture, 27.
Born London, November 23, 1887. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married. His triumph of make-up when he played the part of "the Monster" in *Frankenstein* brought him world-wide popularity.

KEELER, Ruby. Picture, 28; autograph portrait, 120.
Born Halifax, Nova Scotia, August 25, 1909. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in. Married to Al Jolson; adopted son. As Dick Powell's "screen sweetheart" in musical films made by Warner's, she has attracted considerable attention from "fans."

KELLY, Judy. Picture, 91; 93.
Born Sydney, Australia, 1913. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in.

KELLY, Kathleen. Picture, 94; 96.
Born London, December 9, 1912 Blonde hair, hazel eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in.

Kid, The. Picture, 29.

KIRKLAND, Alexander. Picture, 15.
Born Mexico City. Blond hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 11 in. He played in several Fox productions, beginning with *Surrender*, but recently has dropped out of films and returned to stage work in New York.

KORDA, Alexander. Picture, 146; 146; 149.
Born Turkeye, Hungary, September 16, 1893. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. He began directing films in the early days and in 1932 formed London Film Productions, which has rapidly become one of the largest British producing concerns, with affiliations with United Artists.

Lady of Chance. 15.

Lady of the Night. 15.

Larceny Lane. Picture, 20.

Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The. 17.

LAUGHTON, Charles. Picture, 22; picture, 32; 32.
Born Scarborough, July 1, 1890. Brown hair, grey eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 10 in. Married to Elsa Lanchester. He made a sensation in *The Private Life of Henry VIII;* this year, his performance in *Mutiny on the Bounty* has been one of filmland's most abiding topics.

LEE, Anna. 100; pictures, 101.
Born Ightham, Kent, January 1, 1914. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in. Married to Robert Stevenson. Gaumont-British starlet, she has risen considerably in importance and ability since she played a small part in *Ebb Tide* in 1932.

Little Friend. 146.

Lives of a Bengal Lancer, The. Picture, 21; picture, 29.

Living Dangerously. 91.

LLOYD, Frank. Article and pictures, "How We Made 'Mutiny on the Bounty'," 30–32.
Born Glasgow, February, 1889. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 11 in. Married; one daughter. He entered films in 1910 as an actor, later making his name as a director.

LLOYD, Harold. Picture-feature, "Harold Lloyd at Home," 78, 79.
Born Burchard, Nebraska, April 20, 1893. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 10 in. Married to Mildred Davis; three children (one adopted). Though he rarely makes a film nowadays, his old-time popularity still makes his name a household word.

LOMBARD, Carole. Picture, 97; Article and pictures, "Smart Clothes are Beauty's Background," 104, 105; 130.
Born Fort Wayne, Indiana, October 6, 1909. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 6 in. She began her screen career as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty; progress has made her one of Hollywood's most exotic actresses.

Love. 110.

Love in Bloom. 95.

LOVE, Montagu. Picture, 29.
Born Portsmouth, 1887. Red hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. 2 in. He gave up newspaper art for the stage and played first in films during the silent days.

LOY, Myrna. Picture, 26; autograph portrait, 35; picture, 49; 49; picture, 97; 97; article and pictures, "Myrna Loy's Own Ideas," 108, 109.
Born Helena, Montana, August 2, 1905. Red hair, green eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 6 in. Her recent teaming with William Powell in *The Thin Man* and following films have set the seal of success on a screen career which began in 1928.

LUBITSCH, Ernst. 136.
Born Berlin, January 28, 1892. Black hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 7 in. He was a director as long ago as 1914 and he has made some of the most successful films of all times.

LYON, Ben. Picture, 23; 146.
Born Atlanta, Georgia, February 6, 1901. Dark brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married to Bebe Daniels; one daughter. He made his screen début as long ago as 1922; *Hell's Angels* is one of his biggest successes.

MacDONALD, Jeanette. Picture, 20; 49; picture-feature, "Jeanette MacDonald at Home," 82; article and picture, 112.
Born Philadelphia, June 18, 1907. Red-gold hair, blue-green eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in. She was the first of the singing stars of the screen. Her beauty and dignity both on and off the screen still keep her in the front rank.

MACK, Helen. Picture, 90; 90.
Born Rock Island, Illinois, November 13, 1913. Brown hair, dark brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in.

McCREA, Joel. 94.
Born Los Angeles, California, November 5, 1905. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. 2 in. Married to Frances Dee; two sons. Two years of crowd work preceded his first feature rôle in *The Jazz Age* in 1929.

McGlusky the Sea Rover. 95.

McKINNEY, Florine. Picture, 49.
Born Mart, Texas, December 13. Light brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 3 in. She won a personality contest in 1932, the prize for which was a trip to Hollywood and the possibility of screen work. And she has made good on her chance.

Man of Aran. 146.

Man Who Knew Too Much, The. 146.



Joel McCrea.

MARCH, Fredric. Picture, 23.
Born Racine, Wisconsin, August 31, 1898. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 11 in. Married to Florence Eldridge; two adopted children. He is one of Hollywood's most popular leading men, both with producers and audiences.

MARGO. Picture, 107.
Born Mexico City. Blonde hair, dark eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in. As a dancer she was already famous. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur put her into *Crime Without Passion* and she became a film artiste with a considerable following of "fans."

MARSH, Mae. 9.
Born Madrid, New Mexico, November 8, 1895. Auburn hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 3 in. Married to Louis Lee Armes; three children. She was a popular player in silent days, but retired to devote her attention to her three children. In 1932 she made a triumphal come-back as the mother in *Over the Hill.*

MARSHALL, Herbert. Picture, 28.
Born London, May 23, 1890. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married to Edna Best; one daughter. He was popular on the British stage and screen, but has achieved stardom in Hollywood.

MARSON, Aileen. Picture, 90; 91.
Born Egypt. Blonde hair, blue eyes.

MARX BROTHERS. 50.
Harpo, born New York City, November 21, 1893. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 6 in. Groucho, born New York City, October 2, 1895. Black hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 7 in. Married to Ruth Johnstone; two children. Chico, born New York City, March 26, 1891. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 6 in. Married to Betty Chard; one daughter. There used to be four Marx Brothers, but one left the party and now there are three. The result is just as crazy as ever.

Mask of Comedy, The. Picture, 14.

MASSEY, Raymond. Picture, 67.
Born Toronto, August 13, 1896. Ht. 6 ft. 1 in. Married to Adrianne Allen. After brief experience in British studios he went to America to play in *The Old Dark House.* He is a stage producer as well as an actor.

MATTHEWS, Jessie. Picture, 25; autograph portrait, 40.
Born London, March 11, 1907. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 5 in. Married to Sonnie Hale; one adopted daughter. Foremost dancing star of British films, Jessie adds to the number of her "fans" with every film she makes.

MAYER, Louis B. 12.
Born Europe, July 4, 1885. Married to Margaret Shenburg. He began his association with the entertainment world by purchasing a small theatre. Now he controls M.-G.-M.

MENZIES, W. Cameron. Picture, 53.
Born New Haven, Connecticut, July 29, 1896. Light brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 8 in. Married. He has directed films for most of the major Hollywood companies, and last year directed *Things to Come* for Alexander Korda.

MERCER, Beryl. Picture, 29.
Born Seville, Spain, August 13, 1882. Grey hair, dark eyes. Ht. 5 ft. Her motherly figure has graced the screen since 1927.

Michael and Mary. Picture, 28.

MILLAND, Ray. Picture, 93; 95.
Born Drogheda, Ireland, January 3, 1905. Black hair, brown eyes. Ht. 6 ft. 1 in.

Min and Bill. Picture, 22.

MINTER, Mary Miles. 9.
Born Shreveport, Louisiana, April 1, 1902. Golden hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 2 in. She made her screen début at the age of fourteen and became a popular star of the silent screen.

MOLLISON, Henry. Picture, 92; 94.
Born Broughty Ferry. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 11 in. Married to Jane Welsh.

Monte Carlo. Picture, 20.

MONTGOMERY, Peggy. 131.
Born U.S.A., May 21, 1905. Dark brown hair and eyes. The "Baby Peggy" of silent days, back on the screen as a young lady.

MONTGOMERY, Robert. 6; picture, 15; picture, 21; picture, 50; 50; article and picture, 112; picture, 135; 139.
Born Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married to Elizabeth Bryan Allen; one daughter, one son. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's best exponent of light comedy rôles, largely with Joan Crawford.

MOORE, Colleen. Picture-feature, "Colleen Moore at Home," 87.
Born Port Huron, Michigan, August 19, 1902. Reddish-brown hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 3 in. She made her first film in 1917 and was one of the most popular stars of the silent screen. Since talkies came in she has appeared but seldom.

MOORE, Dickie. Picture, 94; 96.
Born Los Angeles, September 12, 1925. Blond hair, brown eyes.

MOORE, Grace. Picture, 28.
Born Jellico, Tennessee, December 5, 1901. Golden hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in. Married to Valentin Parera. Although she had previously sung in *Jenny Lind* and *New Moon*, it was *One Night of Love* which made her famous.

MORGAN, Ralph. Picture, 15.
Born New York City, July 6, 1888. Married to Grace Arnold; one daughter. He went from law to the stage, then into films, signing a contract with Fox.

Morocco. Picture, 21.

MORRIS, Chester. 50.
Born New York City, February 16, 1901. Black hair, grey eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 9 in. Married to Sue Kilbourne; two children. At the age of sixteen he played his first stage part, that of a man of 35. His first film was *The Perfect Alibi.*

MORRISON, Joe. Picture, 93; 95.
Born Grand Rapids, Michigan, November 19, 1908. Dark brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 9 in.

MOWBRAY, Alan. Picture, 92; 94.
Born London. Dark brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married to Lorayne Carpenter; two children.

Mr. Cinders. 94.

Murder by the Clock. 90.

MURPHY, George. Pictures, 140.
Born New Haven, Conn., July 4, 1903. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 11 in.

Mutiny on the Bounty. Article and pictures, 30-32; 139.

NAGEL, Conrad. Picture, 13.
Born Keokuk, Iowa, March 16, 1897. Fair hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Last year he played in a British film, *Ball at Savoy*, bringing to it the experience he had gained in fifteen years of American films.

NEAGLE, Anna. Picture, 27; autograph portrait, 124.
Born London, October 20, 1908. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 5 in. Her creation of the screen rôles of *Nell Gwyn* and *Peg Woffington* has lifted her into one of the most important positions in British films.

Nell Gwyn. 146.

NILSSON, Anna Q. 9.
Born Ystad, Sweden, March 30, 1893. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 7 in. She made her début in 1911 with the old Kalem Company, and was for a time one of the most popular actresses in American films. She had the bad luck to injure herself in a fall from her horse at the height of her career, and her subsequent absence from the screen made her fans forget. She has made films at intervals recently.

Nitwits, The. 96.

Now and Forever. 130.

NUGENT, Eddie. Picture, 93; 95.
Born New York City, February 7, 1904. Dark brown hair, green eyes. Ht. 6 ft.

OBERON, Merle. Picture, 18; autograph portrait, 128.
Born Tasmania, February 19, 1911. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in. Her contract with London Film Productions brought her to the front in British films and her appearance in American films on loan has given her greater popularity.

O'CONNOR, Una. Picture, 90; 91.
Born Belfast, Ireland. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 2 in.

Old Heidelberg. 15.

OLDHAM, Derek. 68.
Born Accrington, Lancs., March 29, 1892. His films have added to the number of admirers of his fine tenor voice which his musical comedy appearances and gramophone records had already brought him.

Old Man Rhythm. 96.

Oliver Twist. 90.

One Night of Love. Picture, 28.

One Way Passage. Picture, 22.

O'SULLIVAN, Maureen. Picture, 27.
Born Boyle, Ireland, May 17, 1911. Dark brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 3 in. A first part in *Song o' My Heart* in 1930 gave her the opportunity to build up a career with a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract.

Our Dancing Daughters. Picture, 19.

Outward Bound. Picture, 29.

Painted Desert, The. 138; 139.

Palaver. 143; 144; pictures, 145.



Mary Pickford.

PARKER, Jean. Autograph portrait, 48; article and picture, 112; pictures, 150.
Born Deer Lodge, Montana, August 4, 1915. Dark brown hair, blue-green eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 3 in. She was made a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star at the age of 19 and has justified the confidence they placed in her. Visited England in 1935 to make *The Ghost Goes West.*

PATCH, Wally. Picture, 91; 92.
Born London, September 26, 1888. Dark hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 11 in. Married; two children.

PATRICK, Gail. Pictures, 110.
Born Birmingham, Alabama, June 20. Black hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 7 in. She is one of the unsuccessful aspirants for the rôle of "Panther Woman" in *The Island of Lost Souls* (not shown in England) who has achieved success in other films.

PICHEL, Irving. Picture, 90; 90.
Born Pittsburg, June 24, 1893. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married; three children.

PICKFORD, Mary. 9.
Born Toronto, April 8, 1893. Golden hair, hazel eyes. Ht. 5 ft. Although she is now a woman of 43, movie-fans still remember the long golden curls of the "World's Sweetheart."

Pleasure Mad. 14.

Polly of the Circus. 139.

POWELL, Dick. Picture-feature, "Dick Powell at Home," 83; autograph portrait, 115.
Born near Mountview, Arkansas, November 14, 1904. Reddish-brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Teamed with Ruby Keeler, he has played in a succession of Warner musicals.

POWELL, Eleanor. Picture, 29; autograph portrait, 41.
Born Springfield, Mass., November 21, 1913. Brown hair, blue eyes. Her dancing put the "stupendous" into *The Broadway Melody of* 1936. When contracts allow she will make *The Broadway Melody of* 1937.

POWELL, William. Picture, 22; picture, 26; 49; autograph portrait, 119; 139.
Born Kansas City, July 29, 1892. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 6 ft. In his first films he was the villain, but his latest rôles show his very great versatility. *The Thin Man* was an epoch in his career.

Private Life of Henry VIII, The. Picture, 18; picture, 22; 146.

Private Lives. 6; picture, 15; 17.

Private Secretary, The. 93.

Q Ships. 142; picture, 144.

RALPH, Jessie. Picture, 28.
Born Gloucester, Massachusetts, November 5, 1876. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 5 in. A stage career lasting 30 years made a foundation for a screen career beginning in 1933.

Red Dust. 139.

Rhodes of Africa. Pictures, 143; 144.

Rise of Helga, The. Picture, 18.

ROBERTSON, Willard. Picture, 93; 96.
Born Runnels, Texas, January 1, 1886. Brown hair, grey eyes. Ht. 6 ft. 1 in.

ROBINSON, Ed. G. Picture, 25.
Born Bucharest, Roumania, December 12, 1893. Black hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 8 in. Married to Gladys Lloyd; one son. He made his first film in 1923, but his appearance in *Little Caesar* in 1930 gave him prominence.

ROBSON, May. Picture, 49; 112.
Born Melbourne, Australia, April 19, 1865. Dark brown hair, blue-grey eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 2 in. In 1933 she celebrated her stage golden jubilee—and she is still going strong, but now only in films.

ROGERS, Ginger. Introduction, 3; picture, 22; picture, 24; picture, 97; article and pictures, "Be an Outdoor Girl," 98, 99; 109; autograph portrait, 113.
Born Independence, Missouri, July 16, 1911. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 5 in. Married to Lew Ayres. She made her screen début in 1930, but not until she was teamed with Fred Astaire in Radio musicals did she become really prominent.

ROLAND, Ruth. 9.
Born San Francisco, 1893. Auburn hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 5 in. She made her screen début at seventeen and made her name in serials. She has suffered every hazard in film-making and has escaped with her life by a miracle on more than one occasion.

Romeo and Juliet. 17.

ROSS, Shirley. Pictures, 106.
This young and talented stage actress is a new recruit to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films.

ROY, Harry. 149.
Born Stamford Hill, London. Black hair, brown eyes. Married to Princess Pearl, daughter of the white Rajah of Sarawak. This popular dance-band leader has recently broken into films with a Joe Rock production called *Royal Romance.*

Sally in Our Alley. Picture, 26.

SAMUELSON, G. B. 149.
A pioneer British producer who was making films in 1914. Most British screen artistes have played for him. In 1920 he made three films in California.

Scarface. 95.

Scarlet Pimpernel, The. 146.

Sea Hawk, The. 32.

Seventh Heaven. Picture, 20.

She. 92.

She Done Him Wrong. Picture, 19.

SHEARER, Douglas. 5; picture, 12.
Brother of Norma Shearer, he is now recording director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

SHEARER, Norma. Life-story and pictures, "The Gallant Life of Norma Shearer," 14-17; 100; pictures, 101; 111.
Born Montreal, Canada, August 10, 1904. Brown hair, blue-grey eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 1 in. Married to Irving Thalberg; two children. Her simple home life and dignified screen rôles combine to make her the world's favourite among movie-goers.

SHUTTA, Ethel. Picture, 20.
Born U.S.A. Blonde hair. Married to George Olsen; two children. She played the leading rôle in the stage version of *Whoopee* and duplicated the rôle in the film version, with Eddie Cantor.

SIDNEY, Sylvia. Autograph portrait, 46.
Born New York, August 8, 1910. Dark brown hair, blue-green eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 3 in. Her first screen attempt was a failure; her second brought her the success her talent so richly deserves.



Herbert Wilcox & Sidney Howard.

Sign of the Cross, The. Picture, 23; 92.

SIM, Alistair. Picture, 91; 93.
Born Edinburgh. Dark hair and eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 11 in.

SIMPSON, Ivan. Picture, 19.
Born Glasgow, 1875. He made his first film in 1915. Later, over a period of twelve years, he was in every Arliss play and film.

SINCLAIR, Hugh. Picture, 21.
Born London, May 19, 1903. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married to Valerie Taylor; one son. He made his British film début after several successful years on the American stage. This was in *Escape Me Never,* in which he played the rôle he had created on the stage.

Singing Fool, The. 16.

SKIPWORTH, Alison. Picture, 29.
Born London, 1875. Auburn hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 5 in. The talkies have given her the opportunity to make her screen career as illustrious as her quarter of a century on the stage.

Slave of Fashion, A. 15.

Smilin' Through. Picture, 10; 17

SMITH, C. Aubrey. Picture, 21.
Born London, July 21, 1863. Fair hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. 2 in. He went on the stage in 1892 and played occasionally in British films. In 1931 he played in *Bachelor Father,* a Marion Davies film, and since then has become one of the most popular members of the English colony in Hollywood.

Snob, The. Picture, 13; 14; 15.

Soldiers Three. Picture, 42; picture, 144; 144.

Sorrell and Son. 92.

SOSKIN, Paul. 147; 148.
Born in South Russia. He made his entry into films as an interior decorator at the Joinville Studios in France. His first essay as a British producer was *Ten Minute Alibi,* and he followed that with *While Parents Sleep.*

Splendour. 94.

Stand Up and Cheer. Picture, 23; 129.

STANDING, Sir Guy. Picture, 21.
Born London, September 1, 1873. Grey hair, blue eyes. Married to Dorothy Hammond; one daughter. He had played in several Paramount films previously, but it was *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* which brought him to public attention.

Stealers, The. 14.

STEWART, Anita. 9.
Born Brooklyn, New York, February 17, 1896. Reddish-brown hair, brown eyes. Married to George P. Converse. This star of the silent screen was trained as a singer, but got a screen part through Ralph Ince, her brother-in-law. Her first films were specially written for her. She is not now on the screen.

Stolen Harmony. 96.

Strange Interval. Picture, 11; picture, 16.

Student Prince, The. 15.

SULLAVAN, Margaret. Autograph portrait, 44; picture-feature, "Margaret Sullavan at Home," 85.
Born Norfolk, Virginia, May 16, 1911. Brown hair, grey eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 2½ in. Starred in her first film *Only Yesterday,* she has gone on to greater triumphs.

Sweepings. 90.

TAUBER, Richard. 96.
Born Austria, 1890. Has starred in *Blossom Time* and *Heart's Desire.*

TAYLOR, Kent. Picture, 90; 91.
Born Nashua, Iowa, May 11. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married; one daughter.

TAYLOR, Robert. Autograph portrait, 127.
Born Filley, Nebraska. Dark hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. He went into films straight from college, got a contract with M.-G.-M., and then the rôle opposite Eleanor Powell in *Broadway Melody of* 1936.

Tell England. 144.

TEMPLE, Shirley. Picture, 23; autograph portrait, 33; 107; article and pictures, "Lovable," 129-131.
Born Santa Monica, California, April 23, 1929. Golden hair, blue eyes. Her appearance in *Stand Up and Cheer* began a series of films which have endeared her to every cinema-goer in the world.

THALBERG, Irving. 11; 13-17; picture, 17.
Born in Brooklyn, New York, May 30, 1899. Dark brown hair and eyes. Married to Norma Shearer; two children. In a very few years this dynamic young man has made himself chief production manager of one of the most successful Hollywood producing companies—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Their Own Desire. 17.

Thin Man, The. Picture, 26.

Things to Come. Story of the film with pictures, 52-67; 149.

Thirty-nine Steps, The. 103.

TODD, Ann. Picture, 19.
Born Hartford, Cheshire, 1911. Golden hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in. Married to Victor Malcolm. Her first film was *Keepers of Youth* in 1931. At the end of last year she signed a contract with Alexander Korda and played in *Things to Come.*

TODD, Thelma. 146.
Born Lawrence, Massachusetts, died December 16, 1935. Blonde hair, grey eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in. She was a schoolteacher when she was chosen by Paramount as a pupil for its School of Acting. She had a varied and successful career in American films and in 1933 made a film at Elstree for B.I.P.

TONE, Franchot. Picture, 29; 32; autograph portrait, 42.
Born Niagara Falls, February 27, 1906. Brown hair, hazel eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married to Joan Crawford. Since making *Gabriel Over the White House,* his first film, he has grown in popularity until he is one of M.-G.-M.'s most important feature players.

Top Hat. 106.

Tower of Lies, The. 15.

TRACY, Spencer. Picture, 29; 51.
Born Milwaukee, Wisconsin, April 5, 1900. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 10 in. Married to Louise Treadwell; two children. The "bad boy" of the studios, because of his walking-out on films, he is yet one of the most popular players—with the "fans."

Trial of Mary Dugan, The. 16; 17.

Twenty Thousand Years in Sing-Sing. Picture, 29.

Upstage. 15.

VALENTINO, Rudolph. 108; 139.
Born Italy, May 6, 1895, died August 23, 1926. Black hair, brown eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 11 in. In his comparatively brief screen career he won popularity which keeps his memory green ten years after his death.

VAN DYKE, W. S. Picture, 49.
Born San Diego, California, 1899. Married to Ruth Mannix. He is on of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's most unconventional and most successful directors, with such films as *Trader Horn, White Shadows in the South Seas, The Pagan* and *The Thin Man* to his credit.

Virginia Judge, The. 91.

Viva Villa. 96.

VON STERNBERG, Joseph. 130; 149.
Born Vienna. Black hair, grey eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 5 in. Married to Riza Royce. His direction of Marlene Dietrich in *The Blue Angel* for Ufa gave both of them their start in Hollywood. He has since directed Marlene in most of her American films. Now under contract to Columbia.

Waning Sex, The. 15.

WEISSMULLER, Johnny. Picture, 27.
Born Wimber, Pennsylvania, June 2, 1904. Brown hair and eyes. Ht. 6 ft. 3 in. Married to Lupe Velez. His fame is in the creation of the Tarzan roles in M.-G.-M.'s series of films.



Loretta Young.

WELLS, H. G. 52; picture, 53.
Born Bromley, Kent, September 21, 1866. This eminent author has now decided to devote much of his attention to films and, after studying film production from all angles, has taken up scenario writing.

WEST, Mae. Picture, 19.
Born Brooklyn, New York. Blonde hair, violet eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in. Her fame swept the world after her first films in 1933. She writes most of her own screen stories and deals with what she considers a very popular angle of appeal—sex.

WESTLEY, Helen. Picture, 91; 93.
Born Brooklyn, New York, 1879. Married; one daughter.

WHITE, Pearl. 9.
Born Springfield, Missouri, March 4, 1889. Auburn hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 6 in. She was a "Serial Queen" in silent days, but is now off the screen.

White Sister, The. 139.

WHITNEY, Eleanor. Picture, 102; 103.
Born Cleveland, Ohio, 1917. She is expected to rival Eleanor Powell as a tap-dancer. Her initial appearance in *Millions in the Air* won her a Paramount contract.

Whoopee. Picture, 20; 96.

WILCOX, Herbert. 147.
Born Cork, Ireland, April 19, 1891. Married. He has produced and directed many successful British films since his entry into the film world after the Great War. He is now the head of Herbert Wilcox Productions.

WILCOXON, Henry. Autograph portrait, 121.
Born Dominico, British West Indies, September 8, 1905. Brown hair, hazel eyes. Ht. 6 ft. 2 in. Hollywood is typing him as a player in historical and costume films, notably *Cleopatra* and *The Crusades.*

WILLIAM, Warren. Picture, 69; 70.
Born Aitken, Minnesota, December 2, 1895. Dark hair, blue eyes. Ht. 6 ft. Married to Helen Barbara Nelson. Very similar in appearance to John Barrymore and playing the same type of parts as William Powell, this actor has yet maintained a personality of his own.

WING, Toby. Picture, 92; 95.
Born Richmond, Virginia, July 14, 1915. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 4 in.

WOOLF, C. M. 147.
He entered the film industry in 1919 as one of the partners in W. & F., distributors. Now he is the moving spirit behind and in General Film Distributors and Capitol Films. He has always championed British films and is doing much to put them on the movie map.

World Moves On, The. 103.

YOUNG, Loretta. Picture, 25.
Born Salt Lake City, Utah, January 13, 1913. Light brown hair, blue eyes. Ht. 5 ft. 5 in. She appeared in a film at the age of four, but began again in earnest in 1927. She has worked hard for her stardom.

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